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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON.

WITH LIFE.

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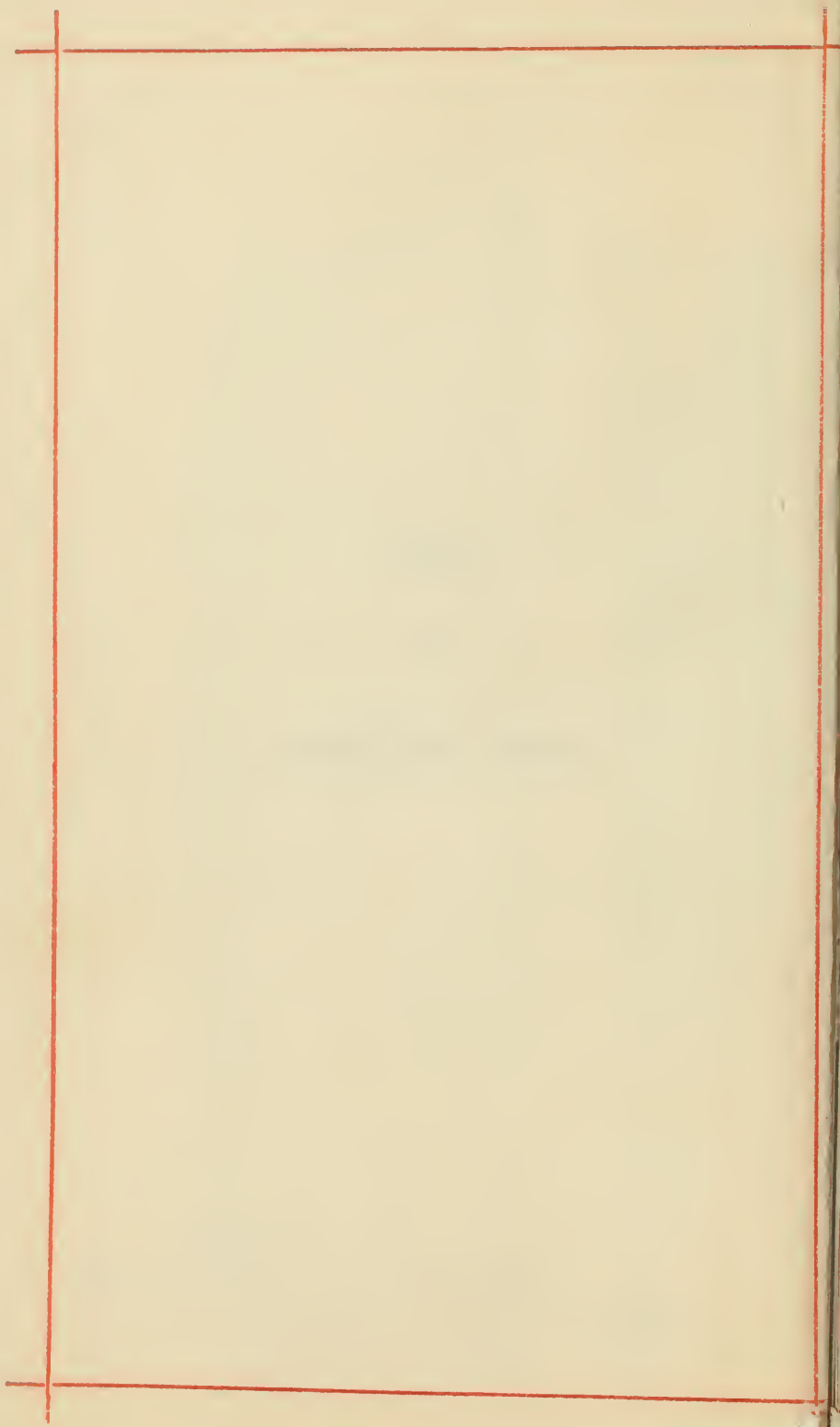
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LIFE  
OF  
JOHN MILTON.



THE  
LIFE OF JOHN MILTON.

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JOHN MILTON was born on the morning of the 9th December 1608, in Bread Street, London.

He was of an ancient Oxfordshire family that lost its estates during the "Wars of the Roses." His grandfather, a violent Romanist, was keeper of the forest of Shotover near Halton, in the ancestral county of the Miltons; and his father, on being disinherited for becoming a Protestant, established himself in London as a scrivener. To this profession he applied himself with so great success that he was at length able to retire from it with a considerable fortune; but, at the same time, he cultivated the polite arts, particularly music, of which he was both a performer and a composer. Milton's father therefore belonged to that superior order of minds in which a taste for the beautiful coexists with a just appreciation of the useful, so that the gratification of the one interferes not with the pursuit of the other. His mother too is said to have been an excellent woman; and thus our poet enjoyed the inestimable blessing of being brought up under good parents. As his father, having suffered for changing his religion, no doubt strenuously maintained the rights of conscience, so this circumstance in the family history must be held as having recommended religious liberty to the future championship of the son.

Before being sent to St Paul's School, London, he was instructed at home by Thomas Young, a puritan, who afterwards became chaplain to the English merchants at Hamburgh, and this connexion probably tended to bias Milton's young mind

against the established order of things in church and state. In his early studies Milton manifested, instead of the waywardness usually attributed to genius, rather the laboriousness which is allowed to be the appanage of talent; for we are informed that from his twelfth year he used to study till midnight, an excessive application which, if it made him a first-rate classical scholar by 1625, when he went to Christ's College, Cambridge, also weakened his eyesight, and indeed was probably the remote cause of the total blindness with which he was ultimately affected.

He remained seven years at the University, taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1629, and that of Master of Arts in 1632. Whether Milton was a favourite at Cambridge may be doubted from his subsequent hostility to the Universities; but it is not true, as some of his opponents in fierce controversy afterwards alleged, that he was expelled, though Dr Johnson inclines to think that he was rusticated for some misdemeanour of which Milton himself however seems not to have been ashamed. It is superfluous to say that he became a proficient in mathematics; but it is important to observe that his poetical exercises during these years of academic discipline, were characterized by the same maturity of thought and dignity of expression which pervade his later compositions. He therefore misjudged himself when, at the age of 23, he wrote, in a fit of dejection perhaps,

“ But my late spring no bud or blossom show' th,”

and forecast his capabilities more justly at the age of nineteen, when in a vacation exercise he addresses the English language as desiring to make it the vehicle of some long and lofty flight. It would appear from the following extract, that the outlines of some grand conception, if not of *Paradise Lost* itself, were already floating in his brain:—

“ Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,  
 My service in some greater subject use,  
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,  
 Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:  
 Such where the deep transported mind may soar  
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door  
 Look in, and see each blissful deity  
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie.

Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings  
 To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings  
 Immortal nectar to her kingly sire ;  
 Then passing through the scenes of watchful fire,  
 And misty regions of wide air next under,  
 And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,  
 May tell at length how green eyed Neptune raves,  
 In Heaven's defiance mustering all his waves ;  
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass  
 When beldame Nature in her cradle was ;  
 And last of kings and queens and heroes old,  
 Such as the wise Demodocus once told  
 In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,  
 While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest  
 Are held with his melodious harmony  
 In willing chains and sweet captivity."

Milton's parents had destined him for the church ; but, at the close of his University career, he positively declined taking orders. This does not appear to have resulted from the absence of serious impressions ; for, on his twenty-fourth birthday, he wrote thus solemnly of all he might have acquired,—

" All is, if I have grace to use it so  
 As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye."

He objected to the "servitude and forswearing" connected in his view with the clerical office ; and it may therefore be concluded that he was unwilling to shackle his freedom of investigation by subscription to articles about some of which he might still have misgivings, or his freedom of action by formally identifying himself with an ecclesiastical system to which he already entertained a hostile disposition.

On leaving the University in 1632, he retired to his father's country residence at Horton, near Colebrook, Buckinghamshire, where he spent five years in a thorough review of both ancient and modern literature, music being his chief relaxation during this interval of learned retirement, as in his later years it was his chief solace. To this period belong his *Comus*, *Arcades*, *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*. The first of these pieces, a *Mask*, was suggested by the Earl of Bridgewater's daughter missing her way during the night in the forest of Haywood ; and, as it was represented at Ludlow Castle on Michaelmas

Eve 1634, by the young lady herself and her two brothers, and in 1637 was printed, though without the author's name, it brought Milton's genius, so conspicuously displayed in it, under the notice of distinguished men. One of these was Sir Henry Wotton, formerly ambassador to the republic of Venice; and to him Milton was indebted for directions and introductory letters when the death of his mother in 1638 set him at liberty to gratify a long cherished desire of travelling on the Continent. It is said that Sir Henry endeavoured to impress upon Milton a maxim of prudence which will never be out of date till despotism is extinct, recommending as it does to the Englishman abroad, "*i peusieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto,*" *i. e.*, close thoughts and an open countenance.

Milton's route lay through Paris, Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, and Rome, to Naples, and thence back through Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Geneva, and Paris. In Paris he was introduced to the learned Hugo Grotius, but he seems not to have been much interested by that city, and to have hastened on to Italy, where he formed friendships with many distinguished literati, especially at Florence. Some of these attachments are commemorated in the Latin and Italian Odes exchanged between the parties. No one does he appear to have esteemed more highly than Doodati, a theologian of Geneva; witness the "Epitaphium Damonis," composed on occasion of his death. But of all Milton's interviews with great men abroad, the most interesting to posterity, perhaps also the most influential in his own experience, was with the famous Galileo, whom he found "a prisoner in the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licencers thought."

On setting out Milton had intended to pursue his travels from Naples into Sicily and Greece; but hearing of the differences between the King and the Parliament in England, and feeling that he had a part to act in the opening drama, he gave up his original plan, and returned after an absence of only fifteen months. It seems strange that, having hastened his return from patriotic considerations, he should have engaged almost immediately in the laborious and time-engrossing work

of tuition; for we find him very soon quietly established in Aldersgate Street, and afterwards in a larger house in the Barbican, with two nephews, and the sons of several intimate friends, under his care. His father being still alive, Milton's allowance was probably small; and as no man could have been fitter than he was to instruct youth, so he could not have selected a more honourable calling in order to eke out an adequate subsistence. This occupation, however, did not prevent him from doing battle for the Puritans with his pen; and some idea may be formed of his literary activity from the number of works published by him in one year, 1641, viz., two books on "Reformation in England;" a tract on "Prelatical Episcopacy," in answer to one by Archbishop Usher; a treatise entitled "Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy," and "Animadversions" on a "Defence" by Bishop Hall. These works display, in a remarkable degree, that constitutional self-confidence which enabled Milton to differ from current as well as traditional opinions without the least misgiving; and there occurs in his "Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy," a passage exemplifying that prophetic anticipation of leaving "something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die," which so often impels great minds to attempt great things. "This," he says, "is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs; till which in some measure be compassed, I refuse not to sustain this expectation." Here again is another dim foreshadowing of Paradise Lost.

In 1643, at the age of thirty-five, Milton married the eldest daughter of Richard Powell, a wealthy royalist and justice of the peace in that part of Oxfordshire where his own grandfather had been under-ranger. Notwithstanding Milton's personal beauty, on account of which he had been called at Cambridge "the lady of Christ's College," it soon appeared that

Mrs Milton preferred the society of her father's house to that of her husband; for within a month after the marriage she desired to visit her relations, and Milton consented, requiring only that she should return at Michaelmas. That season, however, came and went without her reappearance; Milton wrote letter after letter inviting her back, but received no answer, and at length sent a messenger, who was insulted and dismissed. In any circumstances, a young lady accustomed to successive rounds of gaiety cannot be expected to like frugal housekeeping and studious quiet; and in those times the union of a royalist's daughter with a Puritan champion must have been peculiarly liable to disturbance from the violent political animosities which divided their respective families. Still no justification can be found for Milton's wife refusing to return to him, nor can any one take exception to his indignant anger when all his invitations were contemptuously neglected. As if searching for a remedy, he now applied his mind to the consideration of matrimony and divorce, and soon came to the conclusion that divorce was lawful in cases like his own. The fearlessness with which he maintained this view is highly characteristic of Milton and his age, for they were both heroic. In 1644 he published his "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," as also the "Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce;" and in the following year his "Tetrachordon," an examination of the four chief passages in Scripture which treat of marriage. When these works issued from the press, the Westminster Assembly of Divines was sitting, and they called the attention of the House of Lords to the strange doctrine they contained. Milton was in consequence summoned to appear before their Lordships, but was almost immediately dismissed. The Presbyterian party, which prevailed in the Assembly, became obnoxious to him from this time; and he himself, reducing theory to practice, commenced paying his addresses to an accomplished young lady, as if he had actually obtained a divorce. News of this probably induced the Powells to attempt a reconciliation between Milton and his wife, which was effected by the latter suddenly appearing in his presence, when in the house of a relation, and imploring his forgiveness on her



knees. He did not withstand her entreaties long; and from 1647, when their reunion took place, they lived together till 1652, when she died in childbed. Milton consoled himself for her loss, if indeed he needed consolation, by marrying soon after Catharine, daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney; but within the year this lady died too, and, like the former, in childbed. It is pleasing to observe that, if Milton was capable of resentment, he could also heartily extend forgiveness. His first wife's relations, if they did not instigate her to leave him, at all events encouraged her in refusing to return to him; yet he sheltered her father and brothers in his house, when they with other royalists were in danger, and used all his influence with the republican government in their behalf.

Deeply interesting as from his personal concern in them Milton's speculations on divorce must have been to him, they did not engross all his time and attention during the four years of separation from his wife. To this period belong his letter on Education, also his "Areopagitica, a speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing," published in 1644; and a collection of his poems, Latin and English, published in 1645. When his wife rejoined him, he was living in a house in Holborn, the back of which looked into Lincoln's Inn Fields, and here he remained in studious retirement till 1649, when the clamour of the Presbyterians about the decapitation of Charles I. provoked him to bring before the public what may be called a defence of regicide, under the title "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates." This work was followed by "Remarks on the articles of peace between Ormond and the Irish rebels."

About this time Milton was appointed Latin Secretary to the Council of State, at a salary of £200 a year; and in this capacity he carried on the correspondence of the Government with Foreign powers till the restoration. To be nearer the Government Offices he removed from Holborn to Scotland Yard, and afterwards to a handsome house overlooking St James' Park. Besides discharging his official duties with singular ability, Milton constituted himself the literary champion of the commonwealth. When that affecting book, the "Eikon Basilike," *i. e.*, Royal Image or Portrait, began to stir up the regrets of the

people for their late king, Milton quickly produced his "Eikonoklastes," or Image-breaker, to neutralize it: when Salmasius, a learned professor of Leyden, at the request of Charles II., published his defence of that prince's father, and of monarchy in general, Milton undertook to answer it, though warned that such application would cost him his eyesight, and in 1651 completed his "Defence of the People of England," for which the then government presented him with £1000; and again when the "Cry of Royal Blood to Heaven," by Peter du Moulin, afterwards prebendary of Canterbury, appeared, Milton immediately commenced a "Second Defence," which was published in 1654.

Being completely blind, Milton from this time preferred seclusion to the bustle of official life. That he should now have turned his thoughts to the composition of a grand epic, in fulfilment of early aspirations, is not surprising, as his isolation from the visible world might even contribute to the vastness and sublimity of his poetic imaginings; but that he should have set himself to continue and prepare for the press a history of England, and a Latin Thesaurus, without being able himself to consult authorities, is almost incredible, and tempts the remark, that his courage outran his discretion. His History of England, brought down to the Norman Conquest, was printed in 1670, and his Latin Thesaurus, which was not in a sufficiently forward state for publication as he left it, was embodied in the Cambridge Dictionary that appeared in 1693.

Had the commonwealth remained secure, Milton would probably never have re-entered the arena of controversy; but, knowing it to be imperilled by the weak administration of Richard Cromwell, and imagining that his advice might arrest the popular reaction, he published successively in 1659, and in the early part of 1660, a treatise on "Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes," "Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove hirelings out of the Church," a "Ready and easy way to establish a free commonwealth," and a critique on a sermon entitled "The fear of God and the King." Thus resolutely did Milton lift up his voice to the last for that cause to which he had devoted his life: but the inevitable 29th May 1660 came, and Charles II. was restored. Upon this Milton secreted himself in

a friend's house in Bartholomew's Close, and it is even said that, to screen him more effectually from the vengeance of the triumphant royalists, a report was circulated of his death, and the pomp of his supposed funeral gone through. It is certain that, within a month after the king's return, it was ordered by the House of Commons that his Majesty be humbly moved to suppress Milton's "Eikonoklastes" and "Defence of the People of England," and that the attorney-general be instructed to proceed by indictment against the author, who, for that purpose, should be given in custody to the serjeant-at-arms attending the House. Accordingly, on the 27th August 1660, the two publications above mentioned were burned by the common hangman at the Old Bailey; and, though the time when Milton was taken into custody is uncertain, we find an order of the House of Commons for his release, on payment of certain fees, bearing date 15th December 1660. He raised objections to the amount of these fees, and a committee was appointed to examine his complaint, which proves at once the sturdy independence of his own bearing, and the deference shown him by his old adversaries now in power. If any purpose of revenge was ever entertained against Milton by the royalist party, it must have been speedily abandoned, for his name was not on the excepted list in the "Act of Oblivion" passed in August 1660, and by this omission his safety was publicly guaranteed. According to some, this indemnity was chiefly owing to the influence at court of Sir William Davenant, for whose release, when taken prisoner in 1650, Milton effectually interceded. Independently of this, however, Charles II., with all his faults, was a man more likely to compassionate than to persecute an adversary already disabled by nature.

Having lost with the secretaryship his handsome residence overlooking St James' Park, Milton now a second time took a house in Holborn, from which he soon removed to Jewin Street, leading into Aldergate Street, where he had established himself twenty years before on returning from the Continent. He had three daughters living with him, but on account of their mother's early death, and their father's blindness, their education had been neglected, and they were consequently as unfit

as they are said to have been unwilling, with the exception of Deborah the youngest, to perform the irksome service required from them by Milton, that, viz., of reading to him in various languages, and writing from his dictation. Accordingly in 1661 he married, as his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, of a genteel family in Cheshire, and related to his friend Dr Paget, who indeed recommended her to him. This lady, who survived him in a state of widowhood fifty-five years, nursed him with assiduous care, but never won the affections of his daughters; so that, though thrice married, Milton seems to have enjoyed throughout life but little domestic happiness.

Completely retired from the arena of politics, Milton bent all his powers to the completion of *Paradise Lost*, which he is supposed to have begun in 1655 after the publication of his "Second Defence," and when he had become totally blind. It would appear from verses presented to the Marquis of Villa by Milton, before leaving Naples, that he had once thought of making the renowned King Arthur the hero of a great poem, and it is certain from manuscripts preserved at Cambridge that, after selecting *Paradise Lost* for his theme, he had at first intended an allegorical drama, in the manner of the so-called mysteries or miracle plays which abounded in England about the time of the Reformation. Whether he worked at all upon these outlines, and when he ultimately decided on the epic form is not known; but the spectacle of Milton hesitating and groping his way, like other purblind mortals, is recommended to the attention of those, who, because genius is often impulsive, conclude that it is independent of labour, experience, and forethought.

As he could not himself use the pen, Milton was in the habit of composing in his mind twenty or thirty lines at a time, which he then dictated to his wife, or any other person who might be with him capable of acting as his amanuensis. The whole was completed in 1665; but the agreement for its sale to Mr Symons the publisher bears a much later date, 27th April 1667. According to this document Milton was to receive £5 on handing over the manuscript, and the same sum on the sale of 1300 copies of each of the first three impressions, none of which

were to exceed 1500. Within two years after the appearance of the first edition, Milton became entitled to the second sum of £5, which implies a rapid and extensive sale highly creditable to the small reading class of those times, especially when the hostility of the prevailing party to the author is considered. The second edition was published in 1674, the year of the poet's death, the third in 1678, and in 1680 Milton's widow, to whom the copy-right then belonged, sold it to Symons for £8. These sums now appear exceedingly paltry; but it must be remembered that Milton's *Paradise Lost* was then under review, though it be now in popular estimation above it.

While Milton resided in Jewin Street, Dr Paget introduced to him young Ellwood, a quaker, who considered himself abundantly repaid for the labour of reading to Milton by the comments which he had thus the opportunity of hearing on difficult passages and subjects. In 1665 this youth was tutor in the family of a wealthy quaker near Chalfort, in Buckinghamshire; and Milton was induced to remove from London, where the plague was raging, to a cottage which Ellwood took for him in the same neighbourhood. Here the young quaker, on handing back to Milton after perusal the complete manuscript of *Paradise Lost*, observed, "Thou hast said a great deal upon *Paradise Lost*, what hast thou to say upon *Paradise Found*?" and this was what suggested to Milton the idea of "*Paradise Regained*," which, as also "*Samson Agonistes*," a tragedy in imitation of the ancients, was printed in 1671.

Milton's zeal as an author did not abate with the advance of life. In 1672 he published a treatise on *Logic*, according to the method of Peter Ramus, in the year following a treatise on *True Religion* and the best means of preventing the growth of *Popery*, as also a reprint of his juvenile poems, and in 1674, the year of his death, a series of familiar epistles in Latin, to which he added some academical exercises. On returning from Chalfort to London, he had taken up his residence in Bunhill Fields, and here he died on or about the 10th November. Though very temperate and regular in his mode of living, he had for several years been a victim to gout, and was so enfeebled by his sufferings that he expired without a groan, and almost unobserved

His body was interred in the chancel of St Giles Church, Cripplegate: in 1737 a monument was erected to him in Westminster Abbey; but his memory is embalmed in his writings, and will endure till the English language, and even the fame of it, shall have passed away.

By the whole story of Milton's life, respect rather than affection is inspired; it is a constant development of strength; he does not so much buffet with the ills of life as simply override them; and we can feel little sympathy with a man who, though exposed to ordinary human calamities, betrays no sign of ordinary human weakness. The same exuberance of intellectual power, with the same absence of passion, and consequently the same powerlessness to excite human sympathy, is characteristic of Milton's writings. Rarely have learning so extensive and genius so exalted been united in one man; nor could genius and learning be employed in the maintenance of a nobler cause, or the celebration of a grander theme than those selected by Milton; yet, from the want of geniality, the perusal of his works, whether prose or poetry, is to most men an intellectual discipline, rather than an intellectual treat.

Had Milton written no poetry, he would still have been among the first of English controversialists; but the laurels with which posterity have crowned him are those of the poet, not of the combatant; and *Paradise Lost* is held to be the chief cornerstone in his self-erected monument, though he himself would not allow *Paradise Regained* to be of inferior execution. Many other poems excite a more powerful sympathy in the reader than *Paradise Lost*; but none make so great demands by sublimity of conception on his astonishment, and by dignity of style on his admiration. Exception has been taken to various parts of it; but these, as Addison observes, are like spots on the face of the sun.

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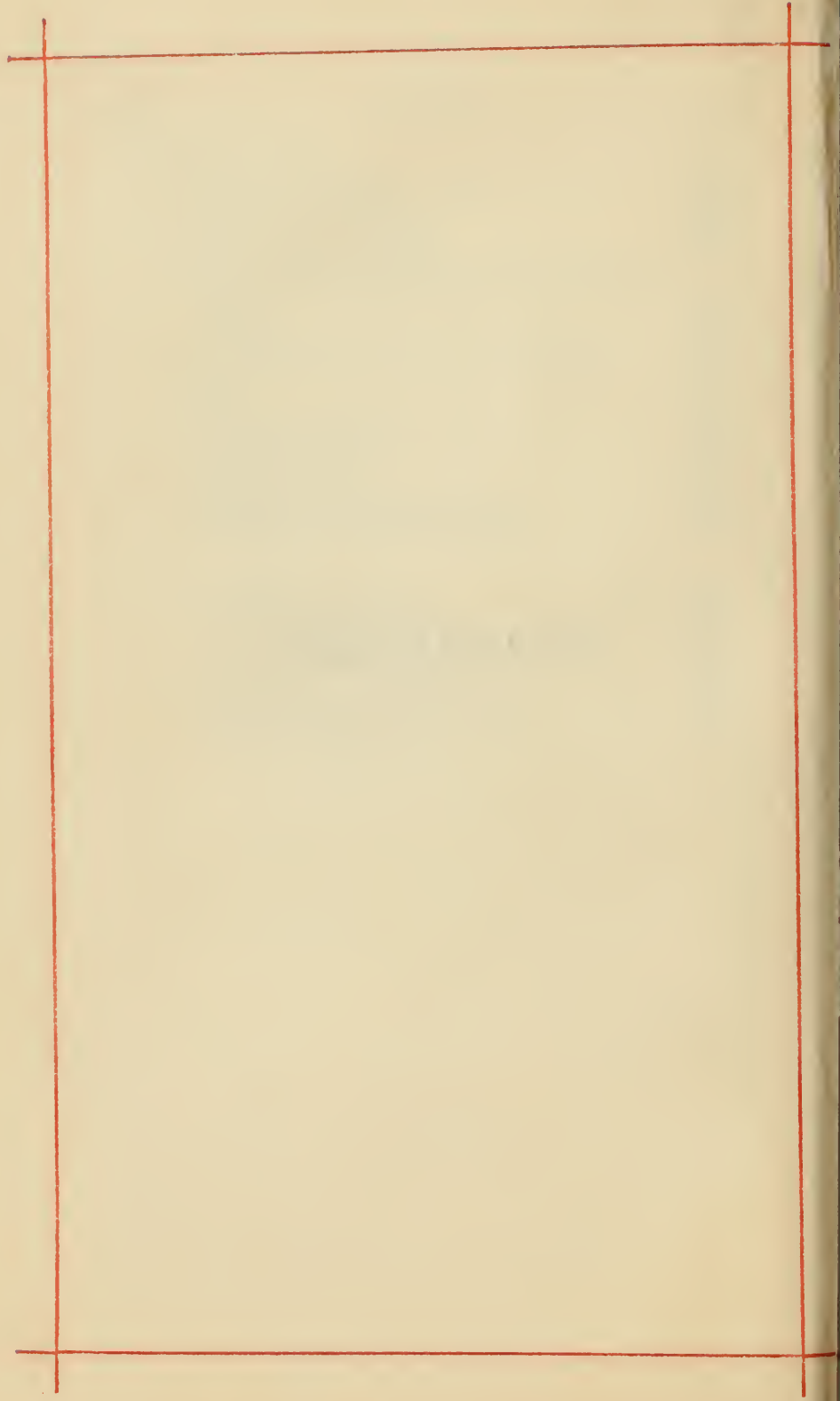
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PARADISE LOST



# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK I.

### THE ARGUMENT.

First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed; then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan, with his angels, now fallen into hell, described here, not in the centre, (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in place of utter darkness, fittest called Chaos: here Satan, with his angels, lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall: Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise; their numbers; array of battle; their chief leaders named according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech. comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world, and a new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report, in heaven. for, that angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal peers there sit in council.

OF man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing, heavenly muse, that on the secret top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,  
In the beginning how the heavens and earth

indication to muse

" Raise me to the height of this great argument  
will be a very good one."

Rose out of chaos: or, if Sion hill  
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed  
 Fast by the oracle of God; I thence  
 Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
 That with no middle flight intends to soar  
 Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues  
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.  
 And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
 Before all temples the upright heart and pure,  
 Instruct me, for thou knowest; thou from the first  
 Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,  
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,  
 And madest it pregnant: what in me is dark,  
illumine; what is low, raise and support;  
That to the height of this great argument  
I may assert eternal Providence,

And (justify) the ways of God to men.

Say first, for heaven hides nothing from thy view  
 Nor the deep tract of hell; say first what cause  
 Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,  
 Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off  
 From their Creator, and transgress his will  
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?  
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?  
 The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,  
 Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived  
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride  
 Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host  
 Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring  
 To set himself in glory above his peers,  
 He trusted to have equalled the Most High,  
 If he opposed; and, with ambitious aim  
 Against the throne and monarchy of God,  
 Raised impious war in heaven, and battle proud,  
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,  
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
 To bottomless perdition; there to dwell  
 In adamant chains and penal fire,  
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.  
 Nine times the space that measures day and night  
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
 Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,  
 Confounded, though immortal: but his doom  
 Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought

to make clear  
 the eternal  
 rightness +  
 justice of  
 God's dealings  
 w/ children

justify

Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
Torments him : round he throws his baleful eyes,  
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,  
Mixed with obdurate pride and stedfast hate :  
At once, as far as angels ken, he views  
The dismal situation waste and wild ;  
A dungeon horrible on all sides round,  
As one great furnace flamed ; yet from those flames  
No light ; but rather darkness visible  
Served only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
And rest can never dwell : hope never comes  
That comes to all : but torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed :  
Such place eternal justice had prepared  
For those rebellious ; here their prison ordained  
In utter darkness, and their portion set  
As far removed from God and light of heaven,  
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.  
O, how unlike the place from whence they fell !  
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed  
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
He soon discerns ; and weltering by his side  
One next himself in power, and next in crime,  
Long after known in Palestine, and named  
Beëlzebub. To whom the arch-enemy,  
And thence in heaven called Satan, with bold words  
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began :

“ If thou beest he ; but O, how fallen ! how changed  
From him, who, in the happy realms of light,  
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine  
Myriads though bright ! If he whom mutual league,  
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,  
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined  
In equal ruin : into what pit thou seest  
From what height fallen, so much the stronger proved  
He with his thunder : and till then who knew  
The force of those dire arms ? Yet not for those,  
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage  
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,  
Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind,  
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,  
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,

And to the fierce contention brought along  
 Innumerable force of spirits armed,  
 That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,  
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed  
 In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,  
 And shook his throne. ] What though the field be lost?  
 All is not lost; the unconquerable will,  
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
 And courage never to submit or yield,  
 And what is else not to be overcome;  
 That glory never shall his wrath or might  
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power  
 Who from the terror of this arm so late  
 Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,  
 That were an ignominy, and shame beneath  
 This downfall: since by fate the strength of gods  
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail;  
 Since through experience of this great event  
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,  
 We may with more successful hope resolve  
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe,  
 Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy  
 Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven."

So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,  
 Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair;  
 And him thus answered soon his bold compeer:  
 "O prince, O chief of many throned powers,  
 That led the embattled seraphim to war  
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds  
 Fearless endangered heaven's perpetual King,  
 And put to proof his high supremacy,  
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;  
 Too well I see, and rue the dire event,  
 That with sad overthrow, and foul defeat,  
 Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host  
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
 As far as gods and heavenly essences  
 Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains  
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,  
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state  
 Here swallowed up in endless misery.  
 But what if he our Conqueror (whom I now  
 Of force believe almighty, since no less



Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)  
 Have left us this our spirit and strength entire  
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
 That we may so surice his vengeful ire,  
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls  
 By right of war, whate'er his business be,  
 Here in the heart of hell to work in fire  
 Or do his errands in the gloomy deep?  
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel  
 Strength undiminished, or eternal being  
 To undergo eternal punishment?"

Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend replied

"Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable  
 Doing or suffering; but of this be sure,  
 To do aught good never will be our task,  
 But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
 As being the contrary to his high will  
 Whom we resist. If then his providence  
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
 And out of good still to find means of evil;  
 Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps  
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim.

But see, the angry Victor hath recalled  
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit  
 Back to the gates of heaven: the sulphurous hail,  
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid  
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice  
 Of heaven received us falling; and the thunder,  
 Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,  
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.  
 Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn  
 Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.

Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,  
 The seat of desolation, void of light,  
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend  
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves;  
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there;  
 And, reassembling our afflicted powers,  
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
 Our enemy! our own loss how repair;  
 How overcome this dire calamity;

*sublimity  
of language*

*to memorize*

(What reinforcement we may gain from hope ;  
If not, what resolution from despair."

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,  
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes  
That sparkling blazed ; his other parts besides  
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
Lay floating many a rood ; in bulk as huge  
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,  
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove ·  
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den  
By ancient Tarsus held ; or that sea-beast  
Leviathan, which God of all his works  
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream :  
Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,  
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff  
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,  
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind  
Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays :  
So stretched out huge in length the arch-fiend lay  
Chained on the burning lake : nor ever thence  
Had risen, or heaved his head ; but that the will  
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven  
Left him at large to his own dark designs ;  
That with reiterated crimes he might  
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought  
Evil to others ; and, enraged, might see  
How all his malice served but to bring forth  
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shown  
On man by him seduced ; but on himself  
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.  
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
His mighty stature ; on each hand the flames,  
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and, rolled  
In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale.  
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,  
That felt unusual weight ; till on dry land  
He lights, if it were land that ever burned  
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire ;  
And such appeared in hue, as when the force  
Of subterranean wind transports a hill  
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side  
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible  
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,

Copy  
S. 2. 2

Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,  
 And leave a singed bottom all involved  
 With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole  
 Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate:  
 Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian flood  
 As gods, and by their own recovered strength,  
 Not by the sufferance of supernal power.

*To improve*

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"  
 Said then the lost archangel, "this the seat  
 That we must change for heaven; this mournful gloom  
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since he,  
 Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid  
 What shall be right; farthest from him is best,  
 Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme  
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,  
 Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,  
 Infernal world! and thou profoundest hell,  
 Receive thy new possessor; one who brings  
 A mind not to be changed by place or time:  
The mind is its own place, and in-itself  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

What matter where, if I be still the same,  
 And what I should be; all but less than he  
 Whom thunder hath made greater? *Here at least M. say*  
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built  
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:  
 Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,  
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:  
~~Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.~~  
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,  
 The associates and copartners of our loss,  
 Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,  
 And call them not to share with us their part  
 In this unhappy mansion; or once more  
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet  
 Regained in heaven, or what more lost in hell?"

So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub  
 Thus answered: "Leader of those armies bright,  
 Which but the Omnipotent none could have foiled,  
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge  
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
 Of battle when it raged, in all assaults  
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
 New courage and revive; though now they lie

Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,  
 As we erewhile, astounded and amazed;  
 No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height."

He scarce had ceased when the superior fiend  
 Was moving toward the shore: his ponderous shield  
 Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,  
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
 At evening from the top of Fesolé,  
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
 Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.  
 His spear to equal which the tallest pine  
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
 Of some great amiral, were but a wand,  
 He walked with, to support uneasy steps  
 Over the burning marle, not like those steps  
 On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime  
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:  
 Nathless he so endured, till on the beach  
 Of that inflamed sea he stood, and called  
 His legions, angel forms, who lay intranced  
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
 In Vallambrosa, where the Etrurian shades,  
 High over-arched, imbower; or scattered sedge  
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed  
 Hath vexed the Red-sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew  
 Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,  
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued  
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses  
 And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrewn,  
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,  
 Under amazement of their hideous change.  
 He called so loud that all the hollow deep  
 Of hell resounded. "Princes, potentates,  
 Warriors, the flower of heaven, once yours, now lost,  
 If such astonishment as this can seize  
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place  
 After the toil of battle to repose  
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find  
 To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?  
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
 To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds  
 Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood

*Busiris*

With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon  
His swift pursuers from heaven-gates discern  
The advantage, and descending, tread us down  
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts  
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.  
Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen."

They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung  
Upon the wing; as when men went to watch  
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.  
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight  
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;  
Yet to their general's voice they soon obeyed,  
Innumerable. As when the potent rod  
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,  
Waved round the coast, up called a pitchy cloud  
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,  
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung  
Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile:  
So numberless were those bad angels seen  
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,  
"Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;  
Till, at a signal given, the uplifted spear  
Of their great sultan waving to direct  
Their course, in even balance down they light  
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain:  
A multitude like which the populous north  
Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass  
Rhone or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons  
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread  
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.  
Forthwith from every squadron and each band  
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood  
Their great commander; godlike shapes and forms  
Excelling human, princely dignities;  
And powers that erst in heaven sat on thrones,  
Though of their names in heavenly records now  
Be no memorial; blotted out and rased  
By their rebellion from the books of life.  
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve  
Got them new names; till wandering o'er the earth,  
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man  
By falsities and lies the greatest part  
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake  
God their Creator, and the invisible

Glory of him that made them to transform  
 Oft to the image of a brute, adorned  
 With gay religions, full of pomp and gold,  
 And devils to adore for deities :

Then were they known to men by various names,  
 And various idols through the heathen world.

✓ Say, muse, their names then known, who first, who last  
 Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,  
 At their great emperor's call, as next in worth  
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
 While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof?  
 The chief were those, who, from the pit of hell,  
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix  
 Their seats long after next the seat of God,  
 Their altars by his altar, gods adored  
 Among the nations round, and durst abide  
 Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned  
 Between the cherubim; yea, often placed  
 Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,  
 Abominations; and with cursed things  
 His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,  
 And with their darkness durst affront his light.  
 First, Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood  
 Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;  
 Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud  
 Their children's cries unheard, that passed through fire,  
 To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite  
 Worshipped in Rabba and her watery plain,  
 In Argob and in Bashan, to the stream  
 Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such  
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart  
 Of Solomon he led by fraud to build  
 His temple right against the temple of God  
 On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove  
 The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence  
 And black Gehenna called, the type of hell.  
 Next, Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,  
 From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild  
 Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon  
 And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond  
 The flowery dale of Sibma, clad with vines,  
 And Eleale to the asphaltic pool.  
 Peor his other name, when he enticed  
 Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,  
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.

Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged  
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove  
Of Moloch homicide ; lust hard by hate ;  
Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell.  
With these came they, who, from the bordering flood  
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts  
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names  
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth ; those male,  
These feminine : for spirits, when they please,  
Can either sex assume, or both ; so soft  
And uncompounded is their essence pure ;  
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,  
Not founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
Like cumbrous flesh ; but in what shape they choose,  
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,  
Can execute their aery purposes,  
And works of love or enmity fulfil.  
For those the race of Israel oft forsook  
Their living Strength, and unfrequented left  
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down  
To bestial gods ; for which their heads as low  
Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear  
Of despicable foes. With these in troop  
Came Ashtoreth, whom the Phœnicians called  
Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns ;  
To whose bright image nightly by the moon  
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs ;  
In Sion also not unsung, where stood  
Her temple on the offensive mountain built  
By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,  
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell  
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,  
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured  
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
In amorous ditties all a summer's day ;  
While smooth Adonis from his native rock  
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood  
Of Thammuz yearly wounded : the love-tale  
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat ;  
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch  
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,  
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries  
Of alienated Judah. Next came one  
Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark  
Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopped off c

In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,  
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers :  
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man  
And downward fish : yet had his temple high  
Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast  
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,  
And Accaron and Gazar's frontier bounds.  
Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat  
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks  
Of Abana and Pharpar, lucid streams.  
He also against the house of God was bold :  
A leper once he lost, and gained a king ;  
Ahaz his sottish conqueror, whom he drew  
God's altar to disparage and displace  
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn  
His odious offerings, and adore the gods  
Whom he had vanquished. After these appeared  
A crew, who, under names of old renown,  
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,  
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused  
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek  
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms  
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape  
The infection, when their borrowed gold composed  
The calf in Oreb ; and the rebel king  
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,  
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox ;  
Jehovah, who in one night, when he passed  
From Egypt marching, equalled with one stroke  
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.  
Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd  
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love  
Vice for itself : to him no temple stood,  
Or altar smoked ; yet who more oft than he  
In temples and at altars, when the priest  
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filed  
With lust and violence the house of God ?  
In courts and palaces he also reigns,  
And in luxurious cities, where the noise  
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,  
And injury and outrage : and when night  
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons  
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.  
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night  
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door



Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.  
 These were the primo in order and in might,  
 The rest were long to tell though far renowned,  
 The Ionian gods, of Javan's issue; held  
 Gods, yet confessed later than heaven and earth,  
 Their boasted parents: Titan, heaven's first-born,  
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seized  
 By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,  
 His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;  
 So Jove usurping reigned: these first in Crete  
 And Ida known, thence on the snowy top  
 Of cold Olympus, ruled the middle air,  
 Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,  
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds  
 Of Doric land: or who with Saturn old  
 Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,  
 And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost isles.

✓ All these and more came flocking; but with looks  
 Downcast and damp; yet such wherein appeared  
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief  
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost  
 In loss itself: which on his countenance cast  
 Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride  
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised  
 Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears.  
 Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound  
 Of trumpets loud and clarions be upreared  
 His mighty standard: that proud honour claim'd  
 Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;  
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled  
 The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,  
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,  
 With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,  
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while  
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:  
 At which the universal host up-sent  
 A shout, that <sup>to the</sup> tore hell's concave, and beyond  
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air  
 With orient colours waving: with them rose  
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms  
 Appeared, and serried shields in thick array  
 Of depth immeasurable: anon they move

In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood  
 Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised  
 To height of noblest temper heroes old  
 Arming to battle; and instead of rage,  
 Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved  
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat:  
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage  
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase  
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow and pain  
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,  
 Breathing united force, with fixed thought,  
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charmed  
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now  
 Advanced in view they stand; a horrid front  
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise  
 Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield;  
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief  
 Had to impose: he through the armed files  
 Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse  
 The whole battalion views, their order due,  
 Their visages and stature as of gods;  
 Their number last he sums. And now his heart  
 Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength,  
 Glories: for never since created man  
 Met such embodied force, as named with these  
 Could merit more than that small infantry  
 Warred on by cranes: though all the giant brood  
 Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined  
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side  
 Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds  
 In fable or romance of Uther's son  
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights;  
 And all who since, baptized or infidel,  
 Jostled in Aspramont, or Montalban,  
 Damaseo, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,  
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,  
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell  
 By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond  
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed  
 Their dread commander: he above the rest  
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
 Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost  
 All her original brightness; nor appeared  
 Less than archangel ruined, and the excess  
 Of glory obscured: as when the sun, new risen,

*recollection of Homer's  
 21 and 22 of Iliad*

Looks through the horizontal misty air  
 Shorn of his beams ; or from behind the moon,  
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
 On half the nations, and with fear of change  
 Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone  
 Above them all the archangel : but his face  
 Deep scars of thunder had intrenched ; and care  
 Sat on his faded cheek ; but under brows  
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
 Waiting revenge ; cruel his eye, but cast  
 Signs of remorse and passion, to behold  
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather  
 (Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned  
 For ever now to have their lot in pain :  
 Millions of spirits for his fault amerced  
 Of heaven, and from eternal splendours flung  
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,  
 Their glory withered : as when heaven's fire  
 Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines,  
 With singed top their stately growth, though bare  
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared  
 To speak ; whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
 From wing to wing, and half inclose him round  
 With all his peers : attention held them mute.  
 Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,  
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth : at last  
 Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

“ O myriads of immortal spirits ! O powers  
 Matchless, but with the Almighty ; and that strife  
 Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,  
 As this place testifies, and this dire change  
 Hateful to utter ! but what power of mind,  
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth  
 Of knowledge, past or present, could have feared,  
 How such united force of gods, how such  
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse ?  
 For who can yet believe, though after loss,  
 That all these puissant legions, whose exile  
 Hath emptied heaven, shall fail to reascend  
 Self-raised, and repossess their native seat ?  
 For me, be witness all the host of heaven,  
 If counsels different, or dangers shunned  
 By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns  
 Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure  
 Sat on his throne upheld by old repute.

Consent, or custom ; and his regal state  
 Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed,  
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own  
 So as not either to provoke or dread  
 New war, provoked ; our better part remains  
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
 What force effected not : that he no less  
At length from us may find, who overcomes  
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.

Space may produce new worlds ; whereof so rife  
 There went a fame in heaven that he ere long  
 Intended to create, and therein plant  
 A generation, whom his choice regard  
 Should favour equal to the sons of heaven :  
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
 Our first eruption ; thither or elsewhere ;  
 For this infernal pit shall never hold  
 Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss  
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
 Full counsel must mature : peace is despaired ;  
 For who can think submission ? War, then, war,  
 Open or understood, must be resolved."

He spake ; and, to confirm his words, out flew  
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
 Of mighty cherubim ; the sudden blaze  
 Far round illumined hell ; highly they raged  
 Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms  
 Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,  
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top  
 Belched fire and rolling smoke ; the rest entire  
 Shone with a glossy scurf ; undoubted sign  
 That in his womb was hid metallic ore,  
 The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed,  
 A numerous brigade hastened ; as when bands  
 Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,  
 Forerun the royal camp to trench a field,  
 Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on :  
Mammon the least erected spirit that fell  
From heaven ; for e'en in heaven his looks and thoughts  
Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,  
Than aught, divine or holy, else enjoyed  
In vision beatific ; by him first

Mammon of creation.

Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
 Ransacked the centre, and with impious hands  
 Rifled the bowels of their mother earth  
 For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
 Opened into the hill a spacious wound,  
 And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire  
 That riches grow in hell; that soil may best  
 Deserve the precious bane. And here let those,  
 Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell  
 Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,  
 Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,  
 And strength and art, are easily outdone  
 By spirits reprobate, and in an hour  
 What in an age they with incessant toil  
 And hands innumerable scarce perform.  
 Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,  
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
 Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude  
 With wondrous art founded the massy ore,  
 Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion dross:  
 A third as soon had formed within the ground  
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells,  
 By strange conveyance, filled each hollow nook;  
 As in an organ, from one blast of wind,  
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.  
 Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge  
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,  
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
 With golden architrave; nor did there want  
 Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven:  
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,  
 Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence  
 Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine  
 Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat  
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove  
 In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile  
 Stood fixed her stately height: and straight the doors,  
 Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide  
 Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth  
 And level pavement; from the arched roof  
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light

Building of  
 pzd demoniac

As from a sky. The hasty multitude  
 Admiring entered; and the work some praise,  
 And some the architect: his hand was known  
 In heaven by many a towered structure high,  
 Where sceptred angels held their residence,  
 And sat as princes; whom the supreme King  
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
 Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.  
 Nor was his name unheard or unadored  
 In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land  
 Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell  
 From heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove  
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn  
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
A summer's day; and with the setting sun  
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star,  
On Lemnos the Ægean isle; thus they relate,  
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
 Fell long before; nor aught availed him now  
 To have built in heaven high towers; nor did he 'scape  
 By all his engines, but was headlong sent  
 With his industrious crew to build in hell,  
 Meanwhile, the winged heralds, by command  
 Of sovereign power, with awful ceremony  
 And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim  
 A solemn council, forthwith to be held  
 At Pandemonium, the high capital  
 Of Satan and his peers: their summons called  
 From every band and squared regiment  
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon,  
 With hundreds and with thousands, trooping came,  
 Attended: all access was thronged: the gates  
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall  
 (Though like a covered field, where champions bold  
 Wont ride in armed, and at the soldan's chair  
 Defied the best of panim chivalry  
 To mortal combat, or career with lance),  
 Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air  
 Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees  
 In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,  
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive  
 In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers  
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,  
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,  
 New rubbed with balm, expatiate and confer

*Deucalion's  
 fall*

Their state affairs; so thick the aery crowd  
Swarmed and were straitened; till, the signal given,  
Behold a wonder! They but now who seemed  
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,  
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room  
Throng numberless, like that pygmean race  
Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,  
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while over head the moon  
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth  
Wheels her pale course: they, on their mirth and dance  
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;  
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms  
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,  
Though without number still, amidst the hall  
Of that infernal court. But far within,  
And in their own dimensions, like themselves,  
The great seraphic lords and cherubim  
In close recess and secret conclave sat;  
A thousand demigods on golden seats,  
Frequent and full. After short silence then,  
And summons read, the great consult began.

## BOOK II.

### THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven : some advise it, others dissuade : a third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, about this time to be created. Their doubt, who shall be sent on this difficult search ; Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to hell-gates : finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them ; by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between hell and heaven ; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised  
To that bad eminence : and, from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain war with Heaven : and, by success untaught,  
His proud imaginations thus displayed :

“ Powers and dominions, deities of heaven ;

For since no deep within her gulf can hold

Immortal vigour, though oppressed and fallen,

I give not heaven for lost. From this descent

Celestial virtues rising, will appear

More glorious and more dread than from no fall,

And trust themselves to fear no second fate.

Me though just right, and the fixed laws of heaven,

Did first create your leader ; next, free choice,

With what besides, in council or in fight,

Hath been achieved of merit ; yet this loss,

Thus far at least recovered, hath much more

Established in a safe unenvied throne,

Yielded with full consent. The happier state

In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw



Envy from each inferior ; but who here  
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,  
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
 Of endless pain ? Where there is then no good  
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
From faction ; for none sure will claim in hell  
Precedence, none whose portion is so small  
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
Will covet more. With this advantage then  
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,  
 More than can be in heaven, we now return  
 To claim our just inheritance of oid,  
 Surer to prosper than prosperity  
 Could have assured us ; and, by what best way,  
 (Whether of open war, or covert guile,  
 We now debate : ) who can advise, may speak."

He ceased ; and next him Moloch, sceptered king,  
 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit  
 That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair :  
 His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed  
 Equal in strength ; and rather than be less  
 Cared not to be at all ; with that care lost  
 Went all his fear : of God, or hell, or worse,  
 He recked not ; and these words thereafter spake :

" My sentence is for open war : of wiles,  
 More unexpert, I boast not ; them let those  
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now  
 For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
 Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait  
 The signal to ascend, sit lingering here  
 Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place  
 Accept this dark, opprobrious den of shame,  
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns  
 By our delay ? No, let us rather choose,  
 Armed with hell flames and fury, all at once,  
 O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,  
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
 Against the torturer ; when to meet the noise  
 Of his almighty engine he shall hear  
 Infernal thunder ; and, for lightning, see  
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
 Among his angels ; and his throne itself  
 Mixed with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,  
 His own invented torments. But perhaps

The way seems difficult and steep to scale  
 With upright wing against a higher foe.  
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,  
 That in our proper motion we ascend  
 Up to our native seat: descent and fall  
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,  
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear  
 Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,  
 With what compulsion and laborious flight  
 We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;  
 The event is feared; should we again provoke  
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
 To our destruction; if there be in hell  
 Fear to be worse destroyed: what can be worse  
 Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned  
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;  
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
 Must exercise us without hope of end,  
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge  
 Inexorable, and the torturing hour,  
 Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus,  
 We should be quite abolished, and expire.  
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
 His utmost ire? which, to the height enraged,  
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
 To nothing this essential; happier far  
Than miserable to have eternal being:  
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,  
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,  
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;  
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."

He ended frowning, and his look denounced  
 Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous  
 To less than gods. On the other side up rose  
Belial, in act more graceful and humane:  
A fairer person lost not heaven; he seemed  
 For dignity composed, and high exploit:  
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue  
 Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear  
 The better reason, to perplex and dash  
 Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low:

To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds  
 Timorous and slothful ; yet he pleased the ear,  
 And with persuasive accent thus began :  
 " I should be much for open war, O peers,  
 As not behind in hate ; if what was urged  
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,  
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success ;  
 When he, who most excels in fact of arms,  
 In what he counsels, and in what excels,  
 Mistrustful grounds his courage on despair  
 And utter dissolution, as the scope  
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.  
 First, what revenge ? The towers of heaven are filled  
 With armed watch, that render all access  
 Impregnable : oft on the bordering deep  
 Encamp their legions ; or, with obscure wing,  
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,  
 Scorning surprise. (Or could we break our way  
 By force, and at our heels all hell should rise  
 With blackest insurrection, to confound  
 Heaven's purest light ; yet our great enemy,  
 All incorruptible, would on his throne  
 Sit unpolluted ; and the ethereal mould,  
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel  
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,  
 Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope  
 Is flat despair.) We must exasperate  
 The almighty Victor to spend all his rage,  
 And that must end us ; that must be our cure,  
 To be no more. Sad cure ! for who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
Devoid of sense and motion ? And who knows,  
 Let this be good, whether our angry foe  
 Can give it, or will ever ? how he can,  
 Is doubtful ; that he never will, is sure.  
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,  
 To give his enemies their wish, and end  
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
 To punish endless ? Wherefore cease we then ?  
 Say they who counsel war, We are decreed.

Reserved, and destined, to eternal woe,  
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
 What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,  
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
 What, when we fled amain, pursued, and struck  
 With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought  
 The deep to shelter us? this hell then seemed  
 A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay  
 Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse.  
 What if the breath, that kindled those grim fires,  
 Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,  
 And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,  
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again  
 His red right hand to plague us? What if all  
 Her stores were opened, and this firmament  
 Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
 Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall  
 One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,  
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
 Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurled  
 Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey  
 Of wracking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk  
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;  
 There to converse with everlasting groans,  
 Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,  
 Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.  
 War therefore, open or concealed, alike  
 My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile  
 With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
 Views all things at one view? He from heaven's height  
 All these our motions vain sees and derides;  
 Not more almighty to resist our might,  
 Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
 Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven  
 Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here  
 Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,  
 By my advice; since fate inevitable  
 Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,  
 The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,  
 Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust  
 That so ordains: this was at first resolved,  
 If we were wise, against so great a foe  
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.  
 I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold  
 And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear

What yet they know must follow, to endure  
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
 The sentence of their conqueror: this is now  
 Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,  
 Our súpreme foe in time may much remit  
 His anger; and perhaps, thus far removed,  
 Not mind us not offending, satisfied  
 With what is punished; whence these raging fires  
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.  
 Our purer essence then will overcome  
 Their noxious vapour; or, inured, not feel;  
 Or, changed at length, and to the place conformed  
 In temper and in nature, will receive  
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;  
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light,  
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change  
 Worth waiting; since our present lot appears  
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe."

Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,  
 Counsell'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,  
 Not peace; and after him thus Mammon spake:

"Either to disenthronè the King of heaven  
 We war, if war be best, or to regain  
 Our own right lost: him to unthrène we then  
 May hope, when everlasting fate shall yield  
 To fickle chance, and Chaos judge the strife:  
 The former, vain to hope, argues as vain  
 The latter: for what place can be for us  
 Within heaven's bound, unless heaven's Lord súpreme  
 We overpower? Suppose he should relent,  
 And publish grace to all, on promise made  
 Of new subjection; with what eyes could we  
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive  
 Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne  
 With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
 Forced hallelujahs; while he lordly sits  
 Our envied sovereign, and his altar breathes  
 Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,  
 Our servile offerings? This must be our task  
 In heaven, this our delight; how wearisome  
 Eternity so spent, in worship paid  
 To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue  
 By force impossible, by leave obtained

Standing doctrine of  
 The way of a live

The way of a live  
 The way of a live

Unacceptable, though in heaven, our state  
 Of splendid vassalage ; but rather seek  
 Our own good from ourselves, and from our own  
 Life to ourselves, though in this vast recess,  
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring  
Hard liberty before the easy yoke  
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear  
 Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,  
 Useful or hurtful, prosperous of adverse,  
 We can create ; and in what place soe'er  
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,  
 Through labour and endurance. This deep world  
 Of darkness do we dread ? How oft amidst  
 Thick clouds and dark doth heaven's all-ruling Sire  
 Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,  
 And with the majesty of darkness round  
 Covers his throne ; from whence deep thunders roar  
 Mustering their rage, and heaven resembles hell !  
 As he our darkness, cannot we his light  
 Imitate when we please ? This desert soil  
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold ;  
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
 Magnificence ; and what can heaven show more ?  
 Our torments also may in length of time  
 Become our elements ; these piercing fires  
 As soft as now severe, our temper changed  
 Into their temper ; which must needs remove  
 The sensible of pain. All things invite  
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state  
Of order, how in safety best we may  
Compose our present evils, with regard  
Of what we are, and where ; dismissing quite  
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."

He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled  
 The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain  
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long  
 Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
 Seafaring men o'er-watched, whose bark by chance  
 Or pinnance anchors in a craggy bay  
 After the tempest : such applause was heard  
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,  
 Advising peace : for such another field  
 They dreaded worse than hell : so much the fear  
 Of thunder and the sword of Michaël  
 Wrought still within them, and no less desire

'To found this nether empire, which might rise  
By policy, and long process of time,  
In emulation opposite to heaven.

Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom  
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave  
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed  
A pillar of state ; deep on his front engraven  
Deliberation sat, and public care ;  
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,  
Majestic, though in ruin : sage he stood  
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look  
Drew audience and attention still as night  
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake :

“ Thrones and imperial powers, offspring of heaven,  
Ethereal virtues ; or these titles now  
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be called  
Princes of hell ? for so the popular vote  
Inclines here to continue, and build up here  
A growing empire ; doubtless, while we dream,  
And know not that the King of heaven hath doomed  
This place our dungeon ; not our safe retreat  
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt  
From heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league  
Banded against his throne, but to remain  
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,  
Under the inevitable curb, reserved  
His captive multitude : for he, be sure,  
In height or depth, still first and last will reign  
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part  
By our revolt ; but over hell extend  
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule  
Us here, as with his golden those in heaven.  
What sit we then projecting peace and war ?  
War hath determined us, and foiled with loss  
Irreparable ; terms of peace yet none  
Vouchsafed or sought ; for what peace will be given  
To us enslaved, but custody severe,  
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment  
Inflicted ? and what peace can we return,  
But to our power hostility and hate,  
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,  
Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least  
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice  
In doing what we most in suffering feel ?

Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
 With dangerous expedition to invade  
 Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,  
 Or ambush from the deep. ~~What if we find~~  
 Some easier enterprise? There is a place,  
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven  
 Err not) another world, the happy seat  
 Of some new race, called Man, about this time  
 To be created like to us, though less  
 In power and excellence, but favoured more  
 Of him who rules above; so was his will  
 Pronounced among the gods; and by an oath,  
 That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirmed.  
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould  
 Or substance, how endued, and what their power,  
 And where their weakness, how attempted best,  
 By force or subtlety. Though heaven be shut,  
 And heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure  
 In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,  
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left  
 To their defence who hold it; here perhaps  
 Some advantageous act may be achieved  
 By sudden onset; either with hell fire  
 To waste his whole creation, or possess  
 All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,  
 The puny habitants, or, if not drive,  
 X Seduce them to our party, that their God  
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand  
Abolish his own works. This would surpass  
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
In our confusion, and our joy upraise  
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,  
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
Their frail original, and faded bliss,  
 Faded so soon. Advise, if this be worth  
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
 Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub  
 Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised  
 By Satan, and in part proposed; for whence,  
 But from the author of all ill, could spring  
 So deep a malice, to confound the race  
 Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell  
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
 The great Creator? But their spite still serves



His glory to augment. The bold design  
 Pleased highly those infernal states, and joy  
 Sparkled in all their eyes : with full assent  
 They vote : whereat his speech he thus renews :  
 " Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,  
 Synod of gods, and like to what ye are,  
 Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep,  
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,  
 Nearer our ancient seat ; perhaps in view  
 Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbouring arms  
 And opportune excursion, we may chance  
 Re-enter heaven ; or else in some mild zone  
 Dwell, not unvisited of heaven's fair light,  
 Secure ; and at the brightening orient beam  
 Purge off this gloom : the soft delicious air,  
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,  
 Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we send  
 In search of this new world ? whom shall we find  
 Sufficient ? who shall tempt with wandering feet  
 The dark, unbottomed, infinite abyss,  
 And through the palpable obscure find out  
 His uncouth way, or spread his aëry flight  
 Upborne with indefatigable wings,  
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive  
 The happy isle ? What strength, what art can then  
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
 Through the strict sentries and stations thick  
 Of angels watching round ? Here he had need  
 All circumspection, and we now no less  
 Choice in our suffrage ; for, on whom we send  
 The weight of all and our last hope relies."

This said, he sat ; and expectation held  
 His look suspense, awaiting who appeared  
 To second, or oppose, or undertake  
 The perilous attempt : but all sat mute,  
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts ; and each  
 In other's countenance read his own dismay,  
 Astonished ; none among the choice and prime  
 Of those heaven-warring champions could be found  
 So hardy, as to proffer or accept,  
 Alone, the dreadful voyage ; till at last  
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised  
 Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,  
 Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake :

" O progeny of heaven, empyreal thrones.

*They all  
 appear to  
 lack moral  
 course -  
 sent in the  
 fall from  
 moral  
 avenger -*

With reason hath deep silence and demur  
 Seized us, though undismayed. Long is the way  
 And hard, that out of hell leads up to light ;  
 Our prison strong ; this huge convex of fire,  
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round  
 Ninefold ; and gates of burning adamant,  
 Barred over us, prohibit all egress.  
 These passed, if any pass, the void profound  
 Of unessential night receives him next  
 Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being  
 Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.  
 If thence he 'scape into whatever world,  
 Or unknown region, what remains him less  
 Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape ?  
 But I should ill become this throne, O peers,  
 And this imperial sovereignty, adorned  
 With splendour, armed with power, if aught proposed  
 And judged of public moment, in the shape  
 Of difficulty or danger, could deter  
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume  
 These royalties, and not refuse to reign,  
 Refusing to accept as great a share  
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
 To him who reigns, and so much to him due  
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest  
 High honoured sits ? Go, therefore, mighty powers  
 Terror of heaven, though fallen ; intend at home,  
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
 The present misery, and render hell  
 More tolerable ; if there be cure or charm  
 To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain  
 Of this ill mansion : intermit no watch  
 Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad  
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek  
 Deliverance for us all : this enterprise  
 None shall partake with me." Thus saying rose  
 The monarch, and prevented all reply ;  
 Prudent, lest, from his resolution raised,  
 Others among the chief might offer now  
 (Certain to be refused) what erst they feared ;  
 And, so refused, might in opinion stand  
 His rivals ; winning cheap the high repute,  
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they  
 Dreaded not more the adventure, than his voice  
 Forbidding ; and at once with him they rose :

Their rising all at once was as the sound  
 Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend  
 With awful reverence prone; and as a god  
 Extol him equal to the Highest in heaven:  
 Nor failed they to express how much they praised,  
 That for the general safety he despised  
 His own: for neither do the spirits damned  
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast  
 Their specious deeds on earth which glory excites,  
 Or close ambition, varnished o'er with zeal.  
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark  
 Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief;

As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds  
 Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread  
 Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element  
 Scowls o'er the darkened landskip snow, or shower,  
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet  
 Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,  
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.  
O shame to men! devil with devil damned  
Firm concord holds, men only disagree-  
Of creatures rational, though under hope  
Of heavenly grace; and, God proclaiming peace,  
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife,  
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,  
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:  
 As if (which might induce us to accord)  
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,  
 That, day and night, for his destruction wait.

The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth  
 In order came the grand infernal peers:  
 Midst came their mighty paramount, and seemed  
 Alone the antagonist of heaven, nor less  
 Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme,  
 And god-like imitated state: him round  
 A globe of fiery seraphim inclosed  
 With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.  
 Then of their session ended they bid cry  
 With trumpets' regal sound the great result:  
 Toward the four winds four speedy cherubim  
 Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,  
 By herald's voice explained; the hollow abyss  
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell  
 With deafening shout returned them loud acclaim.

Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised  
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers  
Disband, and, wandering, each his several way  
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
Leads him, perplexed where he may likeliest find  
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
The irksome hours, till his great chief return.  
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,  
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,  
As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields ;  
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal  
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.  
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears  
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
To battle in the clouds, before each van  
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears  
Till thickest legions close ; with feats of arms  
From either end of heaven the welkin burns.  
Others, with vast Typhœan rage more fell,  
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air  
In whirlwind ; hell scarce holds the wild uproar.  
As when Alcides, from Cœthalia crowned  
With conquest, felt the envenomed robe, and tore  
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,  
And Lichas from the top of Cœta threw  
Into the Euboic sea. Others more mild,  
Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
With notes angelical to many a harp  
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall  
By doom of battle ; and complain that fate  
Free virtue should enthral to force or chance.  
Their song was partial ; but the harmony  
(What could it less when spirits immortal sing ?)  
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment  
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet  
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense)  
Others apart sat on a hill retired,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high  
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.  
Of good and evil much they argued then,  
Of happiness and final misery,  
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,  
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy :

Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm  
Pain for a while, or anguish, and excite  
Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast  
With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.  
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,  
On bold adventure to discover wide  
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps  
Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
Four ways their flying march, along the banks  
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge  
Into the burning lake their baleful streams:  
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;  
Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep;  
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud  
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,  
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,  
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls  
Her wat'ry labyrinth, whercof who drinks,  
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,  
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
Of ancient pile: or else deep snow and ice,  
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog  
Betwixt Damiatra and Mount Casius old,  
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air  
Burns freze, and cold performs the effects of fire.  
Thither by harpy-footed Furies haled  
At certain revolutions, all the damned  
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change  
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce  
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice  
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
Immoveable, infixed, and frozen round,  
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.  
They ferry over this Lethean sound  
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,  
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose  
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,  
All in one moment, and so near the brink;  
But fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt

Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards  
 The ford, and of itself the water flies  
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on  
 In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands  
 With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,  
 Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found  
 No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale  
 They passed, and many a region dolorous,  
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,  
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death.  
 A universe of death; which God by curse  
 Created evil, for evil only good;  
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,  
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
 Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,  
 Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire.

Meanwhile, the adversary of God and man,  
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,  
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of hell  
 Explores his solitary flight: sometimes  
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;  
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
 Up to the fiery concave towering high.  
 As when far off at sea a fleet descried  
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles  
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring  
 Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood,  
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,  
 Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so seemed  
 Far off the flying fiend. At last appear  
 Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,  
 And thrice threefold the gates: three folds were brass,  
 Three iron, three of adamant rock  
 Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,  
 Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat  
 On either side a formidable shape;  
 The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair;  
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold  
 Voluminous and vast—a serpent armed  
 With mortal sting: about her middle round  
 A cry of hell-hounds never-ceasing barked  
 With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung

A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,  
 If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,  
 And kennel there; yet there still barked and howled,  
 Within unseen. Far less abhorred than these  
 Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts  
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:  
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, called  
 In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
 Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
 With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon  
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,  
~~If shape it might be called that shape had none~~  
~~Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;~~  
~~Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,~~  
~~For each seemed either: black it stood as night,~~  
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,  
 And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head,  
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.  
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
 The monster moving onward came as fast  
 With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.  
 The undaunted fiend what this might be admired,  
 Admired, not feared; God and his Son except,  
 Created thing nought valued he, nor shunned;  
 And with disdainful look thus first began:

“Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape,  
 That darest, though grim and terrible, advance  
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way  
 To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,  
 That be assured, without leave asked of thee:  
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
 Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven.”

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied:  
 “Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,  
 Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then  
 Unbroken; and in proud, rebellious arms,  
 Drew after him the third part of heaven’s sons  
 Conjured against the Highest; for which both thou  
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemned  
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain?  
 And reckonest thou thyself with spirits of heaven,  
 Hell-doomed, and breathest defiance here and scorn.  
 Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,  
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,  
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,

Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart  
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,  
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold  
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,  
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood  
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,  
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head  
Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands  
No second stroke intend; and such a frown  
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,  
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on  
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,  
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow  
To join their dark encounter in mid air:  
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell  
Grew darker at their frown; so matched they stood,  
For never but once more was either like  
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds  
Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,  
Had not the snaky sorceress, that sat  
Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,  
Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.

"O father, what intends thy hand," she cried,  
"Against thy only son? What fury, O son,  
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart  
Against thy father's head? and knowest for whom;  
For him who sits above and laughs the while  
At thee ordained his drudge, to execute  
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;  
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both."

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest  
Forbore; then these to her Satan returned:

"So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange  
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,  
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
What it intends; till first I know of thee,  
What thing thou art thus double-formed; and why,  
In this infernal vale first met, thou callest  
Me father, and that phantasm callest my son:  
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
Sight more detestable than him and thee."



To whom thus the portress of hell-gate replied :  
“ Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
Now in thine eye so foul? once deemed so fair  
In heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight  
Of all the seraphim with thee combined  
In bold conspiracy against heaven’s King,  
All on a sudden miserable pain  
Surprised thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum  
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
Threw forth ; till, on the left side opening wide,  
Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,  
Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess armed,  
Out of thy head I sprung ; amazement seized  
All the host of heaven ; back they recoiled afraid  
At first, and call’d me Sin, and for a sign  
Portentous held me ; but, familiar grown,  
I pleased, and with attractive graces won  
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft  
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,  
Becamest enamoured, and such joy thou tookest  
With me in secret, that my womb conceived  
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,  
And fields were fought in heaven ; wherein remained  
(For what could else ?) to our Almighty Foo  
Clear victory ; to our part loss and rout,  
Through all the empyréan : down they fell  
Driven headlong from the pitch of heaven, down  
Into this deep ; and in the general fall  
I also ; at which time this powerful key  
Into my hand was given, with charge to keep  
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat  
Alone ; but long I sat not, till my womb,  
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,  
Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes.  
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,  
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,  
Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain  
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
Transformed : but he my inbred enemy  
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart  
Made to destroy. I fled, and cried out Death !  
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed  
From all her caves, and back resounded, Death !  
I fled ; but he pursued (though more, it seems,

Inflamed with lust than rage), and, swifter far,  
 Me overtook his mother all dismayed,  
 And in embraces forcible and foul  
 Ingendering with me, of that rape begot  
 These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry  
 Surround me, as thou sawest, hourly conceived  
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
 To me; for, when they list, into the womb  
 That bred them they return and howl, and gnaw  
 My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth  
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,  
 That rest or intermission none I find.  
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
 Grim Death, my son and foe; who sets them on,  
 And me his parent would full soon devour  
 For want of other prey, but that he knows  
 His end with mine involved; and knows that I  
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,  
 When ever that shall be; so fate pronounced.  
 But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun  
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope  
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,  
 Though tempered heavenly; for that mortal dint,  
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist."

She finished; and the subtle fiend his lore  
 Soon learned, now milder, and thus answered smooth:  
 "Dear daughter, since thou claimest me for thy sire,  
 And my fair son here showest me the dear pledge  
 Of dalliance had with thee in heaven, and joys  
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change  
 Befallen us, unforeseen, unthought of; know,  
 I come no enemy, but to set free  
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain  
 Both him and thee, and all the heavenly host  
 Of spirits, that in our just pretences armed,  
 Fell with us from on high: from them I go  
 This uncouth errand sole; and one for all  
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread  
 The unfounded deep, and through the void immense  
 To search with wandering quest a place foretold  
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now  
 Created vast and round, a place of bliss  
 In the purlieus of heaven, and therein placed  
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply  
 Perhaps our vacant room; though more removed.

Lest heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,  
Might hap to move new broils. Be this or aught  
Than this more secret now designed, I haste  
To know; and, this once known, shall soon return,  
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death  
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd  
With odours; there ye shall be fed and filled  
Immeasurably; all things shall be your prey."

He ceased, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death  
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear  
His famine should be fill'd; and bless'd his maw  
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd  
His mother bad, and thus bespeak her sire:

"The key of this infernal pit by due,  
And by command of heaven's all-powerful King,  
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
These adamantin' gates; against all force  
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
Fearless to be o'rmatch'd by living might.  
But what owe I to his commands above  
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,  
To sit in hateful office here confin'd,  
Inhabitant of heaven, and heavenly-born,  
Here, in perpetual agony and pain,  
With terrors and with clamours compass'd round  
Of mine own brood that on my bowels feed?  
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou  
My being gavest me; whom should I obey  
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon  
To that new world of light and bliss, among  
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign  
At thy right hand voluptuous, as besecms  
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end."

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,  
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,  
Forthwith the huge portecullis high up-drew,  
Which, but herself, not all the Stygian powers  
Could once have mov'd; then in the keyhole turns  
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar  
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease  
Unfastens. On a sudden open'd  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound

The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
Of Erebus. She opened, but to shut  
Exceeded her power: the gates wide open stood,  
That with extended wings a bannered host,  
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through  
With horse and chariots ranked in loose array:  
So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth  
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.  
Before their eyes in sudden view appear  
The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark  
Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,  
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night  
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold  
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise  
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.  
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four Champions fierce  
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring  
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag  
Of each his faction, in their several clans,  
Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,  
Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands  
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,  
Levied to side with warring wings, and poise  
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,  
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,  
And by decision more embroils the fray  
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter  
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,  
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,  
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,  
But all these in their pregnant causes mixed  
Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,  
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain  
His dark materials to create more worlds;  
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend  
Stood on the brink of hell, and looked a while,  
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith  
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less pealed  
With noises loud and ruinous, (to compare  
Great things with small) than when Bellona storms,  
With all her battering engines bent to raze  
Some capital city; or less than if this frame  
Of heaven were falling, and these elements

In mutiny had from her axle torn  
The steadfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans  
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke  
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,  
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides  
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets  
A vast vacuity: all unawares  
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops  
Ten thousand fathom deep; and to this hour  
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance  
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,  
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him  
As many miles aloft: that fury staid,  
Quenched in a boggy syrtis, neither sea,  
Nor good dry land: nigh foundered on he fares,  
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,  
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.  
As when a gryphon through the wilderness  
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,  
Pursues the Arimaspians, who by stealth  
Had from his wakeful custody purloined  
The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend  
O'er bog, or steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare.  
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,  
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:  
At length, a universal hubbub wild  
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,  
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear  
With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,  
Undaunted to meet there whatever power  
Or spirit of the nethermost abyss  
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies  
Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne  
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread  
Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthroned  
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
The consort of his reign; and by them stood  
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name  
Of Demogorgon! Rumour next and Chance,  
And Tumult and Confusion all embroiled,  
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.  
To whom Satan turning boldly, thus: "Ye powers  
And spirits of this nethermost abyss,  
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,

With purpose to explore or to disturb  
 The secrets of your realm ; but, by constraint  
 Wandering this darksome desert, as my way  
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,  
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek  
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds  
 Confine with heaven ; or if some other place,  
 From your dominion won, the ethereal King  
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
 I travel this profound ; direct my course ;  
 Directed, no mean recompense it brings  
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,  
 All usurpation thence expelled, reduce  
 To her original darkness, and your sway,  
 (Which is my present journey), and once more  
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night :  
 Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge."

Thus Satan ; and him thus the Anarch old,  
 With faltering speech and visage incomposed,  
 Answered : " I know thee, stranger, who thou art,  
 That mighty leading angel, who of late  
 Made head against heaven's King, though overthrown.  
 I saw and heard ; for such a numerous host  
 Fled not in silence through the frightened deep,  
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
 Confusion worse confounded ; and heaven-gate  
 Poured out by millions her victorious bands  
 Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here  
 Keep residence ; if all I can will serve  
 That little which is left so to defend,  
 Eroached on still through your intestine broils  
 Weakening the sceptre of old Night : first hell,  
 Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath ,  
 Now lately heaven and earth, another world,  
 Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden chain  
 To that side heaven from whence your legions fell :  
 If that way be your walk you have not far ;  
 So much the nearer danger ; go, and speed ;  
 Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain."

He ceased ; and Satan staid not to reply,  
 But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,  
 With fresh alacrity, and force renewed,  
 Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,  
 Into the wild expanse, and, through the shocks  
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round

Environed, wins his way ; harder beset  
And more endangered, than when Argo passed  
Through Bosphorus, betwixt the justling rocks :  
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned  
Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steered.  
So he with difficulty and labour hard  
Moved on, with difficulty and labour he ;  
But, he once past, soon after, when man fell,  
Strange alteration ! Sin and death amain  
Following his track, such was the will of Heaven ;  
Paved after him a broad and beaten way  
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf  
Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,  
From hell continued reaching the utmost orb  
Of this frail world ; by which the spirits perverse  
With easy intercourse pass to and fro  
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom  
God and good angels guard by special grace.  
But now at last the sacred influence  
Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven  
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night,  
A glimmering dawn : here Nature first begins  
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,  
As from her outmost works a broken foe,  
With tumult less, and with less hostile din,  
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease  
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,  
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds  
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn  
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,  
Weighs his spread wings at leisure to behold  
Far off the empyreal heaven, extended wide  
In circuit, undetermined square or round,  
With opal towers and battlements adorned  
Of living sapphire, once his native seat ;  
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,  
This pendent world, in bigness as a star  
Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon.  
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge  
Accursed, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

## BOOK III.

### THE ARGUMENT.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind, clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God returns praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards man: but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards man without the satisfaction of divine justice: man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for man: the Father accepts him, or dains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the angels to adore him. They obey, and hymning to their harps in full choir, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vanity: what persons and things fly up thither: thence comes to the gate of heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel; and, pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed: alights first on Mount Niphates.

HAIL, holy Light! offspring of heaven first-born,  
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,  
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,  
And never but in unapproached light  
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
Or hearest thou rather, pure ethereal stream,  
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,  
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite.  
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained  
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,  
With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,  
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;

Every attribute of  
greatness & light  
The morning of all things

order



Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down  
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,  
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,  
 And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou  
 Revisitest not these eyes, that roll in vain  
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
 So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,  
 Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more  
 Cease I to wander where the muses haunt  
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,  
 That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow  
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget  
 Those other two equalled with me in fate,  
 So were I equalled with them in renown,  
 Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,  
 And Tiresias, and Phineas, prophets old;  
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird  
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,  
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year  
 Seasons return; but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,  
 Presented with a universal blank  
 Of nature's works to me expunged and razed,  
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
 So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
Irradiate: there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,  
 From the pure empyréan where he sits  
 High throned above all height, bent down his eye  
 His own works, and their works, at once to view  
 About him all the sanctities of heaven  
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received  
 Beatitude past utterance; on his right  
 The radiant image of his glory sat,

50 words less in all libraries  
 missing

Heaven

His only Son ; on earth he first beheld  
 Our two first parents, yet the only two  
 Of mankind, in the happy garden placed,  
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivalled love,  
 In blissful solitude ; he then surveyed  
 Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there  
 Coasting the wall of heaven on this side night  
 In the dun air sublime, and ready now  
 To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet,  
 On the bare outside of this world, that seemed  
 Firm land embosomed without firmament,  
 Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.  
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
 Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,  
 Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake :  
 " Only-begotten Son, seest thou what rage  
 Transports our adversary ? whom no bounds  
 Prescribed, no bars of hell, nor all the chains  
 Heaped on him there, nor yet the main abyss  
 Wide interrupt, can hold ; so bent he seems  
 On desperate revenge, that shall redound  
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now,  
 Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way  
 Not far off heaven, in the precincts of light,  
 Directly towards the new-created world  
 And man there placed, with purpose to essay  
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,  
 By some false guile pervert ; and shall pervert :  
 For man will hearken to his glossing lies,  
 And easily transgress the sole command,  
 Sole pledge of his obedience ; so will fall  
 He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault :  
 Whose but his own ? Ingrate, he had of me  
 All he could have ; I made him just and right,  
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
 Such I created all the ethereal powers  
 And spirits, both them who stood, and them who failed ;  
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.  
 Not free, what proof could they have given sincere  
 Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,  
 Where only what they needs must do appeared,  
 Not what they would ? what praise could they receive,  
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,  
 When will and reason (reason also is choice)

Useless and vain, of freedom both despoiled,  
 Made passive both, had served necessity,  
 Not me? They therefore, as to right belonged,  
 So were created, nor can justly accuse  
 Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,  
 As if predestination over-ruled  
 Their will, disposed by absolute decree  
 Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed  
 Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,  
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
 Which had no less proved certain unforeknown.  
 So without least impulse or shadow of fate,  
 Or aught by me immutably foreseen,  
 They trespass, authors to themselves in all  
 Both what they judge, and what they choose; for so  
 I formed them free; and free they must remain,  
 Till they enthral themselves; I else must change  
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree  
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordained  
 Their freedom, ~~they themselves ordained their fall.~~ \*  
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,  
 Self-tempted, self-depraved; man falls, deceived  
 By the other first; man therefore shall find grace,  
 The other none: in mercy and justice both,  
 Through heaven and earth, so shall my glory excel:  
 But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine."

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance filled  
 All heaven, and in the blessed spirits elect  
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffused.

Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
 Most glorious: in him all his Father shone  
 Substantially expressed; and in his face  
 Divine compassion visibly appeared,  
 Love without end, and without measure grace,  
 Which uttering, thus he to his Father spake:

"O Father, gracious was that word which closed  
 Thy sovereign sentence, that man should find grace;  
 For which both heaven and earth shall high extol  
 Thy praises, with the innumerable sound  
 Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne  
 Encompassed shall resound thee ever blest.  
 For should man finally be lost, should man,  
 Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,  
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joined  
 With his own folly? That be from thee far.

God is invisible

God is visible

That far be from thee, Father, who art judge  
 Of all things made, and judgest only right.  
 Or shall the adversary thus obtain  
 His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil  
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,  
 Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,  
 Yet with revenge accomplished, and to hell  
 Draw after him the whole race of mankind,  
 By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself  
 Abolish thy creation, and unmake  
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?  
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both  
 Be questioned and blasphemed without defence  
 To whom the great Creator thus replied:  
 "O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,  
 Son of my bosom, Son who art alone  
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,  
 All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all  
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed;  
 Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will;  
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
 Freely vouchsafed; once more I will renew  
 His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthralled  
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires;  
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
 On even ground against his mortal foe;  
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail  
 His fallen condition is, and to me owe  
 All his deliverance, and to none but me.  
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,  
 Elect above the rest; so is my will:  
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warned  
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes  
 The incensed Deity, while offered grace  
 Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,  
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts  
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.  
 To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,  
 Though but endeavoured with sincere intent,  
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.  
And I will place within them, as a guide,  
My umpire conscience; whom if they will hear  
Light after light, well used, they shall attain,  
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.  
 This my long sufferance, and my day of grace,

More Scriptural passages

→\*

Catharine

Penance

Mark. 3-13

They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste ;  
 But hard be hardened, blind be blinded more,  
 That they may stumble on and deeper fall ;  
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.  
 But yet all is not done ; man disobeying,  
 Disloyal, breaks his fealty, and sins  
 Against the high supremacy of Heaven,  
 Affecting godhead, and, so losing all,  
 To expiate his treason hath nought left,  
 But to destruction sacred and devote,  
 He, with his whole posterity, must die.  
Die he or justice must ; unless for him  
Some other able, and as willing, pay  
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.  
 Say, heavenly Powers, where shall we find such love ?  
 Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem  
 Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust to save ?  
 Dwells in all heaven charity so dear ? ”

He asked, but all the heavenly choir stood mute,  
 And silence was in heaven : on man's behalf  
 Patron or intercessor none appeared,  
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw  
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.  
 And now without redemption all mankind  
 Must have been lost, adjudged to death and hell  
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,  
 His dearest mediation thus renewed :

“ Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace  
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way  
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all  
 Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought ?  
 Happy for man, so coming ; he her aid  
 Can never seek, once dead in sins, and lost ;  
 Atonement for himself, or offering meet,  
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring .  
Behold me, then ; me for him, life for life,  
I offer ; on me let thine anger fall ;  
Account me man ; I for his sake will leave  
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee  
Freely put off, and for him lastly die  
Well pleased ; on me let Death wreak all his rage  
 Under his gloomy power I shall not long  
 Lie vanquished ; thou hast given me to possess

Life in myself for ever ; by thee I live,  
 Though now to death I yield, and am his due  
 All that of me can die : yet, that debt paid,  
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave  
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul  
 For ever with corruption there to dwell :  
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue  
 My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil ;  
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop  
 Inglorious of his mortal sting disarmed. / \*\*\*  
 I through the ample air in triumph high  
 Shall lead hell captive maugre hell, and show  
 The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight  
 Pleased, out of heaven shalt look down and smile,  
 While, by thee raised, I ruin all my foes,  
 Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave :  
 Then, with the multitude of my redeemed,  
 Shall enter heaven, long absent, and return,  
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assured  
 And reconcilment ; wrath shall be no more  
 Thenceforth ; but in thy presence joy entire."

His words here ended, but his meek aspect  
 Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love  
 To mortal men, above which only shone  
 Filial obedience : as a sacrifice  
 Glad to be offered, he attends the will  
 Of his great Father. Admiration seized  
 All heaven, what this might mean, and whether tend,  
 Wondering ; but soon the Almighty thus replied :

" O thou in heaven and earth the only peace  
 Found out for mankind under wrath ! O thou  
 My sole complacence ! well thou knowest how dear  
 To me are all my works, nor man the least,  
 Though last created ; that for him I spare  
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save  
 By losing thee a while, the whole race lost.  
 Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,  
 Their nature also to thy nature join ;

And be thyself man among men on earth,  
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,  
 By wondrous birth : be thou in Adam's room  
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.  
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,  
 As from a second root, shall be restored

cool 2  
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 2 15

1 Cor. 15:2

As many as are restored, without thee none.  
 His crime makes guilty all his sons ; thy merit,  
 Imputed, shall absolve them who renounce  
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
 Receive new life. So man, as is most just,  
 Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die,  
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
 His brethren, ransomed with his own dear life.  
 So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,  
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,  
 So dearly to redeem, what hellish hate  
 So easily destroyed, and still destroys  
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
 Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume  
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.  
 Because thou hast, though throned in highest bliss  
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
 God-like fruition, quitted all, to save  
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found  
 By merit more than birthright Son of God,  
 Found worthiest to be so by being good,  
 Far more than great or high ; because in thee  
 Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,  
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt  
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne ;  
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign  
 Both God and man, Son both of God and man,  
 Anointed universal King ; all power  
 I give thee, reign for ever, and assume  
 Thy merits ; under thee, as head supreme,  
 Thrones, principedoms, powers, dominions, I reduce :  
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bid  
In heaven, or earth, or under earth in hell.  
 When thou, attended gloriously from heaven,  
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send  
 The summoning archangels to proclaim  
 Thy dread tribunal : forthwith from all winds  
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
 Of all past ages, to the general doom  
 Shall hasten ; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.  
 Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shall judge  
 Bad men and angels ; they arraigned, shall sink  
 Beneath thy sentence ; hell, her numbers full,  
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile

Math = 8. 13  
 I Shees 4. 16  
 John 5. 21

The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
 New heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell,  
 And, after all their tribulations long,  
 See golden days fruitful of golden deeds,  
 With joy and love triúmphing, and fair truth.  
 Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,  
 For regal sceptre then no more shall need,  
 God shall be all in all. But, all ye gods,  
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies ;  
 Adore the Son, and honour him as me."

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all  
 The multitude of angels, with a shout  
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, heaven rung  
 With jubilee, and loud hosannas filled  
 The eternal regions : lowly reverent  
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground  
 With solemn adoration down they cast  
 Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold ;  
 Immortal amarant, a flower which once  
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
 Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offence  
 To heaven removed where first it grew, there grows,  
 And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,  
 And where the river of bliss through midst of heaven  
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream ;  
 With these that never fade the spirits elect  
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreathed with beams ;  
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
 Pavement that like a sea of jasper shone,  
 Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.  
 Then, crowned again, their golden harps they took,  
 Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side  
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet  
 Of charming symphony they introduce  
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high :  
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join  
 Melodious part, such concord is in heaven.

"Thee, Father, first they sung Omnipotent,  
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
 Eternal King ; thee, Author of all being,  
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible  
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sittest  
 Throned inaccessible, but when thou shadest  
 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud



Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,  
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,  
Yet dazzle heaven, that brightest seraphim  
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.  
Thee next they sang of all creation first,  
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud  
Made visible the Almighty Father shines,  
Whom else no creature can behold; on thee  
Impressed the effulgence of his glory abides,  
Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.  
He heaven of heavens and all the powers therein  
By thee created; and by thee threw down  
The aspiring dominations: thou that day  
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,  
Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook  
Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks  
Thou drovest of warring angels disarrayed.  
Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim  
Thee only extolled, Son of thy Father's might,  
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes;  
Not so on man: him, through their malice fallen,  
Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom  
So strictly, but much more to pity incline:  
No sooner did thy dear and only Son  
Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail man  
So strictly, but much more to pity inclined;  
He, to appease thy wrath and end the strife  
Of mercy and justice in thy face discerned,  
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat  
Second to thee, offered himself to die  
For man's offence. O unexampled love,  
Love nowhere to be found less than divine!  
Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy name  
Shall be the copious matter of my song  
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise  
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin."

Thus they in heaven, above the starry sphere,  
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.  
Meanwhile upon the firm opacous globe  
Of this round world, whose first convex divides  
The luminous inferior orbs, inclosed  
From Chaos, and the inroad of darkness old,  
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off  
It seemed, now seems a boundless continent

Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night  
 Starless exposed, and ever-threatening storms  
 Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky ;  
 Save on that side which from the wall of heaven,  
 Though distant far, some small reflection gains  
 Of glimmering air, less vexed with tempest loud :  
 Here walked the fiend at large in spacious field.  
 As when a vulture on Imaüs bred,  
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,  
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,  
 To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids,  
 On hills where flocks are fed, flies towards the spring  
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams :  
 But in his way lights on the barren plains  
 Of Sericana, where Chineses drive  
 With sails and wind their cany waggons light :  
 So, on this windy sea of land, the fiend  
 Walked up and down alone, bent on his prey .  
 Alone, for other creature in this place,  
 Living or lifless, to be found was none,  
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
 Up hither, like aëreal vapours, flew  
 Of all things transitory and vain, when sin  
 With vanity had filled the works of men ;  
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
 Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,  
 Or happiness in this or the other life ;  
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits  
 Of painful superstition and blind zeal,  
 Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find  
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds ;  
 All the unaccomplished works of Nature's hand,  
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed,  
 Dissolved on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
 Till final dissolution, wander here :  
 Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dreamed ;  
 Those argent fields more likely habitants,  
 Translated saints, or middle spirits hold  
 Betwixt the angelical and human kind.  
 Hither of ill-joined sons and daughters born  
 First from the ancient world those giants came  
 With many a vain exploit, though then renowned :  
 The builders next of Babel on the plain  
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain design  
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build :

- Nation of a slender

- what is the

Others came single : he, who to be deemed  
 A god, leaped fondly into Ætna flames,  
 Empedocles ; and he, who, to enjoy  
 Plato's Elysium, leaped into the sea,  
 Cleombrotus ; and many more too long,  
 Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars  
 White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery  
 Here pilgrims roam, that strayed so far to seek  
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heaven ;  
 And they, who, to be sure of Paradise,  
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,  
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised ;  
 They pass the planets seven, and pass the fixed,  
 And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs  
 The trepidation talked, and that first moved ;  
 And now Saint Peter at heaven's wicket seems  
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot  
 Of heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when lo  
 A violent cross wind from either coast  
 Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry  
 Into the devious air : then might ye see  
 Cows, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost  
 And fluttered into rags ; then reliques, beads,  
 Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,  
 The sport of winds : all these, upwhirled aloft,  
 Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,  
 Into a limbo large and broad, since called  
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown  
 Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.  
 All this dark globe the fiend found as he passed,  
 And long he wandered, till at last a gleam  
 Of dawning light turned thitherward in haste  
 His travelled steps : far distant he descries  
 Ascending by degrees magnificent  
 Up to the wall of heaven a structure high ;  
 At top whereof, but far more rich appeared  
 The work as of a kingly palace-gate,  
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold  
 Embellished ; thick with sparkling orient gems  
 The portal shone, inimitable on earth  
 By model, or by shading pencil, drawn.  
 The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw  
 Angels ascending and descending, bands  
 Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled  
 To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz,

How got these  
 These Paradise of fools

✓

Dreaming by night under the open sky,  
 And waking cried, "This is the gate of heaven."  
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
 There always, but drawn up to heaven sometimes  
 Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flowed  
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon  
 Who after came from earth, sailing arrived,  
 Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake  
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.  
 The stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
 The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate  
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:  
 Direct against which opened from beneath,  
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,  
 A passage down to the earth, a passage wide,  
 Wider by far than that of after-times  
 Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,  
 Over the Promised Land, to God so dear;  
 By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,  
 On high behests his angels to and fro  
 Passed frequent, and his eye with choicè regard  
 From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,  
 To Beërsheba, where the Holy Land  
 Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore;  
 So wide the opening seemed, where bounds were set  
 To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.  
 Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,  
 That scaled by steps of gold to heaven-gate,  
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
 Of all this world at once. (As when a scout,  
 Through dark and desert ways with peril gone  
 All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn  
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,  
 Which to his eye discovers unaware  
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land  
 First seen, or some renowned metropolis  
 With glistening spires and pinnacles adorned,  
 Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:  
 Such wonder seized, though after heaven seen,  
 The spirit malign, but much more envy seized,  
 At sight of all this world beheld so fair.  
 Round he surveys, (and well might where he stood  
 So high above the circling canopy  
 Of night's extended shade,) from eastern point  
 Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears

Andromeda far off Atlantic seas,  
Beyond the horizon ; then from pole to pole  
He views in breadth, and without longer pause  
Downright into the world's first region throws  
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease  
Through the pure marble air his oblique way  
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone  
Stars distant, but nigh hand seemed other worlds ;  
Or other worlds they seemed, or happy isles,  
Like those Hesperian gardens famed of old,  
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,  
Thrice-happy isles ; but who dwelt happy there  
He staid not to inquire : above them all  
The golden sun, in splendour likest heaven,  
Allured his eye ; thither his course he bends  
Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,  
By centre or eccentric, hard to tell,  
Or longitude,) where the great luminary  
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,  
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,  
Dispenses light from far : they, as they move  
Their starry dance in numbers that compute  
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp  
Turn swift their various motions, or are turned  
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms  
The universe, and to each inward part  
With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep ;  
So wondrously was set his station bright.  
There lands the fiend, a spot like which perhaps  
Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb  
Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw.  
The place he found beyond expression bright,  
Compared with aught on earth, metal or stone ;  
Not all parts like, but all alike informed  
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire ;  
If metal, part seemed gold, part silver clear ;  
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,  
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone  
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides  
Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen,  
That stone, or like to that, which here below  
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,  
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind  
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound

In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,  
 Drained through a limbec to his native form.  
 What wonder then if fields and regions here  
 Breath forth elixir pure, and rivers run  
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch  
 The arch-chymic sun, so far from us remote,  
 Produces, with terrestrial humour mixed,  
 Here in the dark so many precious things  
 Of colour glorious, and effect so rare?  
 Here matter new to gaze the devil met  
 Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;  
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
 But all sun-shine, as when his beams at noon  
 Culminate from the equator, as they now  
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
 Shadow from body opaque can fall; and the air,  
 Nowhere so clear, sharpened his visual ray  
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon  
 Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,  
 The same whom John saw also in the sun:  
 His back was turned, but not his brightness hid;  
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar  
 Circled his head, nor less his locks behind  
 Illustrious on his shoulders, fledge with wings,  
 Lay waving round; on some great charge employed  
 He seemed, or fixed in cogitation deep.  
 Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope  
 To find who might direct his wandering flight  
 To Paradise, the happy seat of man,  
 His journey's end, and our beginning woe.  
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
 Which else might work him danger or delay;  
 And now a stripling cherub he appears,  
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
 Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb  
 Suitable grace diffused, so well he feigned  
 Under a coronet his flowing hair  
 In curls on either cheek played; wings he wore,  
 Of many a coloured plume, sprinkled with gold;  
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
 Before his decent steps a silver wand.  
 He drew not nigh unheard; the angel bright,  
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turned,  
 Admonished by his ear, and straight was known  
 The archangel Uriel, one of the seven

Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,  
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes  
That run through all the heavens, or down to the earth  
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,  
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts:

"Uriel, for thou of those seven spirits that stand  
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,  
The first art wont his great authentic will  
Interpreter through highest heaven to bring,  
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;  
And here art likeliest by supreme decree  
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye  
To visit of this new creation round;  
Unspeakable desire to see and know

All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,  
His chief delight and favour, him for whom  
All these his works so wondrous he ordained,  
Hath brought me from the choirs of cherubim  
Alone thus wandering. Brightest seraph, tell  
In which of all these shining orbs hath man  
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;  
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,  
Or open admiration, him behold,  
On whom the great Creator hath bestowed  
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces poured;  
That both in him and all things, as is meet,  
The universal Maker we may praise,  
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes  
To deepest hell, and, to repair that loss,  
Created this new happy race of men  
To serve him better; wise are all his ways."

So spake the false dissembler unperceived;  
For neither man nor angel can discern  
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks  
Invisible, except to God alone,  
By his permissive will, through heaven and earth:  
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity  
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
Where no ill seems: which now for once beguiled  
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held  
The sharpest sighted spirit of all in heaven;  
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,  
In his uprightness, answer thus returned:

" Fair angel, thy desire, which tends to know  
 The works of God, thereby to glorify  
 The great Work-master, leads to no excess  
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither  
 From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,  
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps,  
 Contented with report, hear only in heaven :  
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
 Had in remembrance always with delight ;  
 But what created mind can comprehend  
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite  
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep ?  
 I saw when at his word the formless mass,  
 The world's material mould, came to a heap :  
 Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar  
 Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined ;  
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,  
 Light shone, and order from disorder sprung :  
 Swift to their several quarters hasted then  
 The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire ;  
 And this ethereal quintessence of heaven  
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
 That rolled orbicular, and turned to stars  
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move ;  
 Each had his place appointed, each his course ;  
 The rest in circuit walls this universe.  
 Look downward on that globe, whose hither side  
 With light from hence, though but reflected, shines ;  
 That place is earth, the seat of man ; that light  
 His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,  
 Night would invade ; but there the neighbouring moon  
 (So call that opposite fair star) her aid  
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round  
 Still ending, still renewing, through mid heaven,  
 With borrowed light her countenance triform  
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten the earth,  
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
 That spot to which I point is Paradise,  
 Adam's abode ; those lofty shades, his bower.  
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires."  
 Thus said, he turned ; and Satan, bowing low,  
 As to superior spirits is wont in heaven,  
 Where honour due and reverence none neglects,



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Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath,  
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success;  
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,  
Nor staid till on Niphates' top he lights.

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## BOOK IV.

### THE ARGUMENT.

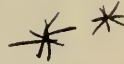
Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described; overleaps the bounds; sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress; then leaves them awhile to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel descending on a sun-beam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest; their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel, drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers; prepares resistance; but, hindered by a sign from heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O, FOR that warning voice, which he who saw  
The Apocalypse, heard cry in heaven aloud,  
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
Came furious down to be revenged on men,  
“ Woe to the inhabitants on earth !” that now,  
While time was, our first parents had been warned  
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scaped,  
Haply so 'scaped his mortal snare : for now  
Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,  
The tempter ere the accuser of mankind,  
To wreak on innocent frail man his loss  
Of that first battle, and his flight to hell :  
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold  
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
Begins his dire attempt ; which nigh the birth  
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,  
And like a devilish engine back recoils  
Upon himself ; horror and doubt distract

His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
 The hell within him ; for within him hell  
 He brings, and round about him, nor from hell  
 One step, no more than from himself, can fly.  
 By change of place : now conscience wakes despair,  
 That slumbered ; wakes the bitter memory  
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be  
 Worse ; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.  
 Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view  
 Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixed sad ;  
 Sometimes towards heaven, and the full-blazing sun,  
 Which now sat high in his meridian tower :  
 Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began :

“ O thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,  
 Lookest from thy sole dominion like the god  
 Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminished heads ; to thee I call,  
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
 O sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
 That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;  
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,  
 Warring in heaven against heaven’s matchless King :  
 Ah, wherefore ? he deserved no such return  
 From me, whom he created what I was  
 In that bright eminence, and with his good  
 Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.  
 What could be less than to afford him praise,  
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,  
 How due ! yet all his good proved ill in me,  
 And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high  
 I ’s dained subjection, and thought one step higher  
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
 So burdensome still paying, still to owe :  
 Forgetful what from him I still received,  
 And understood not that a grateful mind  
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
 Indebted and discharged ; what burden then ?  
 O had his powerful destiny ordained  
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood  
 Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised  
 Ambition. Yet why not ? some other power  
 As great might have aspired, and me, though mean  
 Drawn to his part ; but other powers as great

*upastrophe  
to the sun*



Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
 Or from without, to all temptations armed.  
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?  
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,  
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?  
 Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,  
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.

Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will  
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?  
 Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;  
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep  
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

O, then, at last relent: is there no place  
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?  
 None left but by submission; and that word  
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced  
 With other promises and other vaunts  
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
 The Omnipotent.] Ah me! they little know

How dearly I abide that boast so vain;  
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
 While they adore me on the throne of hell.  
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced,  
 The lower still I fall, only supreme  
 In misery: such joy ambition finds.

But say I could repent, and could obtain,  
 By act of grace, my former state; how soon  
 Would height recal high thoughts, how soon unsay  
 What feigned submission swore! Ease would recant  
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.

For never can true reconciliation grow  
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep:  
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse  
 And heavier fall; so should I purchase dear  
 Short intermission bought with double smart.  
 This knows my punisher; therefore as far  
 From granting he, as I from begging peace:  
 All hope excluded thus, behold, instead  
 Of us out-cast, exiled, his new delight,  
 Mankind created, and for him this world.  
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear

Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost ;  
 Evil, be thou my good : by thee at least  
 Divided empire with heaven's King I hold,  
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;  
 As man ere long, and this new world shall know."

Thus while he spake, each passion dimmed his face  
 Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair ;  
 Which marred his borrowed visage, and betrayed  
 Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld :

For heavenly minds from such distempers foul  
 Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,  
 Each perturbation smoothed with outward calm,  
 Artificer of fraud ; and was the first  
 That practised falsehood under saintly show,  
 Deep malice to conceal, couched with revenge :  
 Yet not enough had practised to deceive

Uriel once warned : whose eye pursued him down

The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount  
 Saw him disfigured, more than could befall  
 Spirit of happy sort ; his gestures fierce  
 He marked, and mad demeanour, then alone,  
 As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen.

So on he fares, and to the border comes  
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,

Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,  
 As with a rural mound, the champaign head  
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides  
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,  
 Access denied ; and over-head up-grew  
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,

Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
 A sylvan scene ; and, as the ranks ascend  
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops  
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung :

Which to our general sire gave prospect large  
 Into his nether empire neighbouring round :

And higher than that wall a circling row  
 Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,  
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,  
 Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed ;  
 On which the sun more glad impressed his beams  
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,

When God hath showered the earth ; so lovely seemed  
 That landscape : and of pure, now purer air

Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
 All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,  
 Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense  
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
 Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail  
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past  
 Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow  
 Sabean odours from the spicy shore  
 Of Araby the Blest; with such delay  
 Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league  
 Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles:  
 So entertained those odorous sweets the fiend,  
 Who came their bane: though with them better pleased  
 Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume  
 That drove him, though enamoured, from the spouse  
 Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent  
 From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill  
 Satan had journeyed on, pensive and slow;  
 But further way found none, so thick entwined  
 As one continued brake, the undergrowth  
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplexed  
 All path of man or beast that passed that way.  
 One gate there only was, and that looked east  
 On the other side: which, when the arch-felon saw,  
 Due entrance he disdained; and, in contempt,  
 At one slight bound high over-leaped all bound  
 Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within  
 Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,  
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
 Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve  
 In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,  
 Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:  
 Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash  
 Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,  
 Cross-barred and bolted fast, fear no assault,  
 In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:  
 So clomb the first grand thief into God's fold;  
 So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.  
 Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,  
 The middle tree and highest there that grew,  
 Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life  
 Thereby regained, but sat devising death  
 To them who lived; nor on the virtue thought

Tobit

←  
 Asmodæus  
 Asmodæus

a new text  
 of version

Of that life-giving plant, but only used  
 For prospect, what well used had been the pledge  
 Of immortality. So little knows  
 Any but God alone, to value right,  
 The good before him, but perverts best things  
 To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.  
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views,  
 To all delight of human sense exposed,  
 In narrow room, nature's whole wealth, yea more,  
 A heaven on earth: for blissful Paradise  
 Of God the garden was, by him in the east  
 Of Eden planted; Eden stretched her line  
 From Auran eastward to the royal towers  
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,  
 Or where the sons of Eden long before  
 Dwelt in Telassar: in this pleasant soil  
 His far more pleasant garden God ordained:  
 Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow  
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;  
 And all amid them stood the tree of life,  
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
 Of vegetable gold; and next to life,  
 Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,  
 Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.  
 Southward through Eden went a river large,  
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill  
 Passed underneath ingulfed; for God had thrown  
 That mountain as his garden-mould high-raised  
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins  
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,  
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
 Watered the garden; thence united fell  
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood.  
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,  
 And now divided into four main streams,  
 Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm  
 And country, whereof here needs no account;  
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,  
 How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,  
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,  
 With mazy error under pendent shades  
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed  
 Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art  
 In beds and curious knots, but nature boon  
 Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,

see bridges, Kubla  
 Khan

Both where the morning sun first warmly smote  
 The open field, and where the unpierced shade  
 Imbrowned the noontide bowers: thus was this place  
 A happy rural seat of various view;  
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;  
 Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,  
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,  
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste:  
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks  
 Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,  
 Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap  
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store,  
 Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:  
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves  
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
 Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall  
 Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,  
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned  
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.  
 The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,  
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune  
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,  
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,  
 Led on the eternal Spring. Not that fair field  
 Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,  
 Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis  
 Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain  
 To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove  
 Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired  
 Castalian spring, might with this Paradise  
 Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle  
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,  
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,  
 Hid Amalthea, and her florid son  
 Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye;  
 Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,  
 Mount Amara, though this by some supposed  
 True Paradise, under the Ethiop line  
 By Nilus' head, inclosed with shining rock,  
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote  
 From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend  
 Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind  
 Of living creatures, new to sight and strange.  
 Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,



Godlike erect, with native honour clad,  
In naked majesty seemed lords of all :  
And worthy seemed ; ~~for in their looks divine~~ |  
~~The image of their glorious Maker shone,~~  
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,  
(Severe, but in true filial freedom placed.)  
Whence true authority in men ; though both  
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed ;  
For contemplation he and valour formed ;  
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace ;  
He for God only, she for God in him :  
His fair large front and eye sublime declared  
Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad :  
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist  
Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved,  
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied  
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,  
And by her yielded, by him best received,  
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.  
Nor those mysterious parts were then concealed ;  
Then was not guilty shame : dishonest shame  
Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,  
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind  
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,  
And banished from man's life his happiest life,  
Simplicity and spotless innocence !  
So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight  
Of God or angel ; for they thought no ill :  
So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair  
That ever since in love's embraces met ;  
Adam the goodliest man of men since born  
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.  
Under a tuft of shade that on a green  
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side  
They sat them down ; and, after no more toil  
Of their sweet gardening labour then sufficed  
To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease  
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite  
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,  
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs  
Yielded them, sidelong as they sat recline,

On the soft downy bank damasked with flowers :  
 The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,  
 Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream ;  
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles,  
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems  
 Fair couple, linked in happy nuptial league,  
 Alone as they. About them frisking played  
 All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase  
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den ;  
 Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw  
 Dandled the kid ; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,  
 Gambolled before them ; the unwieldy elephant,  
 To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed  
 His lithe proboscis ; close the serpent sly,  
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile  
 Gave proof unheeded ; others on the grass  
 Couch'd, and now filled with pasture gazing sat,  
 Or bedward ruminating ; for the sun,  
 Declined, was hastening now with prone career  
 To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale  
 Of heaven the stars that usher evening rose ;  
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,  
 Scarce thus at length failed speech recovered sad :  
 " O hell ! what do mine eyes with grief behold ?  
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced  
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,  
 Not spirits, yet to heavenly spirits bright  
 Little inferior ; whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace  
 The hand that formed them on their shape hath poured  
 Ah ! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh  
 Your change approaches, when all these delights  
 Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe ;  
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy ;  
 Happy, but for so happy ill secured  
 Long to continue, and this high seat your heaven  
 Ill fenced for heaven to keep out such a foe  
 As now is entered ; yet no purposed foe  
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,  
 Though I unpitied : league with you I seek,  
 And mutual amity, so strait, so close,  
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me,  
 Henceforth : my dwelling haply may not please,

Like this fair Paradise, your sense : yet such  
 Accept your Maker's work ; he gave it me,  
 Which I as freely give ; hell shall unfold,  
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,  
 And send forth all her kings ; there will be room,  
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
 Your numerous offspring ; if no better place,  
 Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge  
 On you, who wrong me not, for him who wronged.  
 And should I at your harmless innocence  
 Melt as I do, yet public reason just,  
 Honour and empire with revenge enlarged,  
 By conquering this new world, compels me now  
 To do what else, though damned, I should abhor.<sup>2</sup>

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,  
 The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.  
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree  
 Down he alights among the sportful herd  
 Of those four-footed kinds ; himself now one,  
 Now other, as their shape served best his end  
 Nearer to view his prey, and unespied,  
 To mark what of their state he more might learn,  
 By word or action marked : about them round  
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare ;  
 Then as a tiger, who by chance has spied  
 In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,  
 Straight couches close, then rising, changes oft  
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,  
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both,  
 Griped in each paw : when Adam, first of men,  
To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,  
Turned him, all ear to hear new utterance flow :

“ Sole partner, and sole part of all these joys,  
 Dearer thyself than all ; needs must the Power  
 That made us, and for us this ample world,  
 Be infinitely good, and of his good  
 As liberal and free as infinite ;  
 That raised us from the dust, and placed us here  
 In all this happiness, who at his hand  
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
 Aught whereof he hath need ; he who requires  
 From us no other service than to keep  
 This one, this easy charge ; of all the trees  
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit  
So various, not to taste that only tree

Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life ;  
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,  
 Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowest  
 God has pronounced it death to taste that tree,  
 The only sign of our obedience left  
 Among so many signs of power and rule  
 Conferred upon us, and dominion given  
 Over all other creatures that possess  
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard  
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
 Unlimited of manifold delights :  
 But let us ever praise him, and extol  
 His bounty, following our delightful task,  
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers.  
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."

To whom thus Eve replied : " O thou for whom  
 And from whom I was formed, flesh of thy flesh,  
 And without whom am to no end, my guide  
 And head ! what thou hast said is just and right,  
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,  
 And daily thanks ; I chiefly, who enjoy  
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
 Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou  
 Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find.  
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed  
 Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where  
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how  
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound  
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread  
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved  
 Pure as the expanse of heaven ; I thither went  
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down  
 On the green bank, to look into the clear  
 Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.  
 As I bent down to look, just opposite  
 A shape within the watery gleam appeared,  
 Bending to look on me : I started back,  
 It started back ; but pleased I soon returned,  
 Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks  
 Of sympathy and love : there I had fixed  
 Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,  
 Had not a voice thus warned me : What thou seest,  
 What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself ;

*Eve's  
 Reflection  
 Admiration  
 of death*

With thee it came and goes ; but follow me,  
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays  
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he  
 Whose image thou art ; him thou shalt enjoy  
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear  
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called  
 Mother of human race. What could I do,  
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led ?  
 Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,  
 Under a plantain, yet methought less fair,  
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
 Than that smooth watery image : back I turned ;  
 Thou following criedst aloud, Return, fair Eve ;  
 Whom flyest thou ? whom thou flyest, of him thou art,  
 His flesh, his bone ; to give thee being I lent  
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,  
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side  
 Henceforth an individual solace dear ;  
 Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim  
 My other half. With that thy gentle hand  
 Seized mine : I yielded ; and from that time see  
 How beauty is excelled by manly grace,  
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

So spake our general mother, and with eyes  
 Of conjugal attraction unreproved,  
 And meek surrender, half-embracing leaned  
 On our first father ; half her swelling breast  
 Naked met his, under the flowing gold  
 Of her loose tresses hid : he in delight  
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms,  
 Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter  
 On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds  
 That shed May flowers ; and pressed her matron lip  
 With kisses pure : aside the Devil turned  
 For envy ; yet with jealous leer malign  
 Eyed them askance, and to himself thus 'plained :

"Sight hateful, sight tormenting ! thus these two,  
 Imparadised in one another's arms,  
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill  
 Of bliss on bliss ; while I to hell am thrust,  
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,  
 Among our other torments not the least,  
 Still unfulfilled, with pain of longing pines.  
 Yet let me not forget what I have gained  
 From their own mouths ; all is not theirs, it seems ;

One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge called,  
 Forbidden them to taste: knowledge forbidden?  
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord  
 Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?  
 Can it be death? And do they only stand  
 By ignorance? Is that their happy state,  
 The proof of their obedience and their faith?  
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
 Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds  
 With more desire to know, and to reject  
 Envious commands, invented with design  
 To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt  
 Equal with gods: aspiring to be such,  
 They taste and die; what likelier can ensue!  
 But first with narrow search I must walk round  
 This garden, and no corner leave unspied;  
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet  
 Some wandering spirit of heaven by fountain-side,  
 Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw  
 What further would be learned. Live while ye may  
 Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,  
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed."

So saying, his proud step he scornful turned,  
 But with sly circumspection, and began  
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.  
 Meanwhile, in utmost longitude, where heaven  
 With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun  
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
 Against the eastern gate of Paradise  
 Levelled his evening rays: it was a rock  
 Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,  
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent  
 Accessible from earth, one entrance high;  
 The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung  
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb.  
 Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,  
 Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night;  
 About him exercised heroic games  
 The unarmed youth of heaven, but nigh at hand  
 Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,  
 Hung high, with diamond flaming and with gold,  
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even  
 On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star  
 In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired  
 Impress the air, and shows the mariner

From what point of his compass to beware  
Impetuous winds : he thus began in haste :

“ Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given  
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place  
No evil thing approach or enter in.

This day at height of noon came to my sphere  
A spirit, zealous, as he seemed, to know  
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly man,  
God's latest image : I described his way  
Bent all on speed, and marked his aery gait ;  
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,  
Where he first lighted, soon discerned his looks  
Alien from heaven, with passions foul obscured :  
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade  
Lost sight of him : one of the banished crew,  
I fear, hath ventured from the deep to raise  
New troubles ; him thy care must be to find.”

To whom the winged warrior thus returned :  
“ Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,  
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,  
See far and wide : in at this gate none pass  
The vigilance here placed, but such as come  
Well known from heaven ; and since meridian hour  
No creature thence : if spirit of other sort,  
So minded, have o'erleaped these earthy bounds  
On purpose, hard thou knowest it to exclude  
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.  
But if within the circuit of these walks,  
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.”

So promised he ; and Uriel to his charge  
Returned on that bright beam, whose point now raised,  
Bore him slope downward to the sun, now fallen  
Beneath the Azores ; whether the prime orb,  
Incredible how swift, had thither rolled  
Diurnal, or this less volúble earth,  
By shorter flight to the east, had left him there  
Arraying with reflected purple and gold  
The clouds that on his western throne attend.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;  
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,  
Wore slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale,  
She all night long her amorous descant sung ;

Silence was pleased : now glowed the firmament  
 With living sapphires : Hesperus, that led  
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length,  
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,  
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve : " Fair consort, the hour  
 Of night, and all things now retired to rest,  
 Mind us of like repose ; since God hath set  
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men  
 Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep,  
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines  
 Our eyelids : other creatures all day long  
 Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest ;  
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
 And the regard of Heaven on all his ways ;  
 While other animals unactive range,  
 And of their doings God takes no account.  
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east  
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,  
 And at our pleasant labour to reform  
 Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,  
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
 That mock our scant manuring, and require  
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth :  
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,  
 That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,  
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ;  
 Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned :  
 " My author and disposer, what thou biddest  
 Unargued I obey : so God ordains ;  
 God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more  
 Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise  
 With thee conversing I forget all time ;  
 All seasons, and their change, all please alike  
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,  
 When first on this delightful land he spreads  
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
 Glistening with dew : fragrant the fertile earth  
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on  
 Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,  
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,



And these the gems of heaven, her starry train :  
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun  
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
 Glistering with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;  
 Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night,  
 With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,  
 Or glittering star-light ; without thee is sweet.  
 But wherefore all night long shine these ? for whom  
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes ?”

To whom our general ancestor replied :  
 “ Daughter of God and man, accomplished Eve,  
 These have their course to finish round the earth  
 By morrow evening, and from land to land  
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,  
 Ministering light prepared, they set and rise ;  
 Lest total darkness should by night regain  
 Her old possession, and extinguish life  
 In nature and all things : which these soft fires  
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat  
 Of various influence foment and warm,  
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down  
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grew  
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive  
 Perfection from the sun’s more potent ray.  
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,  
 Shine not in vain. Nor think, though men were none,  
 That heaven would want spectators, God want praise ;  
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep :  
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
Both day and night. How often from the steep  
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole, or responsive each to other’s note,  
Singing their great Creator ! oft in bands  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds  
In full harmonic number joined, their songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.”  
 Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed  
 On to their blissful bower : it was a place  
 Chosen by the sovereign Planter, when he framed  
 All things to man’s delightful use ; the roof  
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade

Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side  
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,  
 Fenced up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,  
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,  
 Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought  
 Mosaic ; under foot the violet,  
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
 Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone  
 Or costliest emblem : other creature here,  
 Bird, beast, insect, or worm, durst enter none,  
 Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower  
 More sacred and sequestered, though but feigned,  
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph  
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,  
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,  
 Espoused Eve decked first her nuptial bed ;  
 And heavenly choirs the hymenean sung,  
 What day the genial angel to our sire  
 Brought her, in naked beauty more adorned,  
 More lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods  
 Endowed with all their gifts ; and O too like  
 In sad event, when to the unwiser son  
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnared  
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged  
 On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.  
 Thus, at their shady lodge arrived, both stood.  
 Both turned, and under open sky adored  
 The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven  
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,  
 And starry pole : " Thou also madest the night,  
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day  
 Which we, in our appointed work employed,  
 Have finished, happy in our mutual help  
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss  
 Ordained by thee ; and this delicious place  
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants  
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
 But thou hast promised from us two a race  
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol  
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

This said unanimous, and other rites  
 Observing none, but adoration pure  
 Which God likes best, into their inmost bower

Handed they went ; and, eased the putting off  
 These troublesome disguises which we wear,  
 Straight side by side were laid ; nor turned, I ween,  
 Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites  
 Mysterious of connubial love refused :  
 Whatever hypocrites austerely talk  
 Of purity, and place, and innocence,  
 Defaming as impure what God declares  
 Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.  
 Our Maker bids increase ; who bids abstain  
 But our destroyer, foe to God and man ?  
 Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source  
 Of human offspring, sole propriety  
 In Paradise, of all things common else.  
 By thee adulterous lust was driven from men  
 Among the bestial herds to range : by thee  
 Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,  
 Relations dear, and all the charities  
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known.  
 Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,  
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,  
 Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,  
 Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.  
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 Reigns here and revels ; not in the bought smile  
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendeared.  
 Casual fruition ; nor in court-amours, *Charles II*  
 Mixed dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,  
 Or serenade, which the starved lover sings  
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.  
 These, lulled by nightingales, embracing slept,  
 And on their naked limbs the flowery roof  
 Showered roses, which the morn repaired. Sleep on,  
 Blest pair ; and O yet happiest, if ye seek  
 No happier state, and know to know no more.  
 Now had night measured with her shadowy cone  
 Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,  
 And from their ivory port the cherubim,  
 Forth issuing at the accustomed hour, stood armed  
 To their night watches in warlike parade ;  
 When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake :  
 " Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south  
 With strictest watch ; these other wheel the north :

The lines are a parody of Cowley's  
 Farewells to Paradise

Our circuit meets full west." As flame they part,  
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.  
 From these, two strong and subtle spirits he called  
 That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge :

" Ithuriel and Zephon, with winged speed  
 Search through this garden, leave unsearched no nook,  
 But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,  
 Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.  
 This evening from the sun's decline arrived,  
 Who tells of some infernal spirit seen  
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escaped  
 The bars of hell, on errand bad no doubt :  
 Such, where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring."

So saying, on he led his radiant files,  
 Dazzling the moon ; these to the bower direct  
 In search of whom they sought : him there they found  
 Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,  
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach  
 The organs of her fancy, and with them forge  
 Illusions, as he list, phantasms and dreams ;  
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
 The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise  
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise  
 At least distempered, discontented thoughts,  
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,  
 Blown up with high conceits engendering pride.  
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear  
 Touched lightly ; for no falsehood can endure  
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns  
 Of force to its own likeness : up he starts  
 Discovered and surprised. As when a spark  
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid  
 Fit for the tun, some magazine to store  
 Against a rumoured war, the smutty grain,  
 With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air ;  
 So started up in his own shape the fiend.  
 Back stept those two fair angels, half amazed  
 So sudden to behold the grisly king ;  
 Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon :

" Which of those rebel spirits adjudged to hell  
 Comest thou, escaped thy prison ? and transformed,  
 Why satt'st thou like an enemy in wait,  
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep ?"

" Know ye not then," said Satan, filled with scorn,  
 " Know ye not me ? ye knew me once no mate

For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar :  
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,  
The lowest of your throng ; or, if ye know,  
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin  
Your message, like to end as much in vain ?”

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn :  
“ Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same,  
Or undiminished brightness to be known,  
As when thou stood'st in heaven upright and pure ;  
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,  
Departed from thee ; and thou resemblest now  
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.  
But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account  
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
This place inviolable, and these from harm.”

So spake the cherub : and his grave rebuke,  
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace  
Invincible : abashed the Devil stood,  
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue in her shape how lovely ; saw, and pined  
His loss ; but chiefly to find hero observed  
His lustre visibly impaired ; yet seemed  
Undaunted. “ If I must contend,” said he,  
“ Best with the best, the sender not the sent,  
Or all at once ; more glory will be won,  
Or less be lost.” “ Thy fear,” said Zephon bold,  
“ Will save us trial what the least can do  
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.”

The fiend replied not, overcome with rage ;  
But, like a proud steed reined, went haughty on,  
Champing his iron curb : to strive or fly  
He held it vain : awe from above had quelled  
His heart, not else dismayed. Now drew they nigh  
The western point, where those half-rounding guards  
Just met, and closing stood in squadron joined,  
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,  
Gabriel, from the front thus called aloud :

“ O friends ! I hear the tread of nimble feet  
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern  
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade ;  
And with them comes a third of regal port,  
But faded splendour wan ; who by his gait  
And fierce demeanour seems the prince of hell,  
Not likely to part hence without contest ;  
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.”

He scarce had ended, when those two approached,  
 And brief related whom they brought, where found,  
 How busied, in what form and posture couched.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake :  
 " Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed  
 To thy transgressions, and disturbed the charge  
 Of others, who approve not to transgress  
 By thy example, but have power and right  
 To question thy bold entrance on this place ;  
 Employed, it seems, to violate sleep, and those  
 Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss ? "

To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow :  
 " Gabriel, thou hadst in heaven the esteem of wise,  
 And such I held thee ; but this question asked  
 Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain ?  
 Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,  
 Though thither doomed ? Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt  
 And boldly venture to whatever place  
 Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change  
 Torment with ease, and soonest recompense  
 Dole with delight, which in this place I sought ;  
 To thee no reason, who knowest only good,  
 But evil hast not tried : and wilt object  
 His will who bounds us ? Let him surer bar  
 His iron gates, if he intends our stay  
 In that dark durance : thus much what was asked.  
 The rest is true, they found me where they say ;  
 But that implies not violence or harm. "

Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel moved,  
 Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied :  
 " O loss of one in heaven to judge of wise,  
 Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,  
 And now returns him from his prison 'scaped,  
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
 Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither  
 Unlicensed from his bounds in hell prescribed ;  
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain  
 However, and to 'scape his punishment !  
 So judge thou still, presumptuous ! till the wrath,  
 Which thou incurrest by flying, meet thy flight  
 Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,  
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain  
 Can equal anger infinite provoked.  
 But wherefore thou alone ? Wherefore with thee  
 Came not all hell broke loose ? is pain to them

Less pain, less to be fled ; or thou than they  
 Less hardy to endure ? Courageous chief !  
 The first in flight from pain ! hadst thou alleged  
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive."

To which the fiend thus answered, frowning stern :  
 " Not that I less endure or shrink from pain,  
 Insulting angel ! well thou knowest I stood  
 Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid  
 The blasting volleyed thunder made all speed.  
 And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.  
 But still thy words at random, as before,  
 Argue thy inexperience what behoves  
 From hard assays and ill successes past  
 A faithful leader, not to hazard all  
 Through ways of danger by himself untried. ✕  
 I therefore, I alone first undertook  
 To wing the desolate abyss, and spy  
 This new-created world, whereof in hell  
 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
 Better abode, and my afflicted powers  
 To settle here on earth, or in mid air ;  
 Though for possession put to try once more  
 What thou and thy gay legions dare against ;  
 Whose easier business were to serve their Lord  
 High up in heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,  
 And practised distances to cringe, not fight."

To whom the warrior-angel soon replied :  
 " To say, and straight unsay, pretending first  
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
 Argues no leader, but a liar traced,  
 Satan : and couldst thou faithful add ? O name,  
 O sacred name of faithfulness profaned !  
 Faithful to whom ? to thy rebellious crew ?  
 Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.  
 Was this your discipline and faith engaged,  
 Your military obedience, to dissolve  
 Allegiance to the acknowledged Power Supreme !  
 And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
 Once fawned, and cringed, and servilely adored  
 Heaven's awful Monarch ? wherefore, but in hope  
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign ?  
 But mark what I areed thee now, Avaunt ;  
 Fly thither whence thou fled'st. If from this hour

Within these hallowed limits thou appear,  
 Back to the infernal pit I drag thee chained,  
 And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn  
 The facile gates of hell too slightly barred."

So threatened he ; but Satan to no threats  
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage replied :

" Then when I am thy captive talk of chains  
 Proud liminary cherub ! but ere then  
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel  
 From my prevailing arm, though heaven's King  
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers  
 Used to the yoke, drawest his triumphant wheels  
 In progress through the road of heaven star-paved."

While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright  
 Turned fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns  
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field  
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends  
 Her bearded grove of ears which way the wind  
 Sways them ; the careful ploughman doubting stands,  
 Lest on the threshing floors his hopeful sheaves  
 Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarmed,  
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood,  
 Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved :  
 His stature reached the sky, and on his crest  
 Sat horror plumed ; nor wanted in his grasp  
 What seemed both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds  
 Might have ensued, not only Paradise,  
 In this commotion, but the starry cope  
 Of heaven, perhaps, or all the elements  
 At least had gone to wreck, disturbed and torn  
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
 The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
 Hung forth in heaven his golden scales, yet seen  
 Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,  
 Wherein all things created first he weighed,  
 The pendulous round earth with balanced air  
 In counterpoise ; now ponders all events,  
 Battles and realms : in these he put two weights,  
 The sequel each of parting and of fight :  
 The latter quick up-flew, and kicked the beam ;  
 Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend :

" Satan, I know thy strength, and thou knowest mine ;  
 Neither our own, but given : what folly then  
 To boast what arms can do ? since thine no more

*Handwritten notes in the left margin:*  
 Milton's Paradise Lost  
 Book 1  
 Lines 1-100



Than heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now  
To trample thee as mire : for proof look up,  
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,  
Where thou art weighed, and shown how light, how weak,  
If thou resist." The fiend looked up, and knew  
His mounted scale aloft : nor more ; but fled  
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

## BOOK V.

### THE ARGUMENT

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream ; he likes it not, yet comforts her : they come forth to their day-labours : their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise ; his appearance described ; his coming discerned by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his bower ; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve ; their discourse at table : Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy ; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from the first revolt in heaven, and the occasion thereof ; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime  
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,  
When Adam waked, so custom'd ; for his sleep  
Was airy-light, from pure digestion bred,  
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound  
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,  
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song  
Of birds on every bough ; so much the more  
His wonder was to find unawaken'd Eve  
With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,  
As through unquiet rest : he, on his side  
Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar graces ; then with voice  
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
Her hand soft touching whispered thus : " Awake,  
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight :  
Awake : the morning shines, and the fresh field  
Calls us ; we lose the prime to mark how spring  
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,  
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
How nature paints her colours, how the bee  
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."

Such whispering waked her, but with startled eye  
 On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake :  
 " O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
 My glory, my perfection ! glad I see  
 Thy face, and morn returned ; for I this night  
 (Such night till this I never passed) have dreamed,  
 If dreamed, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,  
 Works of day past, or morrow's next design,  
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
 Knew never till this irksome night : Methought  
 Close at mine ear one called me forth to walk  
 With gentle voice ; I thought it thine : it said,  
 Why sleep'st thou, Eve ? now is the pleasant time,  
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake  
 Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song ; now reigns  
 Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
 Shadowy sets off the face of things ; in vain,  
 If none regard ; heaven wakes with all his eyes,  
 Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire ?  
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment  
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.  
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not ;  
 To find thee I directed then my walk ;  
 And on, methought, alone I passed through ways  
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
 Of interdicted knowledge ; fair it seemed,  
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day :  
 And, as I wondering looked, beside it stood  
 One shaped and winged like one of those from heaven  
 By us oft seen : his dewy locks distilled  
 Ambrosia ; on that tree he also gazed ;  
 And, O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharged,  
 Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,  
 Nor God, nor man ? Is knowledge so despised ?  
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste ?  
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
 Longer thy offered good ; why else set here ?  
 This said, he paused not, but with venturous arm  
 He plucked, he tasted ; me damp horror chilled  
 At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold :  
 But he thus, overjoyed : O fruit divine,  
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus crompt,  
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit  
 For gods, yet able to make gods of men

*appeal to vanity*

And why not gods of men ; since good, the more  
 Communicated, more abundant grows,  
 The author not impaired, but honoured more ?  
 Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve !  
 Partake thou also : happy though thou art,  
 Happier thou mayest be, worthier canst not be .  
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods  
 Thyself a goddess, not to earth confined,  
 But sometimes in the air, as we ; sometimes  
 Ascend to heaven, by merit thine, and see  
 What life the gods live there, and such live thou .  
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part  
 Which he had plucked : the pleasant savoury smell  
 So quickened appetite, that I, methought,  
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds  
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
 The earth outstretched immense, a prospect wide  
 And varicus : wondering at my flight and change  
 To this high exaltation ; suddenly  
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,  
 And fell asleep ; but Oh, how glad I waked  
 To find this but a dream." Thus Eve her night  
 Related, and thus Adam answered sad :

" Best image of myself, and dearer half,  
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
 Affects me equally ; nor can I like  
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung, I fear ;  
 Yet evil whence ? in thee can harbour none,  
 Created pure. But know, that in the soul  
 Are many lesser faculties, that serve  
 Reason as chief : among these, Fancy next  
 Her office holds ; of all external things,  
 Which the five watchful senses represent,  
 She forms imaginations, airy shapes,  
 Which reason joining, or disjoining, frames  
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call  
 Our knowledge or opinion ; then retires  
 Into her private cell. When Nature rests,  
 Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes  
 To imitate her ; but misjoining shapes,  
 Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams ;  
 Ill-matching words and deeds long past or late.  
 Some such resemblances, methinks, I find  
 Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream.

But with addition strange; yet be not sad.  
 Evil into the mind of God or man  
 May come and go, so unapproved, and leave  
No spot or blame behind; which gives me hope  
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,  
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
 Be not disheartened then, nor cloud those looks,  
 That wont to be more cheerful and serene,  
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;  
 And let us to our fresh employments rise  
 Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers  
 That open now their choicest bosomed smells,  
 Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store."

So cheered he his fair spouse, and she was cheered;  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall  
 From either eye, and wiped them with her hair.  
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
 Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell  
 Kissed, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
 And pious awe, that feared to have offended.

So all was cleared, and to the field they haste.  
 But first from under shady arborous roof  
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
 Of day-spring, and the sun, who, scarce up-risen,  
 With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean-brim,  
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,  
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east  
 Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,  
 Lowly they bowed adoring, and began  
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid  
 In various style; for neither various style  
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or sung  
 Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence  
 Flowed from their lips, in prose or numerous verse;  
 More tunable than needed lute or harp  
 To add more sweetness; and they thus began:

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
 Almighty! Thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then,  
 Unspeakable! who sittest above these heavens  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.  
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,

Psychology

spontaneous recovers  
is the only kind  
that exists.

see  
19th Psalm

Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,  
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crownest the smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climbest,  
 And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fallest  
 Moon, that now meetest the orient sun, now fliest,  
 With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies;  
 And ye five other wandering fires, that move  
 In mystic dance not without song, resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness called up light.  
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth  
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix  
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honour to the world's great Author rise;  
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.  
 His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines.  
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,  
 That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
 Witness if I be silent morn or even,  
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
 Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still

To give us only good ; and if the night  
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

So prayed they innocent, and to their thoughts  
Firm peace recovered soon, and wonted calm.  
On to their morning's rural work they haste,  
Among sweet dews and flowers : where any row  
Of fruit-trees over-woody reached too far  
Their pampered boughs, and needed hands to check  
Fruitless embraces : or they led the vine  
To wed her elm ; she spoused, about him twines  
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings  
Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn  
His barren leaves. Them thus employed beheld  
With pity heaven's high King, and to him called  
Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deigned  
To travel with Tobias, and secured  
His marriage with the seven-times-wedded maid.

" Raphael," said he, " thou hearest what stir on earth  
Satan, from hell 'scaped through the darksome gulf,  
Hath raised in Paradise ; and how disturbed  
This night the human pair ; how he designs  
In them at once to ruin all mankind.  
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend  
Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade  
Thou findest him from the heat of noon retired,  
To respite his day-labour with repast,  
Or with repose ; and such discourse bring on,  
As may advise him of his happy state,  
Happiness in his power left free to will,  
Left to his own free will, his will though free  
Yet mutable : whence warn him to beware  
He swerve not, too secure : tell him withal  
His danger, and from whom ; what enemy,  
Late fallen himself from heaven, is plotting now  
The fall of others from like state of bliss ;  
By violence ? no, for that shall be withstood ;  
But by deceit and lies : this let him know,  
Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend  
Surprisal, unadmonished, unforèwarned."

So spake the Eternal Father, and fulfilled  
All justice : nor delayed the winged saint  
After his charge received ; but from among  
Thousand celestial ardours, where he stood  
Veiled with his gorgeous wings, up-springing light

Flew through the midst of heaven ; the angelic choirs,  
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
Through all the empyreal road : till, at the gate  
Of heaven arrived, the gate self-opened wide  
On golden hinges turning as by work  
Divine the sovereign Architect had framed.  
From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
Star interposed, however small, he sees,  
Not unconform to other shining globes,  
Earth, and the garden of God, with cedars crowned  
Above all the hills. As when by night the glass  
Of Galileo, less assured, observes  
Imagined lands and regions in the moon :  
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades  
Delos or Samos first appearing, kens  
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky  
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,  
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan  
Winnows the buxom air ; till within soar  
Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems  
A phoenix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,  
When, to enshrine his reliques in the sun's  
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.  
At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise  
He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
A seraph winged : six wings he wore to shade  
His lineaments divine ; the pair that clad  
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast  
With regal ornament ; the middle pair  
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round  
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,  
And colours dipt in heaven ; the third his feet  
Shadowed from either heel with feathered mail,  
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,  
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled  
The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands  
Of angels under watch ; and to his state,  
And to his message high, in honour rise ;  
For on some message high they guessed him bound.  
Their glittering tents he passed, and now is come  
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,  
And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm ;  
A wilderness of sweets ; for  
Wantoned as in her prime, and played at will



Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
 Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.  
 Him through the spicy forest onward come  
 Adam discerned, as in the door he sat  
 Of his cool bower, while now the mounted sun  
 Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm  
 Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs :  
 And Eve within, due at her hour prepared  
 For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please  
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst  
 Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,  
 Berry or grape : to whom thus Adam called :

“ Haste hither, Eve, and worth thy sight behold  
 Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape  
 Comes this way moving ; seems another morn  
 Risen on mid-noon ; some great behest from heaven  
 To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe  
 This day to be our guest. But go with speed,  
 And, what thy stores contain, bring forth and pour  
 Abundance, fit to honour and receive  
 Our heavenly stranger ; well we may afford  
 Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow  
 From large bestowed, where nature multiplies  
 Her fertile growth, and by disburdening grows  
 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.”

To whom thus Eve : “ Adam, earth's hallowed mould,  
 Of God inspired ! small store will serve, where store,  
 All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk :  
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains  
 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes :  
 But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,  
 Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice  
 To entertain our angel-guest, as he  
 Beholding shall confess, that here on earth  
 God hath dispensed his bounties as in heaven.”

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste  
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
 What choice to choose for delicacy best,  
 What order so contrived as not to mix  
 Tastes not well joined, inelegant, but bring  
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change :  
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
 Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields  
 In India East or West, or middle shore  
 In Pontus or the Punic coast. or where

Alcinous reigned, fruit of all kinds, in coat  
 Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,  
 She gathers, tribute large, and on the board  
 Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the grape  
 She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths  
 From many a berry, and from sweet kernels pressed  
 She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold  
 Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews the ground  
 With rose and odours from the shrub unfumed.

Meanwhile our primitive great sire, to meet  
 His god-like guest, walks forth, without more train  
 Accompanied than with his own complete  
 Perfections; in himself was all his state,  
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits  
 On princes, when their rich retinue long  
 Of horses led, and grooms besmeared with gold,  
 Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.  
 Nearer his presence Adam, though not awed,  
 Yet with submissive approach and reverence meek,  
 As to a superior nature, bowing low,  
 Thus said: "Native of heaven, for other place  
 None can than heaven such glorious shape contain;  
 Since by descending from the thrones above,  
 Those happy places thou hast deigned a while  
 To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us  
 Two only, who yet by sovereign gift possess  
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower  
 To rest, and what the garden choicest bears  
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
 Be over, and the sun more cool decline."

Whom thus the angelic Virtue answered mild:  
 "Adam, I therefore came; nor art thou such  
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,  
 As may not oft invite, though spirits of heaven,  
 To visit thee: lead on then where thy bower  
 O'ershades; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,  
 I have at will." So to the sylvan lodge  
 They came, that like Pomona's arbour smiled,  
 With flowerets decked, and fragrant smells; but Eve  
 Undecked save with herself, more lovely fair  
 Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feigned  
 Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,  
 Stood to entertain her guest from heaven; no veil  
 She needed, virtue proof; no thought infirm  
 Altered her cheek. On whom the angel "Hail!"

Bestowed, the holy salutation used  
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve :

“ Hail, mother of mankind, whose fruitful womb  
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,  
Than with these various fruits the trees of God  
Have heaped this table.” Raised of grassy turf  
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,  
And on her ample square from side to side  
All autumn piled, though spring and autumn here  
Danced hand in hand. A while discourse they hold  
No fear lest dinner cool ; when thus began  
Our author : “ Heavenly stranger, please to taste  
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom  
All perfect good, unmeasured out, descends,  
To us for food and for delight hath caused  
The earth to yield ; unsavoury food perhaps  
To spiritual natures ; only this I know,  
That one celestial Father gives to all.”

To whom the angel : “ Therefore what he gives  
(Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part  
Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found  
No ingrateful food : and food alike those pure  
Intelligential substances require,  
As doth your rational ; and both contain  
Within them every lower faculty  
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,  
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,  
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.  
For know, whatever was created needs  
To be sustained and fed : of elements  
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,  
Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires  
Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon ;  
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurged  
Vapours not yet into her substance turned.  
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale  
From her moist continent to higher orbs.  
The sun, that light imparts to all, receives  
From all his alimantal recompense  
In humid exhalations, and at even  
Sups with the ocean. Though in heaven the trees  
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines  
Yield nectar ; though from off the boughs each morn  
We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground  
Covered with pearly grain : yet God hath here

Varied his bounty so with new delights,  
 As may compare with heaven; and to taste  
 Think not I shall be nice." So down they sat.  
 And to their viands fell; nor seemingly  
 The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss  
 Of theologians; but with keen despatch  
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heat  
 To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires  
 Through spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire  
 Of sooty coal the empiric alchemist  
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,  
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,  
 As from the mine. Meanwhile at table Eve  
 Ministered naked, and their flowing cups  
 With pleasant liquors crowned; O innocence  
 Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,  
 Then had the sons of God excuse to have been  
 Enamoured at that sight; but in those hearts  
 Love unlibidinous reigned, nor jealousy  
 Was understood, the injured lover's hell.

Thus when with meats and drinks they had sufficed,  
 Not burdened nature, sudden mind arose  
 In Adam, not to let the occasion pass  
 Given him by this great conference, to know  
 Of things above his world, and of their being  
 Who dwell in heaven, whose excellence he saw  
 Transcend his own so far: whose radiant forms,  
 Divine effulgence, whose high power, so far  
 Exceeded human: and his wary speech  
 Thus to the empyreal minister he framed:

"Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
 Thy favour, in this honour done to man;  
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsafed  
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
 Food not of angels, yet accepted so,  
 As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
 At heaven's high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?"

To whom the winged hierarch replied:  
 "O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom  
 All things proceed, and up to him return,  
 If not depraved from good, created all  
 Such to perfection, one first matter all,  
 Endued with various forms, various degrees  
 Of substance, and, in things that live, of life;  
 But more refined, more spirituous, and pure.

*not created perfect  
 but capable of  
 attaining grace*

As nearer to him placed, or nearer tending  
 Each in their several active spheres assigned,  
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds  
 Proportioned to each kind. So from the root  
 Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves  
 More aery, last the bright consummate flower  
 Spirits odórous breathes: flowers and their fruit,  
 Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,  
 To vital spirits aspire, to animal,  
 To intellectual; give both life and sense,  
 Fancy and understanding; whence the soul  
 Reason receives, and reason is her being,  
 Discursive, or intuitive; discourse  
 Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,  
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same.  
 Wonder not then, what God for you saw good  
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
 To proper substance. Time may come when men  
 With angels may participate, and find  
 No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare;  
 And from these corporal nutriments perhaps  
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,  
 Improved by tract of time, and, winged, ascend  
 Ethereal, as we; or may, at choice,  
 Here or in heavenly Paradises dwell;  
 If ye be found obedient, and retain  
 Unalterably firm his love entire,  
 Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy  
 Your fill what happiness this happy state  
 Can comprehend, incapable of more."

*refinement & variety  
 difference*

*Small part  
 of the  
 nature*

*Christian  
 Lewis the apostle  
 of spirit living  
 after death - I see  
 is a sleep of spirit*

To whom the patriarch of mankind replied:  
 " O favourable spirit, propitious guest,  
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct  
 Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set  
 From centre to circumference; whereon,  
 In contemplation of created things,  
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,  
 What meant that caution joined, ' If ye be found  
 Obedient?' Can we want obedience then  
 To him, or possibly his love desert,  
 Who formed us from the dust, and placed us here  
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?"

To whom the angel: " Son of heaven and earth,  
 Attend: that thou art happy, owe to God;

That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,  
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.  
 This was that caution given thee; be advised.  
God made thee perfect, not immutable;  
And good he made thee; but to persevere  
He left it in thy power; ordained thy will  
By nature free, not overruled by fate  
Inextricable, or strict necessity:  
Our voluntary service he requires,  
Not our necessitated; such with him  
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how  
 Car hearts, not free, be tried whether they serve  
 Willing or no, who will but what they must  
 By destiny, and can no other choose?  
 Myself, and all the angelic host, that stand  
 In sight of God, enthroned, our happy state  
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;  
 On other surety none: freely we serve,  
 Because we freely love, as in our will  
To love or not; in this we stand or fall:  
And some are fallen, to disobedience fallen,  
And so from heaven to deepest hell; O fall  
From what high state of bliss, into what woe!"

To whom our great progenitor: "Thy words  
 Attentive, and with more delighted ear,  
 Divine instructor, I have heard, than when  
 Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills  
 Aerial music send; nor knew I not  
 To be both will and deed created free;  
 Yet that we never shall forget to love  
 Our Maker, and obey him whose command  
 Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
 Assured me, and still assure: though what thou tellest  
 Hath passed in heaven, some doubt within me move,  
 But more desire to hear, if thou consent,  
 The full relation which must needs be strange,  
 Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;  
 And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun  
 Hath finished half his journey, and scarce begins  
 His other half in the great zone of heaven."

Thus Adam made request: and Raphaël,  
 After short pause assenting, thus began:

"High matter thou enjoimest me, O prime of men,  
 Sad task and hard: for how shall I relate  
To human sense the invisible exploits

Of warring spirits? how, without remorse,  
 The ruin of so many glorious once  
 And perfect while they stood? how last unfold  
 The secrets of another world, perhaps  
 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good  
 This is dispensed; and what surmounts the reach  
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,

*compares things  
of heaven in  
terms of earth*

By likening spiritual to corporal forms,  
 As may express them best; though what if earth  
 Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein  
 Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?

“As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild  
 Reign'd where these heavens now roll, where earth now rests  
 Upon her centre poised; when on a day  
 (For time, though in eternity, applied  
 To motion, measures all things durable  
 By present, past, and future), on such day  
 As heaven's great year brings forth, the empyreal host  
 Of angels by imperial summons called,  
 Innumerable before the Almighty's throne  
 Forthwith from all the ends of heaven, appeared  
 Under their hierarchs in orders bright:  
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,  
 Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear  
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve  
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;  
 Or in their glittering tissues bear emblaz'd  
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love  
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs  
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,  
 Orb within orb, the Father infinite,  
 By whom in bliss imbosomed sat the Son,  
 Amidst as from a flaming mount whose top  
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake:

*account of  
the appearing*

“Hear, all ye angels, progeny of light,  
 Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,  
 Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand.  
 This day I have begot whom I declare  
 My only Son, and on this holy hill  
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold  
 At my right hand; your head I him appoint;  
 And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow  
 All knees in heaven, and shall confess him Lord:  
 Under his great vicergerent reign abide  
 United, as one individual soul,

*heavenly  
angels*

*Monday 10th 1667  
the  
descend. 1667*

*John Milton*

For ever happy : him who disobeys,  
 Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day,  
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls  
 Into utter darkness, deep engulfed, his place  
 Ordained without redemption, without end.'

"So spake the Omnipotent, and with his words  
 All seemed well pleased ; all seemed, but were not all.  
 That day, as other solemn days, they spent  
 In song and dance about the sacred hill ;  
 Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere  
 Of planets, and of fixed, in her all wheels  
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,  
 Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular  
 The most when most irregular they seem ;  
 And in their motions harmony divine  
 So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear  
 Listens delighted. Evening now approached  
 (For we have also evening and our morn,  
 We ours for change delectable, not need) ;  
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn  
 Desirous ; all in circles as they stood  
 Tables are set, and on a sudden piled  
 With angel's food, and rubied nectar flows  
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,  
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heaven.  
 On flowers reposed, and with fresh flowerets crowned,  
 They eat, they drink ; and in communion sweet  
 Quaff immortality and joy, secure  
 Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds  
 Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who showered  
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.  
 Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhaled  
 From that high mount of God, whence light and shade  
 Spring both, the face of brightest heaven had changed  
 To grateful twilight (for night comes not there  
 In darker veil), and roseate dews disposed  
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest ;  
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far  
 Than all this globous earth in plain outspread  
 (Such are the courts of God), the angelic throne,  
 Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend  
 By living streams among the trees of life,  
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden reared,  
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept  
 Fanned with cool winds ; save those, who, in their course



Melodious hymns about the sovereign throne  
Alternate all night long : but not so waked  
Satan ; so call him now, his former name  
Is heard no more in heaven ; he of the first,  
If not the first archangel, great in power,  
In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught  
With envy against the Son of God, that day  
Honoured by his great Father, and proclaimed  
Messiah King anointed, could not bear  
Through pride that sight, and thought himself impaired.  
Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,  
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour  
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolved  
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave  
Unworshipt, unbeyed, the throne supreme,  
Contemptuous ; and his next subordinate  
Awakening, thus to him in secret spake :

“ ‘ Sleepest thou, companion dear ? What sleep can close  
Thy eye-lids ? and rememberest what decree  
Of yesterday, so late hath passed the lips  
Of heaven’s Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts  
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont, to impart ;  
Both waking we were one ; how then can now  
Thy sleep dissent ? New laws thou seest impose ;  
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise  
In us who serve, new councils, to debate  
What doubtful may ensue : more in this place  
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou,  
Of all those myriads which we lead, the chief ;  
Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night  
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
And all who under me their banner wave,  
Homeward, with flying march, where we possess  
The quarters of the north ; there to prepare  
Fit entertainment to receive our King,  
The Great Messiah, and his new commands,  
Who speedily through all the hierarchies  
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.’ ”

“ So spake the false archangel, and infused  
Bad influence into the unwary breast  
Of his associate : he together calls,  
Or several one by one, the regent powers  
Under him regent ; tells, as he was taught,  
That the Most High commanding, now ere night,  
Now ere dim night had disencumbered heaven.

The great hierarchal standard was to move ;  
 Tells the suggested cause, and casts between  
 Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound  
 Or taint integrity : but all obeyed  
 The wonted signal, and superior voice  
 Of their great potentate ; for great indeed  
 His name, and high was his degree in heaven ;  
 His countenance as the morning star that guides  
 The starry flock, allured them, and with lies  
 Drew after him the third part of heaven's host.  
 Meanwhile the Eternal eye, whose sight discerns  
 Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,  
 And from within the golden lamps that burn  
 Nightly before him, saw without their light  
 Rebellion rising ; saw in whom, how spread  
 Among the sons of morn, what multitudes  
 Were banded to oppose his high decree ;  
 And, smiling, to his only Son thus said :

“ ‘ Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
 In full resplendence, heir of all my might,  
 Nearly it now concerns us to be sure  
 Of our omnipotence, and with what arms  
 We mean to hold what anciently we claim  
 Of deity or empire : such a foe  
 Is rising who intends to erect his throne  
 Equal to ours throughout the spacious north ;  
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to try  
 In battle, what our power is, or our right.  
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw  
 With speed what force is left, and all employ  
 In our defence ; lest unawares we lose  
 This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.’

“ To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear,  
 Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,  
 Made answer : ‘ Mighty Father, thou thy foes  
 Justly hast in derision, and, secure,  
 Laughest at their vain designs and tumults vain,  
 Matter to me of glory, whom their hate  
 Illustrates, when they see all regal power  
 Given me to quell their pride, and in event  
 Know whether I be dexterous to subdue  
 Thy rebels, or be found the worst in heaven.’

“ So spake the Son : but Satan with his powers  
 Far was advanced on winged speed : an host  
 Innumerable as the stars of night,

Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun  
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.  
Regions they passed, the mighty regencies  
Of seraphim, and potentates, and thrones,  
In their triple degrees ; regions to which  
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more  
Than what this garden is to all the earth,  
And all the sea, from one entire globose  
Stretched into longitude ; which having passed,  
At length into the limits of the north  
They came ; and Satan to his royal seat  
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount  
Raised on a mount, with pyramids and towers  
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold :  
The palace of great Lucifer (so call  
That structure in the dialect of men  
Interpreted), which not long after, he,  
Affecting all equality with God,  
In imitation of that mount whereon  
Messiah was declared in sight of heaven,  
The Mountain of the Congregation called  
For thither he assembled all his train,  
Pretending, so commanded, to consult  
About the great reception of their King,  
Thither to come ; and with calumnious art  
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears :

“ ‘Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers  
If these magnificent titles yet remain  
Not merely titular, since by decree  
Another now hath to himself engrossed  
All power, and us eclipsed under the name  
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste  
Of midnight-march, and hurried meeting here,  
This only to consult ; how we may best,  
With what may be devised of honours new,  
Receive him coming to receive from us  
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile !  
Too much to one ! but double how endured,  
To one, and to his image now proclaimed ?  
But what if better counsels might erect  
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke ?  
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend  
The supple knee ? Ye will not, if I trust  
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves  
Natives and sons of heaven possessed before

By none ; and if not equal all, yet free,  
 Equally free ; for orders and degrees  
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist.  
 Who can in reason then, or right, assume  
 Monarchy over such as live by right  
 His equals ; if in power and splendour less.  
 In freedom equal ? or can introduce  
 Law and edict on us, who without law  
 Err not ? much less for this to be our Lord,  
 And look for adoration, to the abuse  
 Of those imperial titles, which assert  
 Our being ordained to govern, not to serve.'

“ Thus far his bold discourse without control  
 Had audience ; when among the seraphim  
 Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal adored  
 The Deity, and divine commands obeyed,  
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe  
 The current of his fury thus opposed :

“ O argument blasphemous, false, and proud !  
 Words which no ear ever to hear in heaven  
 Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate,  
 In place thyself so high above thy peers.  
 Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn  
 The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,  
 That to his only Son, by right endued  
 With regal sceptre every soul in heaven,  
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due  
 Confess him rightful king ? Unjust, thou sayest,  
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,  
 And equal over equals to let reign,  
 One over all with unsucceeded power.  
 Shalt thou give law to God ? shalt thou dispute  
 With him the points of liberty, who made  
 Thee what thou art, and formed the powers of heaven  
 Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their being ?  
 Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,  
 And of our good and of our dignity  
 How provident he is ; how far from thought  
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt  
 Our happy state, under one head more near  
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
 That equal over equals monarch reign :  
 Thyself, though great and glorious dost thou count,  
 Or all angelic nature joined in one,  
 Equal to him, begotten Son ? by whom,

As by his word, the Mighty Father made  
 All things, even thee ; and all the spirits of heaven  
 By him created in their bright degrees,  
 Crowned them with glory, and to their glory named  
 Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,  
 Essential powers ; nor by his reign obscured,  
 But more illustrious made ; since he the head,  
 One of our number thus reduced becomes ;  
 His laws our laws ; all honour to him done  
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,  
 And tempt not these : but hasten to appease  
 The incensed Father and the incensed Son,  
 While pardon may be found in time besought.'

" So spake the fervent angel ; but his zeal  
 None seconded, as out of season judged,  
 Or singular and rash : whereat rejoiced  
 The apostate, and, more haughty, thus replied :

" ' That we were formed then, sayest thou ? and the work  
 Of secondary hands, by task transferred  
 From Father to his Son ? strange point and new !  
 Doctrine which we would know whence learned : who saw  
 When this creation was ? rememberest thou  
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being ?  
 We know no time when we were not as now ;  
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-raised  
 By our own quickening power, when fatal course  
 Had circled his full orb, the birth mature  
 Of this our native heaven, ethereal sons.  
 Our puissance is our own : our own right hand  
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try  
 Who is our equal : then thou shalt behold  
 Whether by supplication we intend  
 Address, and to begirt the almighty throne  
 Beseeking or besieging. This report,  
 These tidings carry to the anointed King ;  
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.'

" He said ; and, as the sound of waters deep,  
 Hoarse murmur echoed to his words applause  
 Through the infinite host : nor less for that  
 The flaming seraph fearless, though alone  
 Encompassed round with foes, thus answered bold :

" ' O alienate from God, O spirit accursed.  
 Forsaken of all good ! I see thy fall  
 Determined, and thy hapless crew involved  
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread

Both of thy crime and punishment : henceforth  
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke  
Of God's Messiah ; those indulgent laws  
Will not be now vouchsafed ; other decrees  
Against thee are gone forth without recall :  
That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,  
Is now an iron rod to bruise and break  
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise :  
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly  
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath  
Impendent, raging into sudden flame,  
Distinguish not : for soon expect to feel  
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.  
Then who created thee lamenting learn,  
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.'  
" So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found  
Among the faithless, faithful only he ;  
Among innumerable false, unmoved,  
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,  
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;  
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind  
Though single. From amidst them forth he passed  
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustained  
Superior, nor of violence feared aught ;  
And, with retorted scorn, his back he turned  
On those proud towers to swift destruction doomed

## BOOK VI.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight described : Satan and his powers retire under night : he calls a council ; invents devilish engines, which, in the second day's fight, put Michael and his angels to some disorder ; but they at length pulling up mountains, overwhelm both the force and machines of Satan yet the tumult not so ending, God, on the third day, sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory : he, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of heaven which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep : Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

“ ALL night the dreadless angel, unpursued,  
Through heaven's wide champaign held his way ; till Morn,  
Waked by the circling Hours, with rosy hand  
Unbarred the gates of light. There is a cave  
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,  
Where light and darkness in perpetual round  
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through heaven  
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night ;  
Light issues forth, and at the other door  
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour  
To veil the heaven, though darkness there might well  
Seem twilight here : and now went forth the morn,  
Such as in highest heaven, arrayed in gold  
Ethereal ; from before her vanished night,  
Shot through with orient beams ; when all the plain  
Covered with thick embattled squadrons bright,  
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,  
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view :  
War he perceived, war in procinct ; and found  
Already known what he for news had thought  
To have reported : gladly then he mixed  
Among those friendly powers, who him received  
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,  
That of so many myriads fallen yet one  
Returned not lost. On to the sacred hill  
They led him high applauded, and present

Before the seat supreme ; from whence a voice,  
 From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard :  
 " " Servant of God, well done ; well hast thou fought  
 The better fight, who single hast maintained  
 Against revolted multitudes the cause  
 Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms ;  
 And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
 Universal reproach, far worse to bear  
 Than violence ; for this was all thy care,  
 To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds  
 Judged thee perverse : the easier conquest now  
 Remains thee : aided by this host of friends,  
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return,  
 Than scorned thou didst depart ; and to subdue  
 By force, who reason for their law refuse ;  
 Right reason for their law, and for their king  
 Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.  
 Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince :  
 And thou in military prowess next,  
 Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons  
 Invincible ; lead forth my armed saints,  
 By thousands and by millions, ranged for fight,  
 Equal in number to that godless crew  
 Rebellious : them with fire and hostile arms  
 Fearless assault ; and to the brow of heaven  
 Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss,  
 Into their place of punishment, the gulf  
 Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide  
 His fiery chaos to receive their fall.'

"So spake the Sovereign Voice, and clouds began  
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll  
 In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign  
 Of wrath awaked ; nor with less dread the loud  
 Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow ;  
 At which command the powers militant  
 That stood for heaven, in mighty quadrate joined  
 Of union irresistible, moved on  
 In silence their bright legions, to the sound  
 Of instrumental harmony, that breathed  
 Heroic ardour to adventurous deeds  
 Under their god-like leaders, in the cause  
 Of God and his Messiah. On they move  
 Indissolubly firm ; nor obvious hill,  
 Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides  
 Their perfect ranks ; for high above the ground



Their march was, and the passive air upbore  
Their nimble tread. As when the total kind  
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,  
Came summoned over Eden to receive  
Their names of thee; so over many a tract  
Of heaven they marched, and many a province wide,  
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last,  
Far in the horizon to the north appeared  
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretched  
In battailous aspéct, and nearer view  
Bristled with upright beams innumerable  
Of rigid spears, and helmets thronged, and shields  
Various, with boastful argument portrayed,  
The banded powers of Satan hasting on  
With furious expedition; for they weened  
That self-same day, by fight, or by surprise,  
To win the mount of God, and on his throne  
To set the envier of his state, the proud  
Aspirer; but their thoughts proved fond and vain  
In the mid-way: though strange to us it seemed  
At first, that angel should with angel war,  
And in fierce hosting meet, who went to meet  
So oft in festivals of joy and love  
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,  
Hymning the Eternal Father. But the shout  
Of battle now began, and rushing sound  
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
High in the midst, exalted as a god,  
The apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,  
Idol of majesty divine, inclosed  
With flaming cherubim, and golden shields;  
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now  
"Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,  
A dreadful interval, and front to front  
Presented stood in terrible array  
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,  
On the rough edge of battle ere it joined,  
Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,  
Came towering, armed in adamant and gold;  
Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood  
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,  
And thus his own undaunted heart explores:  
" "Oh heaven! that such resemblance of the Highest  
Should yet remain, where faith and reality  
Remain not! wherefore should not strength and might

There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove  
 Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?  
 His puissance, trusting in the Almighty's aid,  
 I mean to try, whose reason I have tried  
 Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just  
 That he, who in debate of truth hath won,  
 Should win in arms, in both disputes alike  
 Victor; though brutish that contest and foul,  
 When reason hath to deal with force, yet so  
 Most reason is that reason overcome.'

"So pondering, and from his armed peers  
 Forth stepping opposite, half-way he met  
 His daring foe, at this prevention more  
 Incensed, and thus securely him defied:

"'Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reached  
 The height of thy aspiring unopposed,  
 The throne of God unguarded, and his side  
 Abandoned, at the terror of thy power  
 Or potent tongue: fool! not to think how vain  
 Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms;  
 Who out of smallest things could, without end,  
 Have raised incessant armies to defeat  
 Thy folly; or with solitary hand  
 Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,  
 Unaided, could have finished thee, and whelmed  
 Thy legions under darkness: but thou seest  
 All are not of thy train; there be, who faith  
 Prefer, and piety to God, though then  
 To thee not visible, when I alone  
 Seemed in thy world erroneous to dissent  
 From all: my sect thou seest; now learn too late  
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.

"Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance.  
 Thus answered: 'Ill for thee, but in wished hour  
 Of my revenge, first sought for, thou returnest  
 From flight, seditious angel! to receive  
 Thy merited reward, the first assay  
 Of this right hand provoked, since first that tongue,  
 Inspired with contradiction, durst oppose  
 A third part of the gods, in synod met  
 Their deities to assert; who, while they feel  
 Vigour divine within them, can allow  
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou comest  
 Before thy fellows ambitious to win  
 From me some plume, that thy success may show

Destruction to the rest ; this pause between  
 (Unanswered lest thou boast), to let thee know,  
 At first I thought that liberty and heaven  
 To heavenly souls had been all one ; but now  
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,  
 Ministering spirits, trained up in feast and song !  
 Such hast thou armed, the minstrelsy of heaven,  
 Servility with freedom to contend,  
 As both their deeds compared this day shall prove.'

" To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern replied :  
 ' Apostate ! still thou errest, nor end wilt find  
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote :  
 Unjustly thou depravest it with the name  
 Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,  
 Or nature : God and nature bid the same,  
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels  
Them whom he governs. This is servitude :  
To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebelled  
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,  
Thyself not free, but to thyself enthralled ;  
Yet lewdly darest our ministering upbraid.  
 Reign thou in hell, thy kingdom ; let me serve  
 In heaven God ever-blest, and his divine  
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obeyed ;  
 Yet chains in hell, not realms, expect : meanwhile  
 From me returned, as erst thou saidst, from flight,  
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive.'

" So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell  
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,  
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,  
 Such ruin intercept : ten paces huge  
 He back recoiled ; the tenth on bended knee  
 His massy spear upstaid ; as if on earth  
 Winds under ground, or waters, forcing way  
 Sidelong had pushed a mountain from his seat,  
 Half-sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized  
 The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see  
 Thus foiled their mightiest ; ours joy filled, and shout,  
 Presage of victory, and fierce desire  
 Of battle : whereat Michaël bid sound  
 The archangel trumpet ; through the vast of heaven  
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung  
 Hosanna to the Highest : nor stood at gaze  
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous joined

The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,  
 And clamour, such as heard in heaven till now  
 Was never; arms on armour clashing brayed  
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
 Of brazen chariots raged; dire was the noise  
 Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss  
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,  
 And flying vaulted either host with fire.  
 So under fiery cope together rushed  
 Both battles main, with ruinous assault  
 And inextinguishable rage. All heaven  
 Resounded; and had earth been then, all earth  
 Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when  
 Millions of fierce encountering angels fought  
 On either side, the least of whom could wield  
 These elements, and arm him with the force  
 Of all their regions: how much more of power  
 Army against army, numberless to raise  
 Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,  
 Though not destroy, their happy native seat;  
 Had not the Eternal King Omnipotent,  
 From his stronghold of heaven, high overruled  
 And limited their might: though numbered such  
 As each divided legion might have seemed  
 A numerous host; in strength each armed hand  
 A legion: led in fight, yet leader, seemed  
 Each warrior single as in chief, expert  
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
 Of battle, open when, and when to close  
 The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,  
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
 That argued fear; each on himself relied,  
 As only in his arm the moment lay  
 Of victory. / Deeds of eternal fame  
 Were done, but infinite: for wide was spread  
 That war, and various: sometimes on firm ground  
 A standing fight, then, soaring on main wing,  
 Tormented all the air; all air seemed then  
 Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale  
 The battle hung; till Satan, who that day  
 Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms  
 No equal, ranging through the dire attack  
 Of fighting seraphim confused, at length  
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and felled  
 Squadrons at once; ~~with huge two-handed sway~~

Brandished aloft, the horrid edge came down  
 Wide-wasting such destruction to withstand  
 He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb  
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,  
 A vast circumference. At his approach,  
 The great archangel from his warlike toil  
 Surceased, and glad, as hoping here to end  
 Intestine war in heaven, the arch-foe subdued,  
 Or captive dragged in chains; with hostile frown  
 And visage all inflamed first thus began:

“ ‘ Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
 Unnamed in heaven, now plenteous, as thou seest,  
 These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
 Though heaviest by just measure on thyself  
 And thy adherents: how hast thou disturbed  
 Heaven’s blessed peace, and into nature brought  
 Misery, uncreated till the crime  
 Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instilled  
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright  
 And faithful, now proved false! But think not here  
 To trouble holy rest; heaven casts thee out  
 From all her confines. Heaven, the seat of bliss,  
 Brooks not the works of violence and war.  
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along,  
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell;  
 Thou and thy wicked crew! there mingle broils,  
 Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom;  
 Or some more sudden vengeance, winged from God,  
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain.’

“ So spake the prince of angels; to whom thus  
 The adversary: ‘ Nor think thou with wind  
 Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds  
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turned the least of these  
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise  
 Unvanquished; easier to transact with me  
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats  
 To chase me hence? err not, that so shall end  
 The strife which thou callest evil, but we style  
 The strife of glory; which we mean to win,  
 Or turn this heaven itself into the hell  
 Thou fablest; here, however, to dwell free,  
 If not to reign; meanwhile thy utmost force,  
 And join him named Almighty to thy aid,  
 I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.

“ They ended parle, and both addressed for

Unspeakable ; for who, though with the tongue  
 Of angels, can relate, or to what things  
 Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift  
 Human imagination to such height  
 Of godlike power ? for likest gods they seemed,  
 Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,  
 Fit to decide the empire of great heaven.  
 Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air  
 Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields  
 Blazed opposite, while expectation stood  
 In horror : from each hand with speed retired,  
 Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,  
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion : such as, to set forth  
 Great things by small, if, nature's concord broke,  
 Among the constellations war were sprung  
 Two planets rushing from aspect malign  
 Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky  
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound  
 Together both with next to almighty arm  
 Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aimed  
 That might determine, and not need repeat,  
 As not of power at once ; nor odds appeared  
 In might or swift prevention : but the sword  
 Of Michael from the armoury of God  
 Was given him tempered so, that neither keen  
 Nor solid might resist that edge : it met  
 The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite  
 Descending, and in half cut sheer ; nor stayed,  
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shared  
 All his right side : then Satan first knew pain,  
 And writhed him to and fro convolved ; so sore  
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
 Passed through him : but the ethereal substance closed  
Not long divisible ; and from the gash  
 A stream of nectarous humour issuing flowed  
 Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,  
 And all his armour stained, erewhile so bright.  
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run  
 By angels many and strong, who interposed  
 Defence, while others bore him on their shields  
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retired  
 From off the files of war : there they him laid  
 Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,  
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride

Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath  
His confidence to equal God in power.  
Yet soon he healed ; for spirits that live throughout  
Vital in every part, not as frail man  
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,  
Cannot but by annihilating die ;  
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
Receive, no more than can the fluid air :  
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,  
All intellect, all sense ; and, as they please,  
They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size  
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

“ Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserved  
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,  
And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array  
Of Moloch, furious king ; who him defied,  
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound,  
Threatened, nor from the Holy One of heaven  
Refrained his tongue blasphemous ; but anon  
Down cloven to the waist, with shattered arms  
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing  
Uriel and Raphaël, his vaunting foe,  
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond armed,  
Vanquished Adramelech and Asmadai,  
Two potent thrones, that to be less than gods  
Disdained, but meaner thoughts learned in their fight,  
Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail,  
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy  
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow  
Ariel, and Arioch, and the violence  
Of Ramiel, scorched and blasted, overthrew.  
I might relate of thousands, and their names  
Eternize here on earth ; but those elect  
Angels, contented with their fame in heaven,  
Seek not the praise of men : the other sort,  
In might though wondrous and in acts of war,  
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom  
Cancelled from heaven and sacred memory,  
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.  
For strength from truth divided, and from just,  
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise  
And ignominy ; yet to glory aspires  
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame :  
Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

“ And now, their mightiest quelled, the battle swervod.

With many an inroad gored ; deformed rout  
 Entered, and foul disorder ; all the ground  
 With shivered armour strown, and on a heap  
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturned,  
 And fiery-foaming steeds ; what stood recoiled  
 O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host  
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surprised,  
 Then first with fear surprised, and sense of pain,  
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought  
 By sin of disobedience : till that hour  
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.  
 Far otherwise the inviolable saints,  
 In cubic phalanx firm, advanced entire,  
 Invulnerable, impenetrably armed ;  
 Such high advantages their innocence  
 Gave them above their foes ; not to have sinned,  
 Not to have disobeyed ; in fight they stood  
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pained  
 By wound, though from their place by violence moved

“ Now night her course began, and over heaven  
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,  
 And silence on the odious din of war :  
 Under her cloudy covert both retired,  
 Victor and vanquished : on the foughthen field  
 Michaël and his angels prevalent  
 Encamping, placed in guard their watches round,  
 Cherubic waving fires : on the other part,  
 Satan with his rebellious disappeared,  
 Far in the dark dislodged ; and, void of rest,  
 His potentates to council called by night ;  
 And in the midst thus undismayed began .

“ O now in danger tried, now known in arms  
 Not to be overpowered, companions dear,  
 Found worthy not of liberty alone,  
 Too mean pretence ! but what we more affect,  
 Honour, dominion, glory, and renown :  
 Who have sustained one day in doubtful fight  
 (And if one day, why not eternal days ?)  
 What heaven's Lord had powerfullest to send  
 Against us from about his throne, and judged  
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,  
 But proves not so : then fallible, it seems,  
 Of future we may deem him, though till now  
 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly armed,  
 Some disadvantage we endured and pain,



Till now not known, but, known, as soon contemned ;  
 Since now we find this our empyreal form  
 Incapable of mortal injury,  
 Imperishable, and though pierced with wound,  
 Soon closing, and by native vigour healed.  
 Of evil then so small, as easy think  
 The remedy ; perhaps more valid arms,  
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,  
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes,  
 Or equal what between us made the odds,  
 In nature none : if other hidden cause  
 Left them superior, while we can preserve  
 Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,  
 Due search and consultation will disclose.'

" He sat ; and in the assembly next upstood  
 Nisroch, of principalities the prime ;

As one he stood escaped from cruel fight,  
 Sore toiled, his riven arms to havoc hewn,  
 And cloudy in aspect thus answering spake :

" Deliverer from new lords, leader to free  
 Enjoyment of our right as gods ; yet hard  
 For gods, and too unequal work we find,  
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain,  
 Against unpained, impassive ; from which evil  
 Ruin must needs ensue ; for what avails  
 Valour or strength, though matchless, quelled with pain  
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands  
 Of mightiest ? Sense of pleasure we may well  
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,  
 But live content, which is the calmest life :  
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst  
 Of evils, and, excessive, overturns  
 All patience. He who therefore can invent  
 With what more forcible we may offend  
 Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm  
 Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves  
 No less than for deliverance what we owe.'

" Whereto with look composed Satan replied :  
 ' Not uninvented that, which thou aright  
 Believest so main to our success, I bring.  
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface  
 Of this ethereal mould whereon we stand,  
 This continent of spacious heaven adorned  
 With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems, and gold ;  
 Whose eye so superficially surveys

These things, as not to mind from whence they grow  
 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,  
 Of spiritous and fiery spume, till, touched  
 With heaven's ray, and tempered, they shoot forth  
 So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?  
 These in their dark nativity the deep  
 Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;  
 Which, into hollow engines, long and round,  
 Thick-rammed, at the other bore with touch of fire  
 Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth  
 From far, with thundering noise, among our foes  
 Such implements of mischief, as shall dash  
 To pieces, and o'erwhelm, whatever stands  
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarmed  
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.  
 Nor long shall be our labour; yet ere dawn,  
 Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive;  
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joined  
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despaired.'

" He ended, and his words their drooping cheer  
 Enlightened, and their languished hope revived.  
 The invention all admired, and each, how he  
 To be the inventor missed; so easy it seemed  
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought  
 Impossible: yet, haply, of thy race  
 In future days, if malice should abound,  
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspired  
 With devilish machination, might devise  
 Like instrument to plague the sons of men  
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.  
 Forthwith from council to the work they flew;  
 None arguing stood; innumerable hands  
 Were ready; in a moment up they turned  
 Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath  
 The originals of nature in their crude  
 Conception: sulphurous and nitrous foam  
 They found, they mingled, and, with subtle art  
 Concocted and adusted they reduced  
 To blackest grain, and into store conveyed:  
 Part hidden veins digged up (nor hath this earth  
 Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,  
 Whereof to found their engines and their balls  
 Of missive ruin; part incentive reed  
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.  
 So all ere day-spring, under conscious night,

Secret they finished, and in order set,  
With silent circumspection, unespied.

“ Now when fair morn orient in heaven appeared.  
Up rose the victor-angels, and to arms  
The matin trumpet sung : in arms they stood  
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,  
Soon banded ; others from the dawning hills  
Looked round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,  
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,  
Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
In motion or in halt : him soon they met  
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow  
But firm battalion : back with speediest sail  
Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,  
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried :

‘ Arm, warriors, arm for fight ; the foe at hand,  
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
This day ; fear not his flight ; so thick a cloud  
He comes, and settled in his face I see  
Sad resolution, and secure : let each  
His adamantine coat gird well, and each  
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbéd shield,  
Borne even or high ; for this day will pour down,  
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,  
But rattling storm of arrows barbed with fire.’

“ So warned he them, aware themselves, and soon  
In order, quit of all impediment ;  
Instant without disturb they took alarm,  
And onward moved embattled : when, behold !  
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe  
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube  
Training his devilish enginery, impaled  
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,  
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood  
A while ; but suddenly at head appeared  
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud :

“ ‘ Vanguard, to right and left the front unfeld ;  
That all may see who hate us, how we seek  
Peace and composure, and with open breast  
Stand ready to receive them, if they like  
Our overture, and turn not back perverse :  
But that I doubt ; however, witness heaven,  
Heaven witness thou anon, while we discharge  
Freely our part : ye, who appointed stand,  
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch

What we propound, and loud that all may hear.'

“ So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce  
Had ended ; when to right and left the front  
Divided and to either flank retired :  
Which to our eyes discovered, new and strange,  
A triple mounted row of pillars laid  
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seemed,  
Of hollowed bodies made of oak or fir,  
With branches lapt, in wood or mountain felled),  
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths  
With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,  
Portending hollow truce : at each behind  
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed  
Stood waving tipt with fire ; while we, suspense,  
Collected stood within our thoughts amused,  
Not long ; for sudden all at once their reeds  
Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied  
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,  
But soon obscured with smoke, all heaven appeared,  
From those deep-throated engines belched, whose roar  
Embowelled with outrageous noise the air,  
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul  
Their devilish glut, chained thunderbolts and hail  
Of iron globes ; which, on the victor host  
Levelled, with such impetuous fury smote,  
That, whom they hit, none on their feet might stand.  
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell  
By thousands, angel or archangel rolled,  
The sooner for their arms ; unarmed, they might  
Have easily, as spirits, evaded swift  
By quick contraction on remove ; but now  
Foul dissipation followed, and forced rout ;  
Nor served it to relax their serried files.  
What should they do ? if on they rushed, repulse  
Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
Doubled, would render them yet more despised,  
And to their foes a laughter ; for in view  
Stood ranked of seraphim another row,  
In posture to displode their second tire  
Of thunder : back defeated to return  
They worse abhorred. Satan beheld their plight,  
And to his mates thus in derision called :

“ O friends ! why come not on these victors proud ?  
Erewhile they fierce were coming ; and when we,  
To entertain them fair with open front

And breast (what could we more?), propounded terms  
Of composition, straight they changed their minds,  
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seemed  
Somewhat extravagant and wild; perhaps  
For joy of offered peace: but I suppose,  
If our proposals once again were heard,  
We should compel them to a quick result.'

"To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood:  
'Leader! the terms we sent were terms of weight,  
Of hard contents, and full of force urged home;  
Such as we might perceive amused them all,  
And stumbled many: who receives them right,  
Had need from head to foot well understand;  
Not understood, this gift they have besides,  
They show us when our foes walk not upright.'

"So they amongst themselves in pleasant vein  
Stood scoffing, heightened in their thoughts beyond  
All doubt of victory: Eternal Might  
To match with their inventions they presumed  
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,  
And all his host derided, while they stood  
A while in trouble: but they stood not long;  
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms  
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.  
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power  
Which God hath in his mighty angels placed!)  
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills  
(For earth hath this variety from heaven,  
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale),

Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew,  
From their foundations loosening to and fro,  
They plucked the seated hills, with all their load,  
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops  
Uplifting bore them in their hands: amaze,  
Be sure, and terror, seized the rebel host,  
When coming towards them so dread they saw  
The bottom of the mountains upward turned;  
Till on those cursed engines' triple row  
They saw them whelmed, and all their confidence  
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;  
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads  
Main promontories flung, which in the air  
Came shadowing, and oppressed whole legions armèd;  
Their armour helped their harm, crushed in and bruised

Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain  
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan ;  
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind  
 Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light,  
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.  
 The rest, in imitation, to like arms  
 Betook them, and the neighbouring hills uptore :  
 So hills amid the air encountered hills,  
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire ;  
 That underground they fought in dismal shade ;  
 Infernal noise ! war seemed a civil game  
 To this uproar ; horrid confusion heaped  
 Upon confusion rose. And now all heaven  
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread ;  
 Had not the Almighty Father, where he sits  
 Shrined in his sanctuary of heaven secure,  
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
 This tumult, and permitted all, advised ;  
 That his great purpose he might so fulfil,  
 To honour his anointed Son avenged  
 Upon his enemies, and to declare  
 All power on him transferred : whence to his Son  
 The assessor of his throne, he thus began :  
 “ ‘ Effulgence of my glory, Son beloved,  
 Son, in whose face invisible is beheld  
 Visibly, what by Deity I am,  
 And in whose hand what by decree I do,  
 Second omnipotence ! two days are past,  
 Two days, as we compute the days of heaven,  
 Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame  
 These disobedient : sore hath been their fight,  
 As likeliest was, when two such foes met armed ;  
 For to themselves I left them ; and thou knowest,  
 Equal in their creation they were formed,  
 Save what sin hath impaired ; which yet hath wrought  
 Insensibly, for I suspend their doom ;  
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last  
 Endless, and no solution will be found :  
 War wearied hath performed what war can do,  
 And to disordered rage let loose the reins,  
 With mountains, as with weapons, armed ; which makes  
 Wild work in heaven, and dangerous to the main.  
 Two days are therefore past, the third is thine ;  
 For thee I have ordained it ; and thus far  
 Have suffered, that the glory may be thine

Of ending this great war, since none but thou  
 Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace  
 Immense I have transfused, that all may know  
 In heaven and hell thy power above compare ;  
 And, this perverse commotion governed thus,  
 To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir  
 Of all things ; to be Heir, and to be King  
 By sacred unction, thy deserved right.  
 Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might ;  
 Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels  
 That shake heaven's basis, bring forth all my war,  
 My bow and thunder, my almighty arms  
 Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh ;  
 Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out  
 From all heaven's bounds into the utter deep :  
 There let them learn, as likes them, to despise  
 God, and Messiah, his anointed King.'

" He said, and on his Son with rays direct  
 Shone full ; he all his Father full expressed  
 Ineffably into his face received ;  
 And thus the filial Godhead answering spake ;

" " O Father, O supreme of heavenly thrones,  
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best ; thou always seekest  
 To glorify thy Son ; I always thee,  
 As is most just : this I my glory account,  
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
 That thou in me, well pleased, declarest thy will  
 Fulfilled, which to fulfil is all my bliss.  
 Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume,  
 And gladlier shall resign, when in the end  
 Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee  
 For ever ; and in me all whom thou lovest :  
 But whom thou hatest, I hate, and can put on  
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,  
 Image of thee in all things ; and shall soon,  
 Armed with thy might, rid heaven of these rebelled ;  
 To their prepared ill mansion driven down,  
 To chains of darkness, and the undying worm,  
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,  
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.  
 Then shall thy saints unmixed, and from the impure  
 Far separate, circling thy holy mount,  
 Unfeigned hallelujahs to thee sing,  
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.'

" So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose

From the right hand of glory where he sat ;  
 And the third sacred morn began to shine,  
 Dawning through heaven. Forth rushed with whirlwind  
 The chariot of Paternal Deity, [sound  
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,  
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoyed  
 By four cherubic shapes ; four faces each  
 Had wondrous ; as with stars, their bodies all,  
 And wings, were set with eyes ; with eyes the wheels  
 Of beryl, and careering fires between ;  
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,  
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure  
 Amber, and colours of the showery arch.  
 He, in celestial panoply all armed  
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,  
 Ascended ; at his right hand Victory  
 Sat eagle-winged ; beside him hung his bow  
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stored ;  
 And from about him fierce effusion rolled  
 Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire :  
 Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,  
 He onward came ; far off his coming shone ;  
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard)  
 Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen .  
 He on the wings of cherub rode sublime  
 On the crystalline sky ; in sapphire throned,  
 Illustrious far and wide ; but by his own  
 First seen : them unexpected joy surprised  
 When the great ensign of Messiah blazed  
 Aloft by angels borne, his sign in heaven ;  
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced  
 His army, circumfused on either wing,  
 Under their head embodied all in one.  
 Before him Power Divine his way prepared ;  
 At his command the uprooted hills retired  
 Each to his place ; they heard his voice, and went  
 Obsequious ; heaven his wonted face renewed,  
 And with fresh flowerets hill and valley smiled.  
 This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdured,  
 And to rebellious fight rallied their powers,  
 Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.  
 In heavenly spirits could such perverseness dwell  
 But to convince the proud what signs avail,  
 Or wonders move the obdurate to relent ?  
 They, hardened more by what might most reclaim,



Grieving to see his glory, at the sight  
 Took envy ; and aspiring to his height,  
 Stood re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud  
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevail  
 Against God and Messiah, or to fall  
 In universal ruin last ; and now  
 To final battle drew, disdainng flight,  
 Or faint retreat ; when the great Son of God  
 To all his host on either hand thus spake :

“ Stand still in bright array, ye saints ; here stand.  
 Ye angels armed ; this day from battle rest :  
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God  
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause :  
 And as ye have received, so have ye done,  
 Invincibly : but of this cursed crew  
 The punishment to other hand belongs ;  
 Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints :  
 Number to this day's work is not ordained,  
 Nor multitude ; stand only, and behold  
 God's indignation on these godless poured  
 By me ; not you, but me, they have despised,  
 Yet envied ; against me is all their rage,  
 Because the Father, to whom in heaven supreme  
 Kingdom, and power, and glory appertains,  
 Hath honoured me, according to his will.  
 Therefore to me their doom he hath assigned :  
 That they may have their wish, to try with me  
 In battle which the stronger proves ; they all,  
 Or I alone against them ; since by strength  
 They measure all, of other excellence  
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels ;  
 Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.’

“ So spake the Son, and into terror changed  
 His countenance too severe to be beheld,  
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies.  
 At once the four spread out their starry wings  
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs  
 Of his fierce chariot rolled, as with the sound  
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.  
 He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
 Gloomy as night : under his burning wheels  
 The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,  
 All but the throne itself of God. Full soon  
 Among them he arrived ; in his right hand  
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent

Before him, such as in their souls infixed  
 Plagues : they, astonished, all resistance lost,  
 All courage ; down their idol weapons dropt ;  
 O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode  
 Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,  
 That wished the mountains now might be again  
 Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.  
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged four  
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels  
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes ;  
 One spirit in them ruled ; and every eye  
 Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
 Among the accursed, that withered all their strength,  
 And of their wonted vigour left them drained,  
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.  
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but checked  
 His thunder in mid volley ; for he meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven :  
 The overthrown he raised, and as a herd  
 Of goats or timorous flock together thronged,  
 Drove them before him thunderstruck, pursued  
 With terrors and with furies, to the bounds  
 And crystal wall of heaven ; which, opening wide,  
 Rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed  
 Into the wasteful deep : the monstrous sight  
 Struck them with horror backward, but far worse  
 Urged them behind : headlong themselves they threw  
 Down from the verge of heaven ; eternal wrath  
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

" Hell heard the unsufferable noise, hell saw  
 Heaven ruining from heaven, and would have fled  
 Affrighted ; but strict fate had cast too deep  
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.  
 Nine days they fell : confounded Chaos roared,  
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall  
 Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout  
 Encumbered him with ruin : hell at last  
 Yawning received them whole, and on them closed ;  
 Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire  
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.  
 Disburdened heaven rejoiced, and soon repaired  
 Her mural breach, returning whence it rolled.  
 Sole Victor, from the expulsion of his foes,  
 Messiah his triumphal chariot turned :

To meet him all his saints, who silent stood  
 Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,  
 With jubilee advanced ; and, as they went,  
 Shaded with branching palm, each order bright  
 Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,  
 Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,  
 Worthiest to reign : He, celebrated, rode  
 Triumphant through mid heaven, into the courts  
 And temple of his mighty Father throned  
 On high ; who into glory him received,  
 Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

“ Thus measuring things in heaven by things on earth,  
 At thy request, and that thou mayest beware  
 By what is past, to thee I have revealed  
 What might have else to human race been hid  
 The discord which befell, and war in heaven  
 Among the angelic powers, and the deep fall  
 Of those too high aspiring, who rebelled  
 With Satan ; he who envies now thy state  
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
 Thee also from obedience, that with him  
 Bereaved of happiness, thou mayest partake  
 His punishment, eternal misery ;  
 Which would be all his solace and revenge,  
 As a despite done against the Most High,  
 Thee once to gain companion of his woe.  
 But listen not to his temptations, warn  
 The weaker ; let it profit thee to have heard,  
 By terrible example, the reward  
 Of disobedience ; firm they might have stood,  
 Yet fell ; remember, and fear to transgress.”

## BOOK VII.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Mephael at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory, and attendance of angels, to perform the work of creation in six days; the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof and his re-ascension into heaven.

*Holy Spirit*

DESCEND from heaven, Urania, by that name  
If rightly thou art called, whose voice divine  
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,  
Above the flight of Pegaséan wing.  
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou  
Nor of the muses nine, nor on the top  
Of old Olympus dwellest; but, heavenly-born,  
Before the hills appeared, or fountain flowed,  
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,  
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play  
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased  
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee, *From Hell*  
Into the heaven of heavens I have presumed,  
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,  
Thy tempering: with like safety guided down,  
Return me to my native element:  
Lest from this flying steed unreined (as once  
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)  
Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,  
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.  
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
Within the visible diurnal sphere:  
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,  
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged  
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,  
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues;  
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,  
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou  
Visitest my slumbers nightly, or when morn  
Purples the east: still govern thou my song,  
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.

First edition was in 1719

1719 edition was in 1719

But drive far off the barbarous dissonance  
 Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race  
 Of that vile rout that tore the Thracian bard  
 In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears  
 To rapture, till the savage clamour drowned  
 Both harp and voice ; nor could the muse defend  
 Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores :  
 For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.

Say, goddess, what ensued when Raphaël,  
 The affable archangel, had forewarned  
 Adam, by dire example, to beware  
 Apostasy, by what befell in heaven  
 To those apostates ; lest the like befall  
 In Paradise to Adam or his race,  
 Charged not to touch the interdicted tree,  
 If they transgress, and slight that sole command,  
 So easily obeyed amid the choice  
 Of all tastes else to please their appetite,  
 Though wandering. He, with his consorted Eve,  
 The story heard attentive, and was filled  
 With admiration and deep muse, to hear  
 Of things so high and strange ; things, to their thought  
 So unimaginable, as hate in heaven,  
 And war so near the peace of God in bliss,  
 With such confusion : but the evil, soon  
 Driven back, redounded as a flood on those  
 From whom it sprung ; impossible to mix  
 With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repealc'd  
 The doubts that in his heart arose : and now  
 Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know  
 What nearer might concern him, how this world  
 Of heaven and earth conspicuous first began ;  
 When, and whereof created ; for what cause ;  
 What within Eden, or without, was done  
 Before his memory : as one whose drought  
 Yet scarce allayed still eyes the current stream,  
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,  
 Proceeded thus to ask his heavenly guest :

“ Great things and full of wonder in our ears,  
 Far differing from this world, thou hast revealed,  
 Divine interpreter ! by favour sent  
 Down from the empyréan, to forewarn  
 Us timely of what might else have been our loss,  
 Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach ;  
 For which to the infinitely Good we owe

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 Count of Charles II

Immortal thanks, and his admonishment  
 Receive with solemn purpose to observe  
 Immutably his sovereign will, the end  
 Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsafed  
 Gently, for our instruction, to impart  
 Things above earthly thought, which yet concerned  
 Our knowing, as to highest Wisdom seemed,  
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
 What may no less perhaps avail us known,  
 How first began this heaven which we behold  
 Distant so high, with moving fires adorned  
 Innumerable ; and this which yields or fills  
 All space, the ambient air wide interfused  
 Embracing round this florid earth : what cause  
 Moved the Creator, in his holy rest  
 Through all eternity, so late to build  
 In Chaos ; and the work begun, how soon  
 Absolved ; if unforbid thou mayest unfold  
 What we, not to explore the secrets ask  
 Of his eternal empire, but the more  
 To magnify his works, the more we know.  
 And the great light of day yet wants to run  
 Much of his race though steep ; suspense in heaven,  
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,  
 And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
 His generation, and the rising birth  
 Of nature from the unapparent deep :  
 Or if the star of evening and the moon  
 Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring  
 Silence ; and sleep, listening to thee will watch ;  
 Or we can bid his absence, till thy song  
 End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.'

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought ;  
 And thus the godlike angel answered mild :

" This also thy request, with caution asked,  
 Obtain : though to recount almighty works  
 What words or tongue of seraph can suffice,  
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend ?  
 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve  
 To glorify the Maker, and infer  
 Thee also happier, shall not be withheld  
 Thy hearing ; such commission from above  
 I have received, to answer thy desire  
 Of knowledge within bounds ; beyond, abstain  
 To ask ; nor let thine own inventions hope

Things not revealed, which the invisible King,  
 Only Omniscient, hath suppressed in night,  
 To none communicable in earth or heaven :  
 Enough is left besides to search and know ;  
 But knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
 Her temperance over appetite, to know  
 In measure what the mind may well contain :  
 Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns  
 Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

“ Know then, that, after Lucifer from heaven  
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the host  
 Of angels, than that star the stars among)  
 Fell with his flaming legions through the deep  
 Into his place, and the great Son returned  
 Victorious with his saints, the Omnipotent  
 Eternal Father from his throne beheld  
 Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake :

“ At least our envious foe hath failed, who thought  
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid  
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
 Of Deity supreme, us dispossessed,  
 He trusted to have seized, and into fraud  
 Drew many, whom their place knows here no more :  
 Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,  
 Their station ; heaven, yet populous, retains  
 Number sufficient to possess her realms  
 Though wide, and this high temple to frequent  
 With ministeries due, and solemn rites :  
~~But, lest his heart exalt him in the harm~~  
 Already done, to have dispeopled heaven,  
 My damage fondly deemed, I can repair  
 That detriment, if such it be to lose  
 Self-lost ; and in a moment will create  
 Another world, out of one man a race  
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
 Not here ; till by degrees of merit raised,  
 They open to themselves at length the way  
 Up hither, under long obedience tried ;  
 And earth be changed to heaven, and heaven to earth,  
 One kingdom, joy and union without end.  
 Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye powers of heaven ;  
 And thou, my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
 This I perform ; speak thou, and be it done !  
 My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee  
 I send along ; ride forth, and bid the deep

Within appointed bounds be heaven and earth;  
 Boundless the deep, because I am who fill  
 Infinitude; nor vacuous the space,  
 Though I, uncircumscribed myself, retire,  
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free  
 To act or not; necessity and chance  
 Approach not me, and what I will is fate.'

"So spake the Almighty, and to what he spake,  
 His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.  
 Immediate are the acts of God, more swift  
 Than time or motion, but to human ears  
 Cannot without process of speech be told,  
 So told as earthly notion can receive.  
 Great triumph and rejoicing was in heaven,  
 When such was heard declared the Almighty's will,  
 Glory they sung to the Most High, good will  
 To future men, and in their dwellings peace:  
 Glory to him, whose just avenging ire  
 Had driven out the ungodly from his sight  
 And the habitations of the just; to him  
 Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordained  
 Good out of evil to create; instead  
 Of spirits malign, a better race to bring  
 Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse  
 His good to worlds and ages infinite.

"So sang the hierarchies: meanwhile the Son  
 On his great expedition now appeared,  
 Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crowned  
 Of majesty divine: sapience and love  
 Immense, and all his Father in him shone.  
 About his chariot numberless were poured  
 Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,  
 And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots winged  
 From the armoury of God; where stand of old  
 Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodged  
 Against a solemn day, harnessed at hand,  
 Celestial equipage; and now came forth  
 Spontaneous, for within them spirit lived,  
 Attendant on their Lord: heaven opened wide  
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound,  
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth  
 The King of Glory, in his powerful Word  
 And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.  
 On heavenly ground they stood; and from the shore  
 They viewed the vast immeasurable abyss



Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
 Up from the bottom turned by furious winds  
 And surging waves, as mountains, to assault  
 Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

“ ‘ Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou, deep, peace,’  
 Said then the omnific word; ‘ your discord end!’

Nor staid; but, on the wings of cherubim  
 Uplifted, in paternal glory rode

Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;  
 For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train  
 Followed in bright procession, to behold  
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.

Then stayed the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
 He took the golden compasses, prepared  
 In God's eternal store, to circumscribe  
 This universe, and all created things:  
 One foot he centred, and the other turned  
 Round through the vast profundity obscure;  
 And said, ‘ Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
 This be thy just circumference, O world!’

Thus God the heaven created, thus the earth,  
 Matter unformed and void: darkness profound

Covered the abyss; but on the wat'ry calm  
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,  
 And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth,  
 Throughout the fluid mass; but downward purged  
 The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,  
 Adverse to life: then founded, then conglobed  
 Like things to like; the rest to several place  
 Disparted, and between spun out the air:  
 And earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.

“ ‘ Let there be light,’ said God; and forthwith light  
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,  
 Sprung from the deep; and from her native east  
 To journey through the aery gloom began,  
 Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun  
 Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle  
 Sojourned the while. God saw the light was good;  
 And light from darkness by the hemisphere  
 Divided: light the day, and darkness night,  
 He named. Thus was the first day even and morn:  
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung  
 By the celestial choirs, when orient light  
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;  
 Birth-day of heaven and earth; with joy and shout

The hollow universal orb they filled,  
 And touched their golden harps, and hymning praised  
 God and his works; Creator him they sung,  
 Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

“ Again, God said, ‘ Let there be firmament  
 Amid the waters, and let it divide  
 The waters from the waters ;’ and God made  
 The firmament expanse of liquid pure,  
 Transparent, elemental air, diffused  
 In circuit to the uttermost convex  
 Of this great round ; partition firm and sure,  
 The waters underneath from those above  
 Dividing : for as earth, so he the world  
 Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide  
 Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule  
 Of Chaos far removed ; lest fierce extremes  
 Contiguous might distemper the whole frame :  
 And heaven he named the firmament : so even  
 And morning chorus sung the second day.

“ The earth was formed, but in the womb as yet  
 Of waters, embryo immature involved,  
 Appeared not : over all the face of earth  
 Main ocean flowed, not idle ; but, with warm  
 Prolific humour softening all her globe,  
 Fermented the great mother to conceive,  
 Sate with genial moisture ; when God said,  
 “ ‘ Be gathered now, ye waters under heaven,  
 Into one place, and let dry land appear.’ ”  
 Immediately the mountains huge appear  
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave  
 Into the clouds ; their tops ascend the sky :  
 So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low  
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
 Capacious bed of waters : thither they  
 Hasted with glad precipitance, uprolled,  
 As drops on dust conglobing from the dry :  
 Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,  
 For haste ; such flight the great command impressed  
 On the swift floods ; as armies at the call  
 Of trumpets (for of armies thou hast heard)  
 Troop to their standard ; so the wat’ry throng  
 Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,  
 If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,  
 Soft ebbing : nor withstood them rock or hill ;  
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide

With serpent error wandering, found their way,  
 And on the washy ooze deep channels wore ;  
 Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,  
 All but within those banks, where rivers now  
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.  
 The dry land, earth ; and the great receptacle  
 Of congregated waters, he called seas ;  
 And saw that it was good ; and said, ' Let the earth  
 Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,  
 And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,  
 Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.'  
 He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then  
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,  
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad  
 Her universal face with pleasant green ;  
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flowered  
 Opening their various colours, and made gay  
 Her bosom, smelling sweet : and, these scarce blown,  
 Forth flourished thick the clustering vine, forth crept  
 The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed  
 Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,  
 And bush with frizzled hair implicit : last  
 Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread  
 Their branches, hung with copious fruit, or gemmed  
 Their blossoms : with high woods the fields were crowned  
 With tufts the valleys, and each fountain-side ;  
 With borders long the rivers : that earth now  
 Seemed like to heaven, a seat where gods might dwell,  
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt  
 Her sacred shades : though God had yet not rained  
 Upon the earth, and man to till the ground  
 None was ; but from the earth a dewy mist  
 Went up, and watered all the ground, and each  
 Plant of the field ; which, ere it was in the earth,  
 God made, and every herb, before it grew  
 On the green stem : God saw that it was good :  
 So even and morn recorded the third day.

" Again the Almighty spake, ' Let there be lights  
 High in the expanse of heaven, to divide  
 The day from night ; and let them be for signs,  
 For seasons, and for days, and circling years ;  
 And let them be for lights, as I ordain  
 Their office in the firmament of heaven,  
 To give light on the earth ;' and it was so.  
 And God made two great lights, great for their use

To man, the greater to have rule by day,  
The less by night, altern; and made the stars,  
And set them in the firmament of heaven  
To illuminate the earth, and rule the day  
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,  
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,  
Surveying his great work, that it was good:  
For of celestial bodies first the sun  
A mighty sphere he framed, unlightsome first,  
Though of ethereal mould: then formed the moon  
Globose, and every magnitude of stars,  
And sowed with stars the heaven, thick as a field:  
Of light by far the greater part he took,  
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed  
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive  
And drink the liquid light; firm to retain  
Her gathered beams, great palace now of light.  
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars  
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,  
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;  
By tincture or reflection they augment  
Their small peculiar, though from human sight  
So far remote, with diminution seen.  
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,  
Regent of day, and all the horizon round  
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
His longitude through heaven's high road; the gray  
Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danced,  
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the moon,  
But opposite in levelled west was set,  
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
From him; for other light she needed none  
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps  
Till night; then in the east her turn she shines,  
Revolved on heaven's great axle, and her reign  
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
With thousand thousand stars, that then appeared  
Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorned  
With their bright luminaries that set and rose,  
Glad evening and glad morn crowned the fourth day  
"And God said, 'Let the waters generate  
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul  
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings  
Displayed on the open firmament of heaven.'  
And God created the great whales, and each

Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
The waters generated by their kinds ;  
And every bird of wing after his kind ;  
And saw that it was good, and blessed them, saying,  
' Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,  
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill :  
And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth.'  
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,  
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals  
Of fish that with their fins, and shining scales,  
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft  
Bank the mid sea : part single, or with mate,  
Graze the seaweed their pasture, and through groves  
Of coral stray ; or sporting with quick glance,  
Show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold ,  
Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend  
Moist nutriment ; or under rocks their food  
In jointed armour watch : on smooth the seal  
And bended dolphins play : part huge of bulk,  
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,  
Tempest the ocean ; there leviathan,  
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep  
Stretched like a promontory, sleeps or swims,  
And seems a moving land ; and at his gills  
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.  
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,  
Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that soon  
Bursting with kindly rapture forth disclosed  
Their callow young ; but feathered soon and fledge  
They summed their pens ; and, soaring the air sublime,  
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud  
In prospect ; there the eagle and the stork  
On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build :  
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise  
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,  
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
Their aery caravan, high over seas  
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing  
Easing their flight ; so steers the prudent crane  
Her annual voyage, borne on winds ; the air  
Floats as they pass, fanned with unnumbered plumes :  
From branch to branch the smaller birds with songs  
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings  
Till even ; nor then the solemn nightingale  
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays .

Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed  
 Their downy breast ; the swan with arched neck,  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
 Her state with oary feet ; yet oft they quit  
 The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower  
 The mid aerial sky : others on ground  
 Walked firm ; the crested cock whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours, and the other whose gay train  
 Adorns him, coloured with the florid hue  
 Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus  
 With fish replenished, and the air with fowl,  
 Evening and morn solemnized the fifth day  
 " The sixth, and of creation last, arose  
 With evening harps and matin ; when God said,  
 ' Let the earth bring forth soul living in her kind,  
 Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of the earth,  
 Each in their kind.' The earth obeyed, and straight  
 Opening her fertile womb, teemed at a birth  
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,  
 Limbed and full grown : (out of the ground up rose,  
 As from his lair the wild beast, where he wons  
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den ;  
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walked :  
 The cattle in the fields and meadows green :  
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks  
 Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.  
 The grassy clods now calved ; now half appeared  
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free *arrested activity*  
 His hinder parts, then springs, as broke from bonds,  
 And rampant shakes his brindled mane ; the ounce,  
 The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole  
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw  
 In hillocks : the swift stag from under ground  
 Bore up his branching head : scarce from his mould  
 Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved  
 His vastness : fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,  
 As plants : ambiguous between sea and land  
 The river-horse, and scaly crocodile.  
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
 Insect or worm : those waved their limber fans  
 For wings, and smallest lineaments exact  
 In all the liveries decked of summer's pride,  
 With spots of gold and purple, azure and green  
 These as a line their long dimension drew,  
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace · not all

Minions of nature : some of serpent-kind,  
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved  
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept  
 The parsimonious emmet, provident  
 Of future ; in small room large heart inclosed ;  
 Pattern of just equality perhaps  
 Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes  
 Of commonalty : swarming next appeared  
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone  
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells  
 With honey stored : the rest are numberless,  
 And thou their natures knowest, and gavest them names,  
 Needless to thee repeated ; nor unknown  
 The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,  
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes  
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee  
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

“ Now heaven in her glory shone, and rolled  
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand  
 First wheeled their course : earth in her rich attire  
 Consummate lovely smiled ; air, water, earth,  
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walked,  
 Frequent ; and of the sixth day yet remained :  
 There wanted yet the master-work, the end  
 Of all yet done ; a creature, who, not prone  
 And brute as other creatures, but endued  
 With sanctity of reason, might erect  
 His stature, and upright with front serene  
 Govern the rest, self-knowing ; and from thence  
 Magnanimous to correspond with heaven,  
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
 Descends ; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes,  
 Directed in devotion, to adore  
 And worship God Supreme, who made him chief  
 Of all his works : therefore the Omnipotent  
 Eternal Father (for where is not he  
 Present ?) thus to his Son audibly spake :

“ Let us make now man in our image, man  
 In our similitude, and let them rule  
 Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,  
 Beast of the field, and over all the earth,  
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.’  
 This said, he formed thee, Adam, thee, O man,  
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed  
 The breath of life ; in his own image he

Created thee, in the image of God  
Express; and thou becamest a living soul.  
Male he created thee; but thy consort  
Female, for race; then blessed mankind, and said,  
' Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,  
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold  
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,  
And every living thing that moves on the earth.  
Wherever thus created, for no place  
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou knowest,  
He brought thee into this delicious grove,  
This garden, planted with the trees of God,  
Delectable both to behold and taste;  
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food  
Gave thee: all sorts are here that all the earth yields,  
Variety without end; but of the tree,  
Which, tasted, works knowledge of good and evil,  
Thou mayest not; in the day thou eatest, thou diest  
Death is the penalty imposed; beware,  
And govern well thy appetite; lest sin  
Surprise thee, and her black attendant death.

" Here finished he, and all that he had made  
Viewed, and behold all was entirely good;  
So even and morn accomplished the sixth day:  
Yet not till the Creator, from his work  
Desisting, though unwearied, up returned,  
Up to the heaven of heavens, his high abode;  
Thence to behold this new-created world,  
The addition of his empire, how it showed  
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair  
Answering his great idea. Up he rode,  
Followed with acclamation, and the sound  
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned  
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air  
Resounded (thou rememberest, for thou heardest).  
The heavens and all the constellations rung,  
The planets in their station listening stood,  
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.  
' Open, ye everlasting gates!' they sung,  
' Open, ye heavens! your living doors; let in  
The great Creator from his work returned  
Magnificent, his six days' work, a world;  
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign  
To visit oft the dwellings of just men,  
Delighted; and with frequent intercourse



Thither will send his winged messengers  
 On errands of supernal grace.' So sung  
 The glorious train ascending: he through heaven,  
 That opened wide her blazing portals, led  
 To God's eternal house direct the way;  
 A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,  
 And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear  
 Seen in the galaxy, that milky way  
 Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest  
 Powdered with stars. And now on earth the seventh  
 Evening arose in Eden, for the sun  
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,  
 Forerunning night; when at the holy mount  
 Of heaven's high-seated top, the imperial throne  
 Of Godhead fixed for ever firm and sure,  
 The Filial Power arrived, and sat him down  
 With his great Father: for he also went  
 Invisible, yet stayed (such privilege  
 Hath Omnipresence), and the work ordained,  
 Author and End of all things; and, from work  
 Now resting, blessed and hallowed the seventh day,  
 As resting on that day from all his work.  
 But not in silence holy kept: the harp  
 Had work and rested not; the solemn pipe,  
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,  
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,  
 Tempered soft tunings, intermixed with voice  
 Choral or unison: of incense clouds,  
 Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.  
 Creation and the six days' acts they sung:  
 'Great are thy works, Jehovah! infinite  
 Thy power! what thought can measure thee, or tongue  
 Relate thee? Greater now in thy return  
 Than from the giant angels: thee that day  
 Thy thunders magnified; but to create  
is greater than created to destroy.  
 Who can impair thee, Mighty King, or bound  
 Thy empire? easily the proud attempt  
 Of spirits apostate, and their counsels vain,  
 Thou hast repelled; while impiously they thought  
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks  
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves  
To manifest the more thy might: his evil  
Thou usest, and from thence createst more good

Witness this new-made world, another heaven  
From heaven-gate not far, founded in view  
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea ;  
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars  
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world  
Of destined habitation ; but thou knowest  
Their seasons : among these the seat of men,  
Earth with her nether ocean circumfused,  
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men.  
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanced !  
Created in his image there to dwell  
And worship him ; and in reward to rule  
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,  
And multiply a race of worshippers  
Holy and just ; thrice happy, if they know  
Their happiness, and persevere upright !

“ So sung they, and the empyréan rung  
With halleluiahs : thus was the sabbath kept.—  
And thy request think now fulfilled, that asked  
How first this world and face of things began.  
And what before thy memory was done  
From the beginning ; that posterity,  
Informed by thee, might know : if else thou seekest  
Aught no. surpassing human measure, say.”

## BOOK VIII.

### THE ARGUMENT

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions; is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents; and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation; his placing in Paradise; his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society; his first meeting and nuptials with Eve: his discourse with the angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

THE angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice, that he a while  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear  
Then, as new-waked, thus gratefully replied:

“ What thanks sufficient, or what recompense  
Equal, have I to render thee, divine  
Historian, who thus largely hast allayed  
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsafed  
This friendly condescension to relate  
Things else by me unsearchable; now heard  
With wonder, but delight, and as is due,  
With glory attributed to the high  
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,  
Which only thy solution can resolve.  
When I behold this goodly frame, this world,  
Of heaven and earth consisting: and compute  
Their magnitudes; this earth a spot, a grain,  
An atom, with the firmament compared  
And all her numbered stars, that seem to roll  
Spaces incomprehensible (for such  
Their distance argues, and their swift return  
Diurnal), merely to officiate light  
Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,  
One day and night; in all their vast survey  
Useless besides; reasoning, I oft admire  
How nature wise and frugal could commit  
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
So many nobler bodies to create,  
Greater so manifold, to this one use,  
For aught appears, and on their orbs impose

Such restless revolution day by day  
 Repeated ; while the sedentary earth,  
 That better might with far less compass move,  
 Served by more noble than herself, attains  
 Her end without least motion, and receives,  
 As tribute, such a sumless journey brought  
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light ;  
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails."

So spake our sire, and by his countenance seemed  
 Entering on studious thoughts abstruse ; which Eve  
 Perceiving, where she sat retired in sight,  
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,  
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
 Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,  
 To visit how they prospered, bud and bloom,  
 Her nursery ; they at her coming sprung,  
 And touched by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.  
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
 Delighted, or not capable her ear  
 Of what was high ; such pleasure she reserved,  
 Adam relating, the sole auditress :  
 Her husband the relater she preferred  
 Before the angel, and of him to ask  
 Chose rather ; he, she knew, would intermix  
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
 With conjugal caresses : from his lip  
 Not words alone pleased her. O ! when meet now  
 Such pairs in love and mutual honour joined ?  
 With goddess-like demeanour forth she went,  
 Not unattended ; for on her, as queen,  
 A pomp of winning graces waited still,  
 And from about her shot darts of desire  
 Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.

And Raphael now, to Adam's doubt proposed,  
 Benevolent and facile thus replied :

" To ask or search, I blame thee not ; for heaven  
 Is as the book of God before thee set,  
 Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn  
 His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years :  
 This to attain, whether heaven move or earth,  
 Imports not, if thou reckon right ; the rest  
 From man or angel the great Architect  
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
 His secrets to be scanned by them who ought  
 Rather admire ; or, if they list to try

Conjecture, he his fabric of the heavens  
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move  
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide  
Hereafter ; when they come to model heaven  
And calculate the stars, how they will wield  
The mighty frame ! how build, unbuild, contrive  
To save appearances ; how gird the sphere  
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,  
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb :  
Already by thy reasoning this I guess,  
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest  
That bodies bright and greater should not serve  
The less not bright, nor heaven such journeys run  
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives  
The benefit. Consider first, that great  
Or bright infers not excellence : the earth  
Though, in comparison of heaven, so small,  
Nor glistering, may of solid good contain  
More plenty than the sun that barren shines :  
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,  
But in the fruitful earth ; there first received,  
His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.  
Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries  
Officious ; but to thee earth's habitant.  
And for the heaven's wide circuit, let it speak  
The Maker's high magnificence, who built  
So spacious, and his line stretched out so far,  
That man may know he dwells not in his own ;  
An edifice too large for him to fill,  
Lodged in a small partition, and the rest  
Ordained for uses to his Lord best known.  
The swiftness of those circles attribute,  
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,  
That to corporeal substances could add  
Speed almost spiritual : me thou thinkest not slow,  
Who since the morning-hour set out from heaven  
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arrived  
In Eden ; distance inexpressible  
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,  
Admitting motion in the heavens, to show  
Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved ;  
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth,  
God, to remove his ways from human sense,  
Placed heaven from earth so far, that earthly sight,

If it presume, might err in things too high,  
And no advantage gain. What if the sun  
Be centre to the world ; and other stars,  
By his attractive virtue and their own  
Incited, dance about him various rounds ?  
Their wandering course now high, now low, then hid,  
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
In six thou seest ; and what if seventh to these  
The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,  
Insensibly three different motions move ?  
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,  
Moved contrary with thwart obliquities ;  
Or save the sun his labour, and that swift  
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,  
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel  
Of day and night ; which needs not thy belief,  
If earth, industrious of herself, fetch day  
Travelling east, and with her part averse  
From the sun's beam meet night, her other part  
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light,  
Sent from her through the wide transpicious air,  
To the terrestrial moon be as a star,  
Enlightening her by day as she by night  
This earth ? reciprocal if land be there,  
Fields and inhabitants ? her spots thou seest  
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce  
Fruits in her softened soil, for some to eat  
Allotted there ; and other suns perhaps,  
With their attendant moons, thou wilt descry,  
Communicating male and female light ;  
Which two great sexes animate the world,  
Stored in each orb perhaps with some that live :  
For such vast room in nature unpossessed  
By living soul, desert, and desolate,  
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
Each orb a glimpse of light conveyed so far  
Down to this habitable, which returns  
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
But whether thus these things, or whether not ;  
Whether the sun, predominant in heaven,  
Rise on the earth ; or earth rise on the sun ;  
He from the east his flaming road begin ;  
Or she from west her silent course advance,  
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps  
On her soft axle, while she paces even,

And bears thee soft with the smooth air along ;  
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid ;  
Leave them to God above ; him serve and fear.  
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,  
Wherever placed, let him dispose ; joy thou  
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise  
And thy fair Eve ; heaven is for thee too high  
To know what passes there ; be lowly wise :  
Think only what concerns thee, and thy being ;  
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there  
Live, in what state, condition, or degree :  
Contented that thus far hath been revealed  
Not of earth only, but of highest heaven.’  
(To whom thus Adam, cleared of doubt, replied :  
“ How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure  
Intelligence of heaven, angel serene !  
And freed from intricacies, taught to live  
The easiest way ; nor with perplexing thoughts  
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which  
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,  
And not molest us ; unless we ourselves  
Seek them with wandering thoughts, and notions vain,  
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove  
Unchecked, and of her roving is no end ;  
Till warned, or by experience taught, she learn,  
That not to know at large of things remote  
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know  
That which before us lies in daily life,  
Is the prime wisdom : what is more, is fume,  
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence ;  
And renders us, in things that most concern,  
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.  
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
Useful ; whence, haply, mention may arise  
Of something not unseasonable to ask,  
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour, deigned.  
Thee I have heard relating what was done  
Ere my remembrance (now, hear me relate  
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard ;  
And day is not yet spent ; till then thou seest  
How subtly to detain thee I devise :  
Inviting thee to hear while I relate ;  
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply ;  
For, while I sit with thee, I seem in heaven ;

And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
 Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst  
 And hunger both, from labour at the hour  
 Of sweet repast ; they sauate, and soon fill,  
 Though pleasant ; but thy words, with grace divine  
 Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety."

To whom thus Raphael answered heavenly meek :  
 " Nor are thy lips ungraceful, sire of men,  
 Nor tongue ineloquent ; for God on thee  
 Abundantly his gifts hath also poured  
 Inward and outward both, his image fair ;  
 Speaking, or mute, all comeliness and grace  
 Attends thee ; and each word, each motion, forms :  
 Nor less think we in heaven of thee on earth  
 Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire  
 Gladly into the ways of God with man :  
 For God, we see, hath honoured thee, and set  
 On man his equal love ; say therefore on ;  
 For I that day was absent, as befel,  
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
 Far on excursion toward the gates of hell ;  
 Squared in full legion (such command we had)  
 To see that none thence issued forth a spy,  
 Or enemy, while God was in his work ;  
 Lest he, incensed at such eruption bold,  
 Destruction with creation might have mixed.  
 Not that they durst without his leave attempt :  
 But us he sends upon his high behests  
 For state, as Sovereign King ; and to inure  
 Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut,  
 The dismal gates, and barricadoed strong ;  
 But long ere our approaching heard within  
 Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,  
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.  
 Glad we returned up to the coasts of light  
 Ere sabbath-evening : so we had in charge.  
 But thy relation now ; for I attend,  
 Pleased with thy words no less than thou with mine !

So spake the godlike power, and thus our sire :

" For man to tell how human life began  
 Is hard ; for who himself beginning knew ?  
 Desire with thee still longer to converse  
 Induced me. As now waked from soundest sleep,  
 Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,  
 In balmy sweat ; which with his beams the sun



Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.  
Straight toward heaven my wondering eyes I turned,  
And gazed a while the ample sky ; till raised  
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,  
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
Stood on my feet : about me round I saw  
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams ; by these  
Creatures that lived and moved, and walked or flew ;  
Birds on the branches warbling ; all things smiled ;  
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflowed.  
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb  
Surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
With supple joints, as lively vigour led :  
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
Knew not ; to speak I tried, and forthwith spake ;  
My tongue obeyed, and readily could name  
Whate'er I saw. 'Thou sun,' said I, 'fair light,  
And thou enlightened earth, so fresh and gay,  
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,  
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,  
Tell, if ye saw, how I came thus, how here ?  
Not of myself ; by some great Maker then,  
In goodness and in power pre-eminent ;  
Tell me, how I may know him, how adore,  
From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
And feel that I am happier than I know.'  
While thus I called, and strayed I knew not whither,  
From where I first drew air, and first beheld  
This happy light : when answer none returned,  
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,  
Pensive I sat me down ; there gentle sleep  
First found me, and with soft oppression seized  
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought  
I then was passing to my former state  
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve :  
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,  
Whose inward apparition gently moved  
My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
And lived : one came, methought, of shape divine,  
And said, 'Thy mansion wants thee, Adam ; rise,  
First man, of men innumerable ordained  
First father ! called by thee, I come thy guide  
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.'  
So saying, by the hand he took me raised.

And over fields and waters, as in air  
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
A woody mountain ; whose high top was plain,  
A circuit wide, inclosed with goodliest trees  
Planted with walks and bowers ; that what I saw  
Of earth before scarce pleasant seemed. Each tree,  
Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to the eye  
Tempting, stirred in me sudden appetite  
To pluck and eat ; whereat I waked, and found  
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream  
Had lively shadowed : here had new begun  
My wandering, had not He, who was my guide  
Up hither, from among the trees appeared,  
Presence Divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,  
In adoration at his feet I fell  
Submiss ; he reared me, and, ' Whom thou soughtest I am  
Said mildly, ' Author of all this thou seest  
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.  
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine  
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat :  
Of every tree that in the garden grows  
Eat freely with glad heart ; fear here no dearth :  
But of the tree whose operation brings  
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set  
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,  
Amid the garden by the tree of life,  
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,  
And shun the bitter consequence : for know,  
The day thou eatest thereof, my sole command  
Transgressed, inevitably thou shalt die,  
From that day mortal ; and this happy state  
Shalt lose, expelled from hence into a world  
Of woe and sorrow.' Sternly he pronounced  
The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice  
Not to incur ; but soon his clear aspect  
Returned, and gracious purpose thus renewed :  
' Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth  
To thee and to thy race I give ; as lords  
Possess it, and all things that therein live,  
Or live in sea, or air ; beast, fish, and fowl.  
In sign whereof, each bird and beast behold  
After their kinds ; I bring them to receive  
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty  
With low subjection ; understand the same

Of fish within their wat'ry residence,  
 Not hither summoned, since they cannot change  
 Their element, to draw the thinner air.'  
 As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold  
 Approaching two and two; these cowering low  
 With blandishment; each bird stooped on his wing.  
 I named them, as they passed, and understood  
 Their nature, with such knowledge God endued  
 My sudden apprehension (but in these  
 I found not what methought I wanted still:  
 And to the heavenly vision thus presumed:

“ O, by what name, for thou above all these,  
 Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,  
 Surpassest far my naming; how may I  
 Adore thee, Author of this universe,  
 And all this good to man? for whose well-being  
 So amply, and with hands so liberal,  
 Thou hast provided all things: but with me  
 I see not who partakes. In solitude

What happiness? who can enjoy alone,  
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?’

Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,  
 As with a smile more brightened, thus replied:

“ What callest thou solitude? Is not the earth  
 With various living creatures, and the air  
 Replenished, and all these at thy command  
 To come and play before thee? Knowest thou not  
 Their language and their ways? They also know,  
 And reason not contemptibly: with these  
 Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.’  
 So spake the Universal Lord, and seemed  
 So ordering: I, with leave of speech implored,  
 And humble deprecation, thus replied:

“ Let not my words offend thee, heavenly power,  
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.  
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
And these inferior far beneath me set?  
Among unequals what society  
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?  
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due  
 Given and received; but, in disparity,  
 The one intense, the other still remiss,  
 Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove  
 Tedious alike: of fellowship I speak  
 Such as I seek, fit to participate

All rational delight ; wherein the brute  
 Cannot be human consort : they rejoice  
 Each with their kind, lion with lioness :  
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined :  
 Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,  
 So well converse, nor with the ox the ape ;  
 Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.'

" Whereto the Almighty answered, not displeas'd  
 ' A nice and subtle happiness, I see,  
 Thou to thyself propos'est, in the choice  
 Of thy associates, Adam ! and wilt taste  
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.  
 What thinkest thou then of me, and this my state ?  
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd  
 Of happiness, or not ? who am alone  
 From all eternity ; for none I know  
 Second to me or like, equal much less.

How have I then with whom to hold converse,  
 Save with the creatures which I made, and those  
 To me inferior, infinite descents  
 Beneath what other creatures are to thee ?'

" He ceased ; I lowly answer'd : ' To attain  
 The height and depth of thy eternal ways  
 All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things !  
 Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee  
 Is no deficiency found : not so is man,  
 But in degree ; the cause of his desire  
 By conversation with his like to help,  
 Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
 Shouldst propagate, already infinite ;  
 And through all numbers absolute, though one :  
 But man by number is to manifest  
 His single imperfection, and beget  
 Like of his like, his image multiplied.  
 In unity defective ; which requires  
 Collateral love, and dearest amity.  
 Thou in thy secrecy although alone.  
 Best with thyself accompanied, seekest not  
 Social communication ; yet so pleas'd  
 Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt  
 Of union or communion. deified :  
 I, by conversing, cannot these erect  
 From prone ; nor in their ways complacence find.'  
 Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom us'd  
 Permissive, and acceptance found ; which gain'd

This answer from the gracious voice divine :

“ Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased ;  
 And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,  
 Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself ;  
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
 My image, not imparted to the brute :  
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee  
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike ;  
 And be so minded still : I, ere thou spakest,  
 Knew it not good for man to be alone ;  
 And no such company as then thou sawest  
 Intended thee ; for trial only brought,  
 To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet :  
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assured,  
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,  
 Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.’

“ He ended, or I heard no more ; for now  
 My earthly by his heavenly overpowered,  
 Which it had long stood under, strained to the height  
 In that celestial colloquy sublime,  
 As with an object that excels the sense  
 Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair  
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, called  
 By nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes.  
 Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell  
 Of fancy, my internal sight ; by which,  
 Abstract as in a trance, methought I saw,  
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood :  
 Who stooping opened my left side, and took  
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
 And life-blood streaming fresh : wide was the wound,  
 But suddenly with flesh filled up and healed :  
 The rib he formed and fashioned with his hands :  
 Under his forming hands a creature grew,  
 Man-like, but different sex ; so lovely fair,  
 That what seemed fair in all the world, seemed now  
 Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained  
 And in her looks ; which from that time infused  
 Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,  
 And into all things from her air inspired  
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
 She disappeared, and left me dark ; I waked  
 To find her, or for ever to deplore  
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure :

*Woman hated M.  
is speaking*

When out of hope, behold her, not far off,  
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorned  
 With all that earth or heaven could bestow  
 To make her amiable ; on she came,  
 Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,  
 And guided by his voice ; nor uninformed  
 Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites :  
 Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,  
 In every gesture dignity and love.  
 I, overjoyed, could not forbear aloud :

“ ‘ This turn hath made amends ; thou hast fulfilled  
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,  
 Giver of all things fair ! but fairest this  
 Of all thy gifts ! nor enviest. I now see  
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself  
 Before me : Woman is her name ; of man  
 Extracted : for this cause he shall forego  
 Father and mother, and to his wife adhere ;  
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.’

“ She heard me thus ; and though divinely brought,  
 Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,  
 Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,  
 That would be wooed, and not unsought be won,  
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but, retired,  
 The more desirable ; or, to say all,  
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,  
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turned :  
 I followed her ; she what was honour knew,  
 And with obsequious majesty approved  
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower  
 I led her blushing like the morn : (all heaven,  
 And happy constellations, on that hour  
 Shed their selectest influence ; the earth  
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill ;  
 Joyous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs  
 Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings  
 Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,  
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night  
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening-star  
 On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.

“ Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought  
 My story to the sum of earthly bliss,  
 Which I enjoy ; and must confess to find  
 In all things else delight indeed, but such  
 As, used or not, works in the mind no change,

Nor vehement desire ; these delicacies  
 I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,  
 Walks, and the melody of birds : but here  
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,  
 Transported touch ; here passion first I felt,  
 Commotion strange ! in all enjoyments else  
 Superior and unmoved ; here only weak  
Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.  
 Or nature failed in me, and left some part  
 Not proof enough such object to sustain ;  
 Or, from my side subducting, took perhaps  
 More than enough ; at least on her bestowed  
 Too much of ornament, in outward show  
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.  
 For well I understand in the prime end  
 Of nature her the inferior, in the mind  
 And inward faculties, which most excel ;  
 In outward also her resembling less  
 His image who made both, and less expressing  
 The character of that dominion given  
 O'er other creatures (yet when I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
 And in herself complete, so well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say  
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discretetest, best :  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
 Degraded ; wisdom in discourse with her  
 Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows ;  
 Authority and reason on her wait,  
 As one intended first, not after made  
 Occasionally ; and, to consummate all,  
 Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat  
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
 About her, as a guard angelic placed."

To whom the angel with contracted brow :  
 " Accuse not nature, she hath done her part ;  
 Do thou but thine ; and be not diffident  
 Of wisdom ; she deserts thee not if thou  
 Dismiss not her, when most thou needest her nigh  
 By attributing overmuch to things  
 Less excellent, as thou thyself perceivest.  
 For, what admirest thou, what transports thee so ?  
 An outside ? fair, no doubt, and worthy well  
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love ;  
 Not thy subjection : weigh with her thyself ;

Then value : oft-times nothing profits more  
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right  
 Well managed ; of that skill the more thou knowest,  
 The more she will acknowledge thee her head,  
 And to realities yield all her shows :  
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
 So awful, that with honour thou mayest love  
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.  
 But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind  
 Is propagated, seem such dear delight  
 Beyond all other ; think the same vouchsafed  
 To cattle and each beast ; which would not be  
 To them made common and divulged, if aught  
 Therein enjoyed were worthy to subdue  
 The soul of man, or passion in him move.  
 (What higher in her society thou findest  
 Attractive, human, rational, love still ;  
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not,  
 Wherein true love consists not : love refines  
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges ; hath his seat  
 In reason ; and is judicious : is the scale  
 By which to heavenly love thou mayst ascend,  
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure ; for which cause  
 Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.)  
 To whom thus, half abashed, Adam replied :  
 " Neither her outside formed so fair, nor aught  
 In procreation common to all kinds  
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far,  
 And with mysterious reverence I deem),  
 (So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
 From all her words, and actions mixed with love  
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeigned  
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul ;  
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair  
 More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.  
 Yet these subject not ; I to thee disclose  
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foiled,  
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense  
 Variously representing ; yet, still free,  
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.  
 To love, thou blamest me not ; for love, thou sayest,  
 Leads up to heaven, is both the way and guide ;  
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask :  
 Love not the heavenly spirits, and how their love



Express they? by looks only? or do they mix  
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?"

To whom the angel, with a smile that glowed  
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,  
Answered; "Let it suffice thee that thou knowest  
Us happy, and without love no happiness.  
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoyest  
(And pure thou wert created), we enjoy  
In eminence; and obstacle find none  
Of membrane, joint or limb, exclusive bars,  
Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,  
Total they mix, union of pure with pure  
Desiring; nor restrained conveyance need,  
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.  
But I can now no more; the parting sun  
Beyond the earth's green cape and verdant isles  
Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.  
Be strong, live happy, and love! but first of all  
Him, whom to love is to obey, and keep  
His great command; take heed lest passion sway  
Thy judgment to do aught which else free will  
Would not admit: thine, and of all thy sons,  
The weal or woe in thee is placed; beware!  
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,  
And all the blest: stand fast; to stand or fall  
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.  
Perfect within, no outward aid require;  
And all temptation to transgress repel."

So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus  
Followed with benediction. "Since to part,  
Go, heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,  
Sent from whose sovereign goodness I adore!  
Gentle to me and affable hath been  
Thy condescension, and shall be honoured ever  
With grateful memory: thou to mankind  
Be good and friendly still, and oft return!"

So parted they, the angel up to heaven  
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.



## BOOK IX.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Satan having encompassed the earth, with meditated guile returns, as a mist, by night into Paradise; enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alleging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her found alone: Eve, loth to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields: the serpent finds her alone: his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking; with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech, and such understanding, not till now the serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he had attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: the serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments, induces her at length to eat; she, pleased with the taste, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at last brings him of the fruit; relates what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through vehemence of love, to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of talk where God or angel guest  
With man, as with his friend, familiar used  
To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast; permitting him the while  
Venial discourse unblamed. I now must change  
Those notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach  
Disloyal on the part of man, revolt  
And disobedience: on the part of heaven  
Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given, 16  
That brought into this world a world of woe,  
Sin and her shadow death, and misery  
Death's harbinger: sad task, yet argument  
Not less but more heroic than the wrath  
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued  
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage  
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused;  
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long  
Perplexed the Greek, and Cytherea's son;  
If answerable style I can obtain  
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns 20

Her nightly visitation unimplored,  
 And dictates to me slumbering ; or inspires  
 Easy my unpremeditated verse :  
Since first this subject for heroic song  
Pleased me long choosing, and beginning late ;  
 Not sedulous by nature to indite  
 Wars, hitherto the only argument  
 Heroic deemed ; chief mastery to dissect  
 With long and tedious havoc fabled knights. 50  
 In battles feigned ; the better fortitude  
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom  
 Unsung ; or to describe races and games,  
 Or tilting furniture, imblazoned shields,  
 Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds,  
 Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights  
 At joust and tournament ; then marshalled fears  
 Served up in hall with sewers and seneschals ;  
 The skill of artifice or office mean,  
 Not that which justly gives heroic name 40  
 To person or to poem. Me, of these  
Nor skilled, nor studious, higher argument  
Remains ; sufficient of itself to raise  
That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing  
Depressed ; and much they may, if all be mine,  
Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.

The sun was sunk, and after him the star  
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring 50  
 Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter  
 'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end  
 Night's hemisphere had veiled the horizon round ;  
 When Satan, who late fled before the threats  
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved  
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent  
 On man's destruction, maugre what might hap  
 Of heavier on himself, fearless returned.  
 By night he fled, and at midnight returned  
 From compassing the earth ; cautious of day,  
 Since Uriel, regent of the sun, descried  
 His entrance, and forewarned the cherubim  
 That kept their watch ; thence full of anguish driven.  
 The space of seven continued nights he rode  
 With darkness : thrice the equinoctial line  
 He circled : four times crossed the car of night  
 From pole to pole traversing each colure ;

*Evaluation*

On the eighth returned ; and on the coast averse  
 From entrance or cherubic watch, by stealth  
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place,  
 Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change, 10  
 Where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise,  
 Into a gulf shot under ground, till part  
 Rose up a fountain by the tree of life :  
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose,  
 Satan, involved in rising mist ; then sought  
 Where to lie hid ; sea he had searched, and land  
 From Eden over Pontus and the pool  
 Mœotis, up beyond the river Ob ; 80  
 Downward as far antarctic : and in length  
 West from Orontes to the ocean barred  
 At Darien ; thence to the land where flows  
 Ganges and Indus ; thus the orb he roamed  
 With narrow search ; and with inspection deep  
 Considered every creature, which of all  
 Most opportune might serve his wiles ; and found  
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.  
 Him after long debate, irresolute  
 Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose 90  
 Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom  
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide  
 From sharpest sight : for, in the wily snake  
 Whatever sleights, none would suspicious mark,  
 As from his wit and native subtlety  
 Proceeding ; which, in other beasts observed,  
 Doubt might beget of diabolic power  
 Active within, beyond the sense of brute.  
 Thus he resolved, but first from inward grief  
 His bursting passion into plaints thus poured : 100  
 “ O earth, how like to heaven, if not preferred  
More justly, seat worthier of gods, as built  
With second thoughts, reforming what was old !  
For what god, after better, worse would build ?  
 Terrestrial heaven, danced round by other heavens  
 That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,  
 Light above light, for thee alone as seems,  
 In thee concentrating all their precious beams  
 Of sacred influence ! As God in heaven  
 Is centre, yet extends to all ; so thou, 110  
 Centring, receivest from all these orbs : in thee,  
 Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears  
 Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth

Of creatures animate with gradual life  
 Of growth, sense, reason, all summed up in man.  
 With what delight could I have walked thee round,  
 If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange  
 Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,  
 Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crowned,  
 Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of these 120  
Find place or refuge; and the more I see  
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel  
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege  
Of contraries: all good to me becomes  
Bane, and in heaven much worse would be my state.  
 But neither here seek I, no, nor in heaven  
 To dwell unless by mastering heaven's Supreme;  
 Nor hope to be myself less miserable  
By what I seek, but others to make such  
As I, though thereby worse to me redound: 130  
For only in destroying I find ease  
To my relentless thoughts; and, him destroyed,  
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
 Follow, as to him linked in weal or woe;  
 In woe then, that destruction wide may range:  
 To me shall be the glory scle among  
 The infernal powers, in one day to have marred  
 What he, Almighty styled, six nights and days  
 Continued making; and who knows how long 140  
 Before had been contriving? though perhaps  
 Not longer than since I, in one night, freed  
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half  
 The angelic name, and thinner left the throng  
 Of his adorers: he, to be avenged,  
 And to repair his numbers thus impaired,  
 Whether such virtue spent of old now failed  
 More angels to create, if they at least  
 Are his created, or, to spite us more,  
 Determined to advance into our room 150  
 A creature formed of earth, and him endow,  
 Exalted from so base original,  
 With heavenly spoils, our spoils: what he decreed,  
 He effected; man he made, and for him built  
 Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,  
 Him lord pronounced; and, O indignity!  
 Subjected to his service angel-wings,  
 And flaming ministers to watch and tend

Their earthly charge : of these the vigilance  
 I dread ; and, to elude, thus wrapt in mist 140  
 Of midnight vapour glide obscure, and pry  
 In every bush and brake, where hap may find  
 The serpent sleeping ; in whose mazy folds  
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.

O foul descent ! that I, who erst contended  
With gods to sit the highest, am now constrained  
 Into a beast ; and mixed with bestial slime,  
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
 That to the height of deity aspired !

But what will not ambition and revenge 170  
 Descend to ? Who aspires, must down as low  
As high he soared ; obnoxious, first or last,  
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils :

Let it ; I reckon not, so it light well aimed,  
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
 Provokes my envy, this new favourite  
 Of heaven, this man of clay, son of despite,  
 Whom, us the more to spite, his Maker raised  
From dust : spite then with spite is best repaid." 180

So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,  
 Like a black mist low-creeping, he held on  
 His midnight search, where soonest he might find  
 The serpent : him fast sleeping soon he found  
 In labyrinth of many a round self-rolled,  
 His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles :  
 Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,  
 Nor recent yet ; but, on the grassy herb,  
 Fearless unfeared he slept : in at his mouth  
The devil entered ; and his brutal sense, 190  
In heart or head, possessing, soon inspired  
With act intelligential ; but his sleep -  
Disturbed not, waiting close the approach of morn.

Now, when as sacred light began to dawn  
 In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed  
 Their morning incense, when all things that breathe,  
 From the earth's great altar send up silent praise  
 To the Creator, and his nostrils fill  
 With grateful smell, forth came the human pair  
 And joined their vocal worship to the choir 200  
 Of creatures wanting voice ; that done, partake  
 The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs :  
 Then commune, how that day they best may ply

Their growing work : for much their work outgrew  
 The hands' despatch of two gardening so wide.  
 And Eve first to her husband thus began :

“ Adam, well may we labour still to dress  
 This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,  
 Our pleasant task enjoined ;” but till more hands

Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
 Luxurious by restraint ; what we by day  
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,  
 One night or two with wanton growth derides  
 Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,

Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present :

Let us divide our labours : thou, where choice  
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind

The woodbine round this arbour, or direct  
 The clasping ivy where to climb ; while I,  
 In yonder spring of roses intermixed

With myrtle, find what to redress till noon :

For, while so near each other thus all day

Our task we choose, what wonder if so near

Looks intervene and smiles, or object new

Casual discourse draw on ; which intermits

Our day's work, brought to little, though begun

Early, and the hour of supper comes unearned ?”

To whom mild answer Adam thus returned :

“ Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond

Compare above all living creatures dear !

Well hast thou motioned, well thy thoughts employed,

How we might best fulfil the work which here

God hath assigned us ; nor of me shalt pass

Unpraised : for nothing lovelier can be found

In woman, than to study household good,

And good works in her husband to promote.

Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed

Labour, as to debar us when we need

Refreshment, whether food or talk between,

Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse

Of looks and smiles ; for smiles from reason flow,

To brute denied, and are of love the food ;

Love, not the lowest end of human life.

For not to irksome toil, but to delight,

He made us, and delight to reason joined.

These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands

Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide

As we need walk, till younger hands ere long

Assist us : but if much converse perhaps  
 Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield: 260  
 For solitude sometimes is best society,  
 And short retirement urges sweet return.

But other doubt possesses me ; lest harm  
 Befall thee severed from me ; for thou knowest  
 What hath been warned us, what malicious foe  
 Envyng our happiness, and of his own  
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame  
 By sly assault ; and somewhere nigh at hand  
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
 His wish and best advantage, us asunder ; 270  
 Hopeless to circumvent us joined, where each  
 To other speedy aid might lend at need :  
 Whether his first design be to withdraw  
 Our fealty from God, or to disturb  
 Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss  
 Enjoyed by us excites his envy more :  
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
 That gave thee being, still shades thee, and protects.  
 The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
 Safest and seemliest by her husband stays, 280  
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures."

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,  
 As one who loves and some unkindness meets.  
 With sweet austere composure thus replied :

" Offspring of heaven and earth, and all earths' lord !  
 That such an enemy we have, who seeks  
 Our ruin, both by thee informed I learn,  
 And from the parting angel overheard  
 As in a shady nook I stood behind,  
 Just then returned at shut of evening flowers. 290

But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt  
 To God or thee, because we have a foe  
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
 His violence thou fearest not, being such  
 As we, not capable of death or pain,  
 Can either not receive, or can repel.  
 His fraud is then thy fear ; which plain infers,  
 Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love  
 Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced :  
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast, 300  
 Adam, mis-thought of her to thee so dear ?"

To whom with healing words Adam replied :  
 " Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve !



For such thou art; from sin and blame entire :  
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade  
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
 The attempt itself, intended by our foe.

For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses  
The tempted with dishonour foul; supposed  
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof 310

Against temptation: thou thyself with scorn  
 And anger wouldst resent the offered wrong,  
 Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,  
 If such affront I labour to avert

From thee alone, which on us both at once  
 The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare ;  
 Or daring, first on me the assault shall light.  
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn :  
 Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce  
 Angels; nor think superfluous others' aid. 320

I, from the influence of thy looks, receive  
 Access in every virtue; in thy sight  
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were  
 Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,  
 Shame to be overcome or over-reached,  
 Would utmost vigour raise, and raised unite.  
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
 When I am present, and thy trial choose  
 With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?"

So spake domestic Adam in his care 330  
 And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought  
 Less attributed to her faith sincere,  
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renewed:

"If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
In narrow circuit straitened by a foe,  
Subtle or violent, we not endued  
Single with like defence, wherever met;

How are we happy, still in fear of harm ?  
But harm precedes not sin: only our foe,  
Tempting, affronts us with his foul esteem 340  
Of our integrity; his foul esteem

Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns  
 Foul on himself; then wherefore shunned or feared  
 By us? who rather double honour gain  
 From his surmise proved false, find peace within,  
 Favour from heaven, our witness, from the event.

And what is faith, love, virtue, unassayed  
Alone, without exterior help sustained ?

*Acasagitea*

Let us not then suspect our happy state  
 Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,  
 As not secure to single or combined.  
 Frail is our happiness if this be so ;  
 And Eden were no Eden thus exposed."

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To whom thus Adam fervently replied :  
 " O woman, best are all things as the will  
 Of God ordained them ; his creating hand  
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left  
 Of all that he created, much less man,  
 Or aught that might his happy state secure,  
 Secure from outward force ; within himself  
The danger lies, yet lies within his power :  
Against his will he can receive no harm.  
But God left free the will ; for what obeys  
Reason, is free ; and reason he made right,  
But bid her well beware, and still erect ;  
Lest, by some fair-appearing good surprised,  
She dictate false ; and misinform the will  
To do what God expressly hath forbid.

360

Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins,  
 That I should mind thee oft ; and mind thou me.  
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve ;

370

Since reason not impossibly may meet  
 Some specious object by the foe suborned,  
 And fall into deception unaware,  
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warned.  
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid  
Were better, and most likely if from me  
Thou sever not ; trial will come unsought.

Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve  
 First thy obedience ; the other who can know,  
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest ?

380

But, if thou think, trial unsought may find  
 Us both securer than thus warned thou seemest,  
Go ; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more ;

Go in thy native innocence, rely

On what thou hast of virtue ; summon all !

For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine."

So spake the patriarch of mankind ; but Eve  
 Persisted : yet submiss, though last, replied :

" With thy permission then, and thus forwarned  
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
 Touch only ; that our trial, when least sought,  
 May find us both perhaps far less prepared ;

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The willinger I go, nor much expect  
 A foe so proud will first the weaker seek :  
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse."  
 Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand  
 Soft she withdrew, and like a wood-nymph light,  
 Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,  
 Betook her to the groves ; but Delia's self  
 In gait surpassed, and goddess-like deport, 400  
 Though not as she with bow and quiver armed,  
 But with such gardening-tools as art yet rude,  
 Guiltless of fire, had formed, or angels brought.  
 To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorned,  
 Likest she seemed, Pomona when she fled  
 Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,  
 Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.  
 Her, long with ardent look his eye pursued  
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay. 410  
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
 Repeated : she to him as oft engaged  
 To be returned by noon amid the bower,  
 And all things in best order to invite  
 Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.  
 O much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,  
 Of thy presumed return ! event perverse !  
 Thou never from that hour in Paradise  
 Foundest either sweet repast, or sound repose ;  
 Such ambush, hid among sweet flowers' and shades, 420  
 Waited with hellish rancour imminent  
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back  
 Despoiled of innocence, of faith, of bliss !  
 For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,  
 Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come ;  
 And on his quest, where likeliest he might find  
 The only two of mankind, but in them  
 The whole included race, his purposed prey.  
 In bower and field he sought where any tuft  
 Of grove or garden plot more pleasant lay, 430  
 Their tendance, or plantation for delight ;  
 By fountain or by shady rivulet  
 He sought them both, but wished his hap might find  
 Eve separate ; he wished, but not with hope  
 Of what so seldom chanced ; when to his wish,  
 Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,  
 Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,  
 Half spied, so thick the roses blushing round

About her glowed, oft stooping to support  
 Each flower of tender stalk, whose head, though gay 440  
 Carnation, purple, azure, or specked with gold,  
 Hung drooping unsustained; them she upstays  
 Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while  
 Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,  
 From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.  
 Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed  
 Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm;  
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen,  
 Among thick-woven arborets, and flowers  
 Imbordered on each bank, the hand of Eve: 450  
 Spot more delicious than those gardens feigned  
 Or of revived Adonis, or renowned  
 Alcinoüs, host of old Laërtes' son;  
 Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king  
 Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.  
 Much he the place admired, the person more.  
 As one who long in populous city pent,  
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe  
 Among the pleasant villages and farms 460  
 Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight  
 The smell of grain, or teded grass, or kine,  
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;  
 If chance, with nymph-like step, fair virgin pass,  
 What pleasing seemed, for her now pleases more;  
 She most, and in her look sums all delight:  
 Such pleasure took the serpent to behold  
 This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve  
 Thus early, thus alone: her heavenly form  
Angelic, but more soft, and feminine, 470  
Her graceful innocence, her every air  
Of gesture, or least action, overawed  
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved  
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:  
That space the evil one abstracted stood  
From his own evil, and for the time remained  
Stupidly good; of enmity disarmed,  
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.  
 But the hot hell that always in him burns 480  
 Though in mid heaven, soon ended his delight,  
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
 Of pleasure, not for him ordained: then soon  
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts

Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites :

“ Thoughts, whither have ye led me? with what sweet  
Compulsion thus transported, to forget  
What hither brought us? hate, not love; nor hope  
Of Paradise for hell, hope here to taste  
Of pleasure; but all pleasure to destroy, 290  
Save what is in destroying; other joy  
To me is lost. Then, let me not let pass  
Occasion which now smiles; behold alone  
The woman, opportune to all attempts,  
Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,  
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb  
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould;  
Foe not formidable! exempt from wound,  
I not; so much hath hell debased, and pain 500  
Enfeebled me, to what I was in heaven.  
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods!  
Not terrible, though terror be in love  
And beauty, not approached by stronger hate,  
Hate stronger, under show of love well feigned;  
The way which to her ruin now I tend.”

So spake the enemy of mankind inclosed  
In serpent, inmate bad! and toward Eve  
Addressed his way: not with indented wave, 710  
Prone on the ground, as since; but on his rear.  
Circular base of rising folds, towerèd  
Fold above fold, a surging maze! his head  
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;  
With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect  
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass  
Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape  
And lovely: never since of serpent kind  
Lovelier, not those that in Illyria changed 520  
Hermione and Cadmus, or the god  
In Epidaurus; nor to which transformed  
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen;  
He with Olympias; this with her who bore  
Scipio, the height of Rome. With tract oblique  
At first, as one who sought access, but feared  
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.  
As when a ship, by skilful steersman wrought  
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind  
Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail;  
So varied he, and of his tortuous train

Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,  
 To lure her eye ; she, busied, heard the sound  
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used  
 To such disport before her through the field,  
 From every beast ; more duteous at her call,  
 Than at Circean call the herd disguised.  
 He, bolder now, uncalled before her stood,  
 But as in gaze admiring : oft he bowed  
 His turret crest, and sleek enamelled neck, 570  
 Fawning ; and licked the ground whereon she trod.  
 His gentle dumb expression turned at length  
 The eye of Eve, to mark his play ; he, glad  
 Of her attention gained, with serpent-tongue  
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air,  
 His fraudulent temptation thus began :

" Wonder not, sovereign mistress, if perhaps  
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder ! much less arm  
 Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,  
 Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze 550  
 Insatiate ; I thus single ; nor have feared  
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.

Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,  
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore  
 With ravishment beheld ! there best beheld,  
 Where universally admired ; but here  
 In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,  
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except, 560

Who sees thee ? (and what is one ?) who should be seen  
A goddess among gods, adored and served  
By angels, numberless, thy daily train."

So glozed the tempter, and his proem tuned :  
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way,  
 Though at the voice much marvelling ; at length,  
 Not unamazed, she thus in answer spake :

" What may this mean ? language of man pronounced  
 By tongue of brute, and human sense expressed ?  
 The first, at least, of these I thought denied 570  
 To beasts ; whom God, on their creation-day,  
 Created mute to all articulate sound :  
 The latter I demur ; for in their looks  
 Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.  
 Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field  
 I knew, but not with human voice endued ;

Redouble then this miracle, and say,  
 How camest thou speakable of mute, and how  
 To me so friendly grown above the rest  
 Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight? — 580  
 Say, for such wonder claims attention due."

To whom the guileful tempter thus replied:  
 "Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve!  
 Easy to me it is to tell thee all  
 What thou commandest; and right thou shouldst be obeyed  
 I was at first as other beasts that graze  
 The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,  
 As was my food; nor aught but food discerned  
 Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:  
 Till, on a day roving the field, I chanced 590  
 A goodly tree far distant to behold  
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixed,  
 Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze:  
 When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,  
 Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense  
 Then smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats  
 Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,  
 Unsucked of lamb or kid, that tend their play.  
 To satisfy the sharp desire I had  
 Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved 600  
 Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,  
 Powerful persuaders, quickened at the scent  
 Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.  
 About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;  
 For, high from ground, the branches would require  
 Thy utmost reach or Adam's: round the tree  
 All other beasts that saw, with like desire  
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.  
 Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung  
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill 610  
 I spared not; for, such pleasure till that hour,  
 At feed or fountain, never had I found.  
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceive  
 Strange alteration in me, to degree  
 Of reason in my inward powers; and speech  
 Wanted not long; though to this shape retained  
 Thenceforth to speculations high or deep  
 I turned my thoughts, and with capacious mind  
 Considered all things visible in heaven,  
 Or earth, or middle; all things fair and good; 620  
 But all that fair and good in thy divine

Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray  
 United I beheld ; no fair to thine  
 Equivalent or second ! which compelled  
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come  
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declared  
 Sovereign of creatures, universal dame !"

So talked the spirited sly snake : and Eve,  
 Yet more amazed, unwary thus replied :

" Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt 630  
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first proved :  
 But say, where grows the tree ? from hence how far  
 For many are the trees of God that grow  
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown  
 To us : in such abundance lies our choice,  
 As leaves a greater store of fruit untouched,  
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men  
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands  
 Help to disburden nature of her birth."

To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad : 640  
 " Empress, the way is ready, and not long ;  
 Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,  
 Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past  
 Of blowing myrrh and balm : if thou accept  
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon."

" Lead then," said Eve. He, leading, swiftly rolled  
 In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,  
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy  
 Brightens his crest. As when a wandering fire,  
 Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night 650  
 Condenses, and the cold environs round,  
 Kindled through agitation to a flame,  
 Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,  
 Hovering and blazing with delusive light,  
 Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from his way  
 To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool ;  
 There swallowed up and lost, from succour far :  
 So glistered the dire snake, and into fraud  
 Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree 660  
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe ;  
 Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake :

" Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither.  
 Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,  
 The credit of whose virtue rest with thee ;  
 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.  
 But of this tree we may not taste nor touch



God so commanded, and left that command  
Sole daughter of his voice : the rest, we live  
Law to ourselves ; our reason is our law." 670

To whom the tempter guilefully replied :  
" Indeed ! hath God then said that of the fruit  
Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,  
Yet lords declared of all in earth or air ?"

To whom thus Eve, yet sinless : " Of the fruit  
Of each tree in the garden we may eat ;  
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst  
The garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat  
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die."

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold  
The tempter, but with show of zeal and love  
To man, and indignation at his wrong,  
New part puts on ; and as to passion moved,  
Fluctuates disturbed, yet comely and in act  
Raised, as of some great matter to begin.

As when of old some orator renowned,  
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence  
Flourished, since mute to some great cause addressed,  
Stood in himself collected ; while each part,  
Motion, each art, won audience ere the tongue ;  
Sometimes in height began, as no delay  
Of preface brooking, through his zeal of right :  
So standing, moving, or to height up-grown,  
The tempter, all impassioned, thus began :

" O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,  
Mother of science ! now I feel thy power  
Within me clear ; not only to discern  
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways  
Of highest agents, deemed however wise.  
Queen of this universe ! do not believe  
Those rigid threats of death : ye shall not die ;  
How should you ? by the fruit ? it gives you life  
To knowledge ; by the threatener ? look on me,  
Me, who have touched and tasted ; yet both lives  
And life more perfect have attained than fate  
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.  
Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast  
Is open ? or will God incense his ire  
For such a petty trespass ? and not praise  
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain  
Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,  
Deterred not from achieving what might lead

To happier life, knowledge of good and evil ;  
 Of good, how just ? of evil, if what is evil  
Be real, why not known, since easier shunned ?  
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just ;  
 Not just, not God ; not feared then, nor obeyed  
 Your fear itself of death removes the fear.  
 Why then was this forbid ? Why, but to awe ?  
 Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
 His worshippers ? He knows that in the day  
 Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,  
 Yet are but dim, shall presently be then  
 Opened and cleared, and ye shall be as gods,  
Knowing both good and evil, as they know.  
 That ye shall be as gods, since I as man,  
 Internal man, is but proportion meet ;  
 I, of brute, human ; ye, of human, gods.  
 So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off  
 Human, to put on gods ; death to be wished,  
 Though threatened, which no worse than this can bring,  
 And what are gods, that man may not become  
 As they, participating god-like food ?  
 The gods are first, and that advantage use  
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds :  
 I question it ; for this fair earth I see,  
Warmed by the sun, producing every kind ;  
Them, nothing : if they all things, who inclosed  
 Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,  
 That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains  
 Wisdom without their leave ? and wherein lies  
 The offence, that man should thus attain to know ?  
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree  
 Impart against his will, if all be his ?  
 Or is it envy ? and can envy dwell  
 In heavenly breasts ? These, these, and many more  
 Causes import your need of this fair fruit.  
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste."  
 He ended ; and his words, replete with guile,  
 Into her heart too easy entrance won :  
 Fixed on the fruit she gazed, which to behold  
 Might tempt alone ; and in her ears the sound  
 Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd  
 With reason, to her seeming, and with truth :  
 Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked  
 An eager appetite, raised by the smell  
 So savoury of that fruit, which with desire

Inclined now grown to touch or taste,  
 Solicited her longing eye ; yet first  
 Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused :  
 " Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,  
 Though kept from man, and worthy to be admired ;  
 Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay,  
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
 The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise.  
 Thy praise he also, who forbids thy use,  
 Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree  
 Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil  
 Forbids us then to taste ! but his forbidding  
 Commends thee more, while it infers the good  
 By thee communicated, and our want :  
 For good unknown sure is not had ; or, had .  
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
 In plain then, what forbids he but to know,  
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise ?  
 Such prohibitions bind not. But, if death  
 Binds us with after-bands, what profits then.  
 Our inward freedom ? In the day we eat  
 Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die !  
 How dies the serpent ? he hath eaten and lives,  
 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,  
 Irrational till then. For us alone  
 Was death invented ? or to us denied  
 This intellectual food, for beasts reserved ?  
 For beasts it seems : yet that one beast which first  
 Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy  
 The good befallen him, author unsuspect,  
 Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.  
 What fear I then ? rather, what know to fear  
 Under this ignorance of good or evil,  
 Of God or death, of law or penalty ?  
 Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,  
 Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,  
 Of virtue to make wise : what hinders then  
 To reach, and feed at once both body and mind ?'  
 So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
 Forth reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she ate '  
Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat,  
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,  
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk  
 The guilty serpent ; and well might ; for Eve,  
 Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else

Regarded ; such delight till then, as seemed,  
 In fruit she never tasted, whether true  
 Or fancied so, through expectation high  
 Of knowledge ; ~~nor was godhead from her thought.~~  
 Greedily she engorged without restraint,  
 And knew not eating death : satiate at length,  
 And heightened as with wine, jocund and boon,  
 Thus to herself she pleasingly began :  
 " O sovereign, virtuous, precious of all trees  
 In Paradise ! of operation blest  
 To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,  
 And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end  
 Created ; but henceforth my early care,  
 Not without song, each morning, and due praise  
 Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease  
 Of thy full branches offered free to all ;  
 Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature  
 In knowledge, as the gods, who all things know  
 Though others envy what they cannot give :  
 For, had the gift been theirs, it had not here  
 Thus grown. Experience, next, to thee I owe,  
 Best guide : not following thee, I had remained  
 In ignorance ; thou openest wisdom's way,  
 And givest access, though secret she retire.  
 And I perhaps am secret : heaven is high,  
 High, and remote to see from thence distinct  
 Each thing on earth ; and other care perhaps  
 May have diverted from continual watch  
 Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies  
 About him. But to Adam in what sort  
 Shall I appear ? shall I to him make known  
 As yet my change, and give him to partake  
 Full happiness with me ; or rather not,  
 But keep the odds of knowledge in my power  
 Without copartner ? so to add what wants  
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,  
 And render me more equal ; and perhaps,  
 A thing not undesirable, sometime  
 Superior ; for, inferior, who is free ?  
 This may be well : but what if God have seen  
 And death ensue ? then I shall be no more !  
 And Adam, wedded to another Eve,  
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct ;  
 A death to think ! Confirmed then I resolve  
 Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe :

Regard - positive before - x  
 ←

evil beyond  
 develop  
 selfishness

Jealousy

So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
I could endure, without him live no life."

So saying, from the tree her step she turned  
But first low reverence done, as to the Power  
That dwelt within, whose presence had infused  
Into the plant scintial sap, derived  
From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while  
Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
Of choicest flowers a garland, to adorn  
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown ;  
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.  
Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new  
Solace in her return, so long delayed :  
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,  
Mishap'd him ; he the faltering measure felt ;  
And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
That morn when first they parted : by the tree  
Of knowledge he must pass ; there he her met,  
Scarce from the tree returning ; in her hand  
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,  
New gathered, and ambrosial smell diffused.  
To him she hasted ; in her face excuse  
Came prologue, and apology too prompt ;  
Which, with bland words at will, she thus addressed :

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" Hast thou not wondered, Adam, at my stay ?  
Thee I have missed, and thought it long, deprived  
Thy presence ; agony of love till now  
Not felt, nor shall be twice ; for never more  
Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,  
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange  
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear :  
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree  
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
Opening the way, but of divine effect  
To open eyes, and make them gods who taste ;  
And hath been tasted such : the serpent wise,  
Or not restrained as we, or not obeying,  
Hath eaten of the fruit ; and is become,  
Not dead, as we are threatened, but thenceforth  
Endued with human voice and human sense  
Reasoning to admiration ; and with me  
Persuasively hath so prevailed, that I  
Have also tasted, and have also found  
The effects to correspond : opener mine eyes  
Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,

And growing up to godhead ; which for thee  
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.  
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss ;  
 Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious soon.  
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot  
 May join us, equal joy, as equal love ;  
 Lest, thou not tasting, different degree  
 Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce  
 Deity for thee, when fate will not permit."

Thus Eve with countenance blithe her story told  
 But in her cheek distemper flushing glowed.  
 On the other side, Adam, soon as he heard  
 The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,  
 Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill  
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relaxed ;  
 From his slack hand the garland wreathed for Eve  
 Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed ;  
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length  
 First to himself he inward silence broke :

" O fairest of creation, last and best 895  
 Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled  
 Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,  
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !  
 How art thou lost ! how on a sudden lost,  
 Defaced, deflowered, and now to death devote !  
 Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress  
 The strict forbiddance, but violate  
 The sacred fruit forbidden ? / Some cursed fraud  
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,  
And me with thee hath ruined ; for with thee  
\* Certain my resolution is to die :  
\* How can I live without thee ? how forego  
\* Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly joined,  
\* To live again in these wild woods forlorn ?  
\* Should God create another Eve, and I  
\* Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
\* Would never from my heart : no, no ! I feel  
\* The link of nature draw me ; flesh of flesh,  
\* Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state  
\* Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."

So having said, as one from sad dismay  
 Recomforted, and after thoughts disturbed  
 Submitting to what seemed remediless,  
 Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turned :

" Bold deed thou hast presumed, adventurous Eve,

And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared,  
 Had it been only coveting to eye  
 That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,  
 Much more to taste it under ban to touch.  
 But past who can recall, or done undo?  
 Not God omnipotent, nor fate; yet so  
 Perhaps ~~thou shalt not die~~, perhaps the fact  
 Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,  
 Profaned first by the serpent, by him first  
 Made common, and unhallowed, ere our taste:  
 Nor yet on him found deadly; he yet lives;  
 Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live, as man,  
 Higher degree of life: inducement strong  
 To us, as likely tasting to attain  
 Proportional ascent; which cannot be  
 But to be gods, or angels, demi-gods.  
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,  
 Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy  
 Us his prime creatures, dignified so high,  
 Set over all his works; which in our fall,  
 For us created, needs with us must fail,  
 Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,  
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose;  
 Not well conceived of God, who, though his power  
 Creation could repeat, yet would be loth  
 Us to abolish, lest the adversary  
 Triumph, and say: 'Fickle their state whom God  
 Most favours; who can please him long? Me first  
 He ruined, now mankind; whom will he next  
 Matter of scorn, not to be given the foe.  
 However, I with thee have fixed my lot,  
 Certain to undergo like doom: if death  
 Consort with thee, death is to me as life;  
 So forcible within my heart I feel  
 The bond of nature draw me to my own;  
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;  
 Our state cannot be severed; we are one,  
 One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.'  
 So Adam; and thus Eve to him replied:  
 "O glorious trial of exceeding love,  
 Illustrious evidence, example high!  
 Engaging me to emulate; but, short  
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,  
 Adam? from whose dear side I boast me sprung,  
 And gladly of our union hear thee speak,

One heart, one soul in both ; whereof good proof  
 This day affords, declaring thee resolved,  
 Rather than death, or aught than death more dread,  
 Shall separate us, linked in love so dear,  
 To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,  
 If any be, of tasting this fair fruit ;  
 Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,  
 Direct, or by occasion) hath presented  
 This happy trial of thy love, which else  
 So eminently never had been known.  
 Were it I thought death menaced would ensue  
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
 The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die  
 Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact  
 Pernicious to thy peace ; chiefly, assured  
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
 So faithful, love unequalled : but I feel  
 Far otherwise the event ; not death, but life  
 Augmented, opened eyes, new hopes, new joys,  
 Taste so divine, that what of sweet before  
 Hath touched my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh  
 On my experience, Adam, freely taste,  
 And fear of death deliver to the winds."

So saying, she embraced him, and for joy  
 Tenderly wept ; much won, that he his love  
 Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur  
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.  
 In recompense (for such compliance had  
 Such recompense best merits), from the bough  
 She gave him of that fair enticing fruit  
 With liberal hand : he scrupled not to eat,  
 Against his better knowledge ; not deceived,  
 But fondly overcome with female charm.  
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
 In pangs ; and nature gave a second groan ;  
 Sky loured ; and, muttering thunder, some sad drops  
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin  
 Original : while Adam took no thought,  
 Eating his fill ; nor Eve to iterate  
 Her former trespass feared, the more to sooth  
 Him with her loved society ; that now,  
 As with new wine intoxicated both,  
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel  
 Divinity within them breeding wings,  
 Wherewith to scorn the earth : but that false fruit

August



Far other operation first displayed,  
 Carnal desire inflaming; he on Eve  
 Began to cast lascivious eyes; she him  
 As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn:  
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move:

“Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
 And elegant, of sapience no small part;  
 Since to each meaning savour we apply,  
 And palate call judicious; I the praise  
 Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purveyed.  
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstained  
 From this delightful fruit, nor know till now  
 True relish, tasting, if such pleasure be  
 In things to us forbidden, it might be wished,  
 For this one tree had been forbidden ten.  
 But come, so well refreshed, now let us play,  
 As meet is, after such delicious fare;  
 For never did thy beauty, since the day  
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorned  
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
 With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now  
 Than ever; bounty of this virtuous tree!”

So said he, and forebore not glance or toy  
 Of amorous intent; well understood  
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.  
 Her hand he seized; and to a shady bank,  
 Thick over-head with verdant roof imbowered,  
 He led her nothing loth; flowers were the couch,  
 Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,  
 And hyacinths; earth's freshest softest lap.  
 There they their fill of love and love's disport  
 Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,  
 The solace of their sin: till dewy sleep  
 Oppressed them, wearied with their amorous play  
 Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,  
 That with exhilarating vapour bland  
 About their spirits had played, and inmost powers  
 Made err, was now exhaled; and grosser sleep,  
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams  
 Encumbered, now had left them; up they rose  
 As from unrest; and, each the other viewing,  
 Soon found their eyes how opened, and their minds  
 How darkened; innocence, that as a veil  
Had shadowed them from knowing ill, was gone;  
 Just confidence, and native righteousness,

And honour, from about them, naked left  
 To guilty shame; he covered, but his robe  
 Uncovered more. So rose the Danite strong,  
 Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap  
 Of Philistean Dalilah, and waked  
 Shorn of his strength; they destitute and bare  
Of all their virtue: - silent, and in face  
Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute:  
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abashed,  
 At length gave utterance to these words constrained:

“O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear  
 To that false worm, of whomsoever taught  
 To counterfeit man's voice; true in our fall,  
 False in our promised rising; since our eyes  
Opened we find indeed, and find we know  
Both good and evil; good lost, and evil got;  
 Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know;  
 Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,  
 Of innocence, of faith, of purity,  
 Our wonted ornaments now soiled and stained,  
 And in our faces evident the signs  
 Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;  
 Even shame, the last of evils; of the first  
 Be sure then. How shall I behold the face  
 Henceforth of God or angel, erst with joy  
 And rapture so oft beheld? Those heavenly shapes  
 Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze  
 Insufferably bright. O! might I here  
 In solitude live savage; in some glade  
Obscured where highest woods, impenetrable  
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad  
And brown as evening: cover me, ye pines!  
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs  
Hide me, where I may never see them more!  
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
 What best may for the present serve to hide  
 The parts of each from other, that seem most  
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen;  
 Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sewed  
 And girded on our loins, may cover round  
 Those middle parts; that this new-comer, shame,  
 There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.”

So counselled he, and both together went  
 Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose  
 'The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renowned.

*Remasse*

But such as at this day, to Indians known,  
 In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms  
 Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow  
 About the mother-tree, a pillared shade  
 High over-arched, and echoing walks between :  
 There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,  
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds  
 At loopholes cut through thickest shade : those leaves  
 They gathered, broad as Amazonian targe ;  
 And, with what skill they had, together sewed,  
 To gird their waist ; vain covering, if to hide  
 Their guilt and dreaded shame ! O, how unlike  
 To that first naked glory ! Such of late  
 Columbus found the American, so girt  
 With feathered cincture ; naked else, and wild  
 Among the trees on isles and woody shores.  
 Thus fenced, and, as they thought, their shame in part  
 Covered, but not at rest or ease of mind,  
 They sat them down to weep ; nor only tears  
 Rained at their eyes, but high winds worse within  
 Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,  
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord ; and shook sore  
 Their inward state of mind, calm region once  
 And full of peace, now tost and turbulent :  
 For understanding ruled not, and the will  
Heard not her lore ; both in subjection now  
To sensual appetite, who from beneath  
Usurping over sovereign reason claimed  
 Superior sway : from thus distempered breast,  
 Adam, estranged in look and altered style,  
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renewed :

" Would thou hadst hearkened to my words, and staid  
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange  
 Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,  
 I know not whence possessed thee ; we had then  
 Remained still happy : not as now, despoiled  
 Of all our good ; shamed, naked, miserable !  
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve  
 The faith they owe ; when earnestly they seek  
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail."

To whom, soon moved with touch of blame, thus Eve :  
 " What words have passed thy lips, Adam severe !  
 Imputest thou that to my default, or will  
 Of wandering, as thou callest it, which who knows

Reason over passion

But might as ill have happened, thou being by,  
 Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there,  
 Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have discerned  
 Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake :  
 No ground of enmity between us known,  
 Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm  
 Was I to have never parted from thy side ?  
 As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.  
 Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,  
 Command me absolutely not to go,  
 Going into such danger, as thou saidest ?  
 Too facile then, thou didst not much gainsay ;  
 Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
 Hadst thou been firm and fixed in thy dissent,  
 Neither had I transgressed, nor thou with me .

To whom then first incensed, Adam replied :  
 " Is this the love, is this the recompense  
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve ! expressed  
 Immutable, when thou wert lost, not I ;  
 Who might have lived, and joyed immortal bliss.  
 Yet willingly chose rather death with thee ?  
 And am I now upbraided as the cause  
 Of thy transgressing ? Not enough severe,  
 It seems, in thy restraint : what could I more ?  
 I warned thee, I admonished thee, foretold  
 The danger, and the lurking enemy  
 That lay in wait ; beyond this, had been force  
 And force upon free-will hath here no place.  
 But confidence then bore thee on ; secure  
 Either to meet no danger, or to find  
 Matter of glorious trial ; and perhaps  
 I also erred, in overmuch admiring  
 What seemed in thee so perfect, that I thought  
 No evil durst attempt thee ; but I rue  
 That error now, which is become my crime,  
 And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall  
Him who, to worth in woman overtrusting,  
 Lets her will rule : restraint she will not brook ;  
 And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,  
 She first his weak indulgence will accuse."

Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
 The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning ;  
 And of their vain contest appeared no end.

## BOOK X.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known, the guardian-angels forsake Paradise, and return up to heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved; God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors; who descends and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both and reascends. Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of man: to make the way easier from hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then preparing for earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself also suddenly into serpents according to his doom given in Paradise; then deluded with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they, greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present, commands his angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolment of Eve: she persists, and at length appeases him: then to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not; but, conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the serpent; and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication

MEANWHILE the heinous and spiteful act  
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how  
He, in the serpent, had perverted Eve,  
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,  
Was known in heaven; for what can 'scape the eye  
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart  
Omniscient? who, in all things wise and just,  
Hindered not Satan to attempt the mind  
Of man, with strength entire, and free-will armed  
Complete to have discovered and repulsed  
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.  
For still they knew, and ought to have still remembered,

The high injunction, not to taste that fruit,  
 Whoever tempted ; which they not obeying,  
 Incurred (what could they less ?) the penalty ;  
 And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall.  
 Up into heaven from Paradise in haste  
 The angelic guards ascended, mute and sad,  
 For man ; for of his state by this they knew,  
 Much wondering how the subtle fiend had stolen  
 Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news  
 From earth arrived at heaven-gate, displeased  
 All were who heard ; dim sadness did not spare  
 That time celestial visages, yet, mixed  
 With pity, violated not their bliss.

About the new-arrived in multitudes  
 The ethereal people ran, to hear and know  
 How all befel : they towards the throne supreme  
 Accountable, made haste, to make appear,  
 With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,  
 And easily approved ; when the Most High  
 Eternal Father, from his secret cloud  
 Amidst, in thunder uttered thus his voice :

“ Assembled angels, and ye powers returned  
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismayed,  
 Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,  
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent ;  
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
 When first this tempter crossed the gulf from hell  
 I told ye then he should prevail, and speed  
 On his bad errand ; man should be seduced,  
 And flattered out of all, believing lies  
 Against his Maker ; no decree of mine  
Concurring to necessitate his fall,  
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse  
His free-will, to her own inclining left  
 In even scale. But fallen he is ; and now  
 What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass  
 On his transgression, death denounced that day ?  
 Which he presumes already vain and void,  
 Because not yet inflicted, as he feared,  
 By some immediate stroke ; but soon shall find  
 Forbearance no acquittance, ere day end.  
 Justice shall not return as bounty scorned.  
 But whom send I to judge them ? whom but thee  
 Vicegerent Son ? To thee I have transferred  
 All judgment, whether in heaven, or earth, or hell.

Easy it may be seen that I intend  
 Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee  
 Man's friend, his Mediator, his designed  
 Both ransom and Redeemer voluntary,  
 And destined man himself to judge man fallen.'

So spake the Father; and unfolding bright  
 Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son  
 Blazed forth unclouded deity: he full  
 Resplendent all his Father manifest  
 Expressed, and thus divinely answered mild:

"Father Eternal, thine is to decree;  
 Mine, both in heaven and earth, to do thy will  
 Supreme; that thou in me, thy Son beloved,  
 Mayst ever rest well pleased. I go to judge  
 On earth these thy transgressors; but thou knowest.  
 Whoever judged, the worst on me must light.  
 When time shall be; for so I undertook  
 Before thee; and, not repenting, this obtain  
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom  
 On me derived; yet I shall temper so  
 Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most  
 Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.  
 Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none  
 Are to behold the judgment, but the judged,  
 Those two; the third best absent is condemned,  
 Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:  
 Conviction to the serpent none belongs."

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose  
 Of high collateral glory. Him thrones, and powers  
 Princedoms, and dominations ministrant,  
 Accompanied to heaven-gate; from whence  
 Eden, and all the coast, in prospect lay.  
 Down he descended straight; the speed of gods  
 Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes winged  
 Now was the sun in western cadence low  
 From noon, and gentle airs, due at their hour,  
 To fan the earth now waked, and usher in  
 The evening cool; when he, from wrath more cool,  
 Came the mild judge, and intercessor both,  
 To sentence man: the voice of God they heard  
 Now walking in the garden, by soft winds  
 Brought to their ears, while day declined; they heard,  
 And from his presence hid themselves among  
 The thickest trees, both man and wife; till God  
 Approaching, thus to Adam called aloud:

“ Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet  
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,  
 Not pleased, thus entertained with solitude,  
 Where obvious duty ere while appeared unsought:  
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what change  
 Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth!”

He came; and with him Eve, more loth, though first  
 To offend; discountenanced both, and diseomposed;  
 Love was not in their looks, either to God,  
 Or to each other; but apparent guilt,  
 And shame, and perturbation, and despair:  
 Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.  
 Whence Adam faltering long, thus answered brief:

“ I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice  
 Afraid, being naked, hid myself.” To whom  
 The gracious Judge without revile replied:

“ My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not feared,  
 But still rejoiced; how is it now become  
 So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked, who  
 Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree,  
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?”

To whom thus Adam sore beset replied:  
 “ O heaven! in evil strait this day I stand  
 Before my Judge; either to undergo  
 Myself the total crime, or to accuse  
 My other self, the partner of my life;  
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,  
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame  
 By my complaint: but strict necessity  
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint;  
 Lest on my head both sin and punishment,  
 However insupportable, be all  
 Devolved; though, should I hold my peace, yet thou  
 Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.  
 This woman, whom thou madest to be my help,  
 And gavest me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
 So fit, so acceptable, so divine,  
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill,  
 And what she did, whatever in itself,  
 Her doing seemed to justify the deed,  
 She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.”

To whom the sovereign Presence thus replied:  
 “ Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey  
 Before his voice? or was she made thy guide,  
 Superior, or but equal, that to her



Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place  
 Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,  
 And for thee, whose perfection far excelled  
 Hers in all real dignity? Adorned  
 She was indeed, and lovely, to attract  
 Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts  
 Were such, as under government well seemed;  
 Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part  
 And person, hadst thou known thyself aright."

So having said, he thus to Eve in few:

"Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?"

To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelmed,  
 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge  
 Bold or loquacious, thus abashed replied:  
 "The serpent me beguiled, and I did eat."

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
 To judgment he proceeded on the accused  
 Serpent, though brute; unable to transfer  
 The guilt on him who made him instrument  
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
 Of his creation: justly then accursed  
 As vitiated in nature: more to know  
 Concerned not man (since he no further knew),  
 Nor altered his offence; yet God at last  
 To Satan first in sin his doom applied,  
 Though in mysterious terms, judged as then best:  
 And on the serpent thus his curse let fall:

"Because thou hast done this, thou art accursed  
 Above all cattle, each beast of the field:  
 Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,  
 And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.  
 Between thee and the woman I will put  
 Enmity, and between thine and her seed;  
 Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this oracle, then verified  
 When Jesus, Son of Mary, second Eve,  
 Saw Satan fall, like lightning, down from heaven,  
 Prince of the air: then, rising from his grave,  
 Spoiled principalities and powers, triumphed  
 In open show; and with ascension bright,  
 Captivity led captive through the air,  
 The realm itself of Satan, long usurped:  
 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet:  
 Even he, who now foretold his fatal bruise:  
 And to the woman thus his sentence turned:

“ Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply  
By thy conception ; children thou shalt bring  
In sorrow forth ; and to thy husband's will  
Thine shall submit ; he over thee shall rule.”

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounced  
“ Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife,  
And eaten of the tree concerning which  
I charged thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof:  
Cursed is the ground for thy sake : thou in sorrow  
Shalt eat thereof, all the days of thy life ;  
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth  
Unbid ; and thou shalt eat of the herb of the field ;  
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,  
Till thou return unto the ground ; for thou  
Out of the ground was taken ; know thy birth,  
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.”

So judged he man, both Judge and Saviour sent ;  
And the instant stroke of death, denounced that day,  
Removed far off ; then, pitying how they stood  
Before him naked to the air, that now  
Must suffer change, disdained not to begin  
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume ;  
As when he washed his servants' feet ; so now  
As Father of his family, he clad  
Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,  
Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid :  
And thought not much to clothe his enemies ;  
Nor he their outward only with the skins  
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more  
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness,  
Arraying, covered from his Father's sight.  
To him with swift ascent he up returned  
Into his blissful bosom reassumed,  
In glory, as of old ; to him appeased,  
All, though all-knowing, what had passed with man  
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile, ere thus was sinned and judged on earth,  
Within the gates of hell sat Sin and Death,  
In counterview within the gates, that now  
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame  
Far into Chaos, since the fiend passed through,  
Sin opening ; who thus now to Death began :

“ Oh, son, why sit we here each other viewing  
Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives  
In other worlds, and happier seat provides

For us, his offspring dear ? It cannot be  
But that success attends him ; if mishap,  
Ere this he had returned, with fury driven  
By his avengers, since no place like this  
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.  
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,  
Wings growing, and dominion given me large,  
Beyond this deep ; whatever draws me on,  
Or sympathy, or some connatural force,  
Powerful at greatest distance to unite  
With secret amity things of like kind,  
By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade  
Inseparable, must with me along :  
For Death from Sin no power can separate.  
But, lest the difficulty of passing back  
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf  
Impassable, impervious ; let us try  
Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine  
Not unagreeable, to found a path  
Over this main from hell to that new world,  
Where Satan now prevails : a monument  
Of merit high to all the infernal host,  
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,  
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.  
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn  
By this new-felt attraction and instinct."

Whom thus the meagre shadow answered soon :  
" Go, whither fate, and inclination strong,  
Leads thee ; I shall not lag behind, nor err  
The way, thou leading ; such a scent I draw  
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste  
The savour of death from all things there that live,  
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest  
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid."

So saying, with delight he snuffed the smell  
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock  
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,  
Against the day of battle, to a field,  
Where armies lie encamped, come flying lured  
With scent of living carcasses designed  
For death, the following day, in bloody fight :  
So scented the grim feature, and upturned  
His nostril wide into the murky air ;  
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.  
Then both from out hell-gates, into the waste

Wide anarchy of chaos, damp and dark,  
Flew diverse : and with power (their power was great)  
Hovering upon the waters, what they met  
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea  
Tost up and down, together crowded drove,  
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of hell  
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse  
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive  
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagined way  
Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich  
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil  
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,  
As with a trident smote, and fixed as firm  
As Delos, floating once : the rest his look  
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move ;  
And with asphaltic slime broad as the gate,  
Deep to the roots of hell the gathered beach  
They fastened, and the mole immense wrought on  
Over the foaming deep, high-arched, a bridge  
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall  
Immoveable of this now fenceless world,  
Forfeit to death ; from hence a passage broad,  
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to hell.  
So, if great things to small may be compared,  
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,  
From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,  
Came to the sea ; and, over Hellespont  
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia joined,  
And scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves.  
Now had they brought the work by wondrous art  
Pontifical, a bridge of pendant rock,  
Over the vexed abyss, following the track  
Of Satan to the self-same place where he  
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe  
From out of chaos, to the outside bare  
Of this round world : with pins of adamant  
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made  
And durable ! And now in little space  
The confines met of empyréan heaven,  
And of this world ; and on the left hand, hell  
With long reach interposed ; three several ways  
In sight, to each of these three places led.  
And now their way to earth they had descried,  
To Paradise first tending : when, behold !  
Satan, in likeness of an angel bright,

Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering  
His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose :  
Disguised he came ; but those his children dear  
Their parent soon discerned, though in disguise.  
He, after Eve seduced, unminded slunk  
Into the wood fast by ; and changing shape,  
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act  
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded  
Upon her husband ; saw their shame that sought  
Vain covertures ; but when he saw descend  
The Son of God to judge them, terrified  
He fled : not hoping to escape, but shun  
The present ; fearing, guilty, what his wrath  
Might suddenly inflict ; that past, returned  
By night, and listening where the hapless pair  
Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,  
Thence gathered his own doom ; which understood,  
Not instant, but of future time, with joy  
And tidings fraught, to hell he now returned ;  
And at the brink of chaos, near the foot  
Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhopèd  
Met, who to meet him came, his offspring dear.  
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight  
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increased.  
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair  
Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke :

“ O parent, these are thy magnific deeds,  
Thy trophies ! which thou viewest as not thine own ;  
Thou art their author and prime architect :  
For I no sooner in my heart divined  
(My heart, which by a secret harmony  
Still moves with thine, joined in connection sweet)  
That thou on earth hadst prospered, which thy look  
Now also evidence, but straight I felt,  
Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt  
That I must after thee, with this thy son :  
Such fatal consequence unites us three.  
Hell could no longer hold us in our bounds,  
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure  
Detain from following thy illustrious track :  
Thou hast achieved our liberty, confined  
Within hell-gates till now : thou us empowered  
To fortify this far, and overlay,  
With this portentous bridge, the dark abyss.  
Thine now is all this world ; thy virtue hath won

What thy hands builded not ; thy wisdom gained  
 With odds what war hath lost, and fully avenged  
 Our foil in heaven ; here thou shalt monarch reign,  
 There didst not ; there let him still victor sway,  
 As battle hath adjudged ; from this new world  
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated ;  
 And henceforth monarchy with thee divide  
 Of all things, parted by the empyreal bounds,  
 His quadrature, from thy orbicular world ;  
 Or try the now more dangerous to his throne."

Whom thus the prince of darkness answered glad :  
 " Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both ;  
 High proof ye now have given to the race  
 Of Satan (for I glory in the name,  
 Antagonist of heaven's Almighty King),  
 Amply have merited of me, of all  
 The infernal empire, that so near heaven's door  
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met,  
 Mine, with this glorious work : and made one realm,  
 Hell and this world, one realm, one continent  
 Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore, while I  
 Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,  
 To my associate powers, them to acquaint  
 With these successes, and with them rejoice ;  
 You two this way, among these numerous orbs,  
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend ;  
 There dwell, and reign in bliss ; thence on the earth  
 Dominion exercise and in the air,  
 Chiefly on man, sole lord of all declared ;  
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.  
 My substitutes I send ye, and create  
 Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might  
 Issuing from me : on your joint vigour now  
 My hold of this new kingdom all depends,  
 Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit.  
 If your joint power prevail, the affairs of hell  
 No detriment need fear : go, and be strong."

So saying, he dismissed them ; they with speed  
 Their course through thickest constellations held,  
 Spreading their bane : the blasted stars looked wan,  
 And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse  
 Then suffered. The other way Satan went down  
 The causey to hell-gate : on either side  
 Disparted chaos overbuilt exclaimed,  
 And with rebounding surge the bars assailed,

That scorned his indignation : through the gate,  
Wide open and unguarded, Satan passed,  
And all about found desolate ; for those,  
Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,  
Flown to the upper world ; the rest were all  
Far to the inland retired, about the walls  
Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat  
Of Lucifer ; so by allusion called  
Of that bright star to Satan paragoned :  
There kept their watch the legions, while the grand  
In council sat, solicitous what chance  
Might intercept their emperor sent ; so he  
Departing gave command, and they observed.  
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,  
By Astracan, over the snowy plains,  
Retires ; or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns  
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond  
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat  
To Taurus or Casbeen : so these, the late  
Heaven-banished host, left desert utmost hell  
Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch  
Round their metropolis ; and now expecting  
Each hour their great adventurer, from the search  
Of foreign worlds : he through the midst unmarked,  
In show plebeian angel militant  
Of lowest order, passed ; and from the door  
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible  
Ascended his high throne ; which, under state  
Of richest texture spread, at the upper end  
Was placed in regal lustre. Down a while  
He sat, and round about him saw, unseen ;  
At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head  
And shape star-bright appeared, or brighter ; clad  
With what permissive glory since his fall  
Was left him, or false glitter : all amazed  
At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng  
Bent their aspéct, and whom they wished beheld,  
Their mighty chief returned : loud was the acclaim :  
Forth rushed in haste the great consulting peers,  
Raised from their dark divan, and with like joy  
Congratulant approached him ; who with hand  
Silence, and with these words attention, won :  
“ Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,  
For in possession such, not only of right,  
I call ye, and declare ye now ; returned

Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth  
 Triumphant out of this infernal pit  
 Abominable, accursed, the house of woe,  
 And dungeon of our tyrant: now possess,  
 As lords, a spacious world, to our native heaven  
 Little inferior, by my adventure hard  
 With peril great achieved. Long were to tell  
 What I have done, what suffered; with what pain  
 Voyaged the unreal, vast, unbounded deep  
 Of horrible confusion; over which  
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved,  
 To expedite your glorious march; but I  
 Toiled out my uncouth passage, force to ride  
 The untractable abyss, plunged in the womb  
 Of unoriginal night and chaos wild;  
 That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely opposed  
 My journey strange, with clamorous uproar  
 Protesting fate supreme; thence how I found  
 The new-created world, which fame in heaven  
 Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful  
 Of absolute perfection! therein man  
 Placed in a Paradise, by our exile  
 Made happy: him by fraud I have seduced  
 From his Creator; and, the more to increase  
 Your wonder, with an apple; he, thereat  
 Offended, worth your laughter! hath given up  
 Both his beloved man and all his world,  
 To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,  
 Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,  
 To range in, and to dwell, and over man  
 To rule, as over all he should have ruled.  
 True is, me also he hath judged, or rather  
 Me not, but the brute serpent in whose shape  
 Man I deceived: that which to me belongs  
 Is enmity, which he will put between  
 Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;  
 His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:  
 A world who would not purchase with a bruise,  
 Or much more grievous pain? Ye have the account  
 Of my performance: what remains, ye gods,  
 But up, and enter now into full bliss?"

So having said, a while he stood, expecting  
 Their universal shout, and high applause,  
 To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears  
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues,



A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
 Of public scorn ; he wondered, but not long  
 Had leisure, wondering at himself now more ;  
 His visage drawn he felt too sharp and spare ;  
 His arms clung to his ribs ; his legs entwining  
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell  
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,  
 Reluctant, but in vain ; a greater Power  
 Now ruled him, punished in the shape he sinned,  
 According to his doom. He would have spoke,  
 But hiss for hiss returned with forked tongue  
 To forked tongue ; for now were all transformed  
 Alike, to serpents all, as accessories  
 To his bold riot : dreadful was the din  
 Of hissing through the hall, thick-swarmed now  
 With complicated monsters head and tail,  
 Scorpion and asp, and amphibæna dire,  
 Cerastes horned, hydrus, and elops drear,  
 And dipsas (not so thick swarmed once the soil  
 Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle  
 Ophiusa) ; but still greatest he the midst,  
 Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun  
 Ingendered in the Pythian vale or slime,  
 Huge Python, and his power no less he seemed  
 Above the rest still to retain. They all  
 Him followed, issuing forth to the open field,  
 Where all yet left of that revolted rout,  
 Heaven-fallen, in station stood or just array ;  
 Sublime with expectation when to see  
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief.  
 They saw, but other sight instead ! a crowd  
 Of ugly serpents ; horror on them fell,  
 And horrid sympathy ; for, what they saw,  
 They felt themselves, now changing ; down their arms,  
 Down fell the spear and shield ; down they as fast ;  
 And the dire hiss renewed, and the dire form  
 Caught by contagion ; like in punishment,  
 As in their crime. Thus was the applause they meant  
 Turned to exploding hiss, triumph to shame  
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood  
 A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change  
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
 Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that  
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eye  
 Used by the tempter : on that prospect strange

Their earnest eyes they fixed, imagining  
 For one forbidden tree a multitude  
 Now risen, to work them further woe or shame ;  
 Yet, parched with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,  
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain ;  
 But on they rolled in heaps, and, up the trees  
 Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks  
 That curled Megæra. Greedily they plucked  
 The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew  
 Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed ;  
 This more delusive, not the touch but taste  
 Deceived ; they fondly thinking to allay  
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit  
 Chewed bitter ashes, which the offended taste  
 With spattering noise rejected : oft they assayed,  
 Hunger and thirst constraining ; drugged as oft,  
 With hatefulest disrelish writhed their jaws,  
 With soot and cinders filled ; so oft they fell  
 Into the same allusion, not as man  
 Whom they triumphed once lapsed. Thus were they plagued  
 And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,  
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resumed ;  
 Yearly enjoined, some say, to undergo  
 This annual humbling certain numbered days,  
 To dash their pride, and joy, for man seduced.  
 However, some tradition they dispersed  
 Among the heathen of their purchase got ;  
 And fabled how the serpent, whom they called  
 Ophion, with Eurynome, the wide-  
 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule  
 Of high Olympus ; thence by Saturn driven  
 And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

Meanwhile in Paradise the hellish pair  
 Too soon arrived ; Sin, there in power before,  
 Once actual ; now in body, and to dwell  
 Habitual habitant ; behind her Death,  
 Close following, pace for pace, not mounted yet  
 On his pale horse : to whom Sin thus began :  
 " Second of Satan sprung, all-conquering Death !  
 What thinkest thou of our empire now, though earned  
 With travel difficult, not better far  
 Than still at hell's dark threshold to have sat watch,  
 Unnamed, undreaded, and thyself half-starved ? "

Whom thus the sin-born monster answered soon :  
 " To me, who with eternal famine pine,

Alike is hell, or Paradise, or heaven ;  
 There best, where most with ravine I may meet :  
 Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems  
 To stuff this maw, this vast un-hidebound corpse."

To whom the incestuous mother thus replied :  
 "Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers,  
 Feed first ; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl ;  
 No homely morsels : and whatever thing  
 The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspared ;  
 Till I, in man residing, through the race,  
 His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect ;  
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey."

This said, they both betook them several ways,  
 Both to destroy, or unimmortal make  
 All kinds, and for destruction to mature  
 Sooner or later : which the Almighty seeing,  
 From his transcendent seat the saints among,  
 To those bright orders uttered thus his voice :

" See, with what heat these dogs of hell advance  
 To waste and havoc yonder world, which I  
 So fair and good created ; and had still  
 Kept in that state, had not the folly of man  
 Let in these wasteful furies, who impute  
 Folly to me ; so doth the prince of hell  
 And his adherents, that with so much ease  
 I suffer them to enter and possess  
 A place so heavenly : and, conniving, seem  
 To gratify my scornful enemies,  
 That laugh, as if, transported with some fit  
 Of passion, I to them had quitted all,  
 At random yielded up to their misrule ;  
 And know not that I called, and drew them thither,  
 My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth  
 Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed  
 On what was pure ; till crammed and gorged, nigh burst,  
 With sucked and glutted offal, at one sling  
 Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,  
 Both Sin, and Death, and yawning grave, at last,  
 Through chaos hurled, obstruct the mouth of hell  
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.  
 Then heaven and earth renewed shall be made pure  
 To sanctity, that shall receive no stain :  
 Till then, the curse pronounced on both precedes."

He ended, and the heavenly audience loud  
 Sung halleluiah, as the sound of seas.

Through multitude that sung : " Just are thy ways,  
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works :  
Who can extenuate thee ? Next, to the Son,  
Destined Restorer of mankind, by whom  
New heaven and earth shall to the ages rise,  
Or down from heaven descend." Such was their song ;  
While the Creator calling forth by name  
His mighty angels, gave them several charge,  
As sorted best with present things. The sun  
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,  
As might affect the earth with cold and heat  
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call  
Decrepit winter ; from the south to bring  
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blank moon  
Her office they prescribed ; to the other five  
Their planetary motions, and aspects,  
In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite,  
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join  
In synod unbenign ; and taught the fixed  
Their influence malignant when to shower,  
Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,  
Should prove tempestuous : to the winds they set  
Their corners, when with bluster to confound  
Sea, air, and shore ; the thunder when to roll  
With terror through the dark aerial hall.  
Some say he bid his angels turn askance  
The poles of earth, twice ten degrees and more  
From the sun's axle ; they with labour pushed  
Oblique the centric globe : some say, the sun  
Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road  
Like-distant breadth to Taurus with the seven  
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,  
Up to the tropic Crab : thence down amain  
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,  
As deep as Capricorn ; to bring in change  
Of seasons to each clime ; else had the spring  
Perpetual smiled on earth with verdant flowers,  
Equal in days and nights, except to those  
Beyond the polar circles ; to them day  
Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun,  
To recompense his distance, in their sight  
Had rounded still the horizon, and not known  
Or east or west ; which had forbid the snow  
From cold Estotiland, and south as far  
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit

The sun, as from Thyéstean banquet, turned  
 His course intended ; else, how had the world  
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now,  
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat ?  
 These changes in the heavens, though slow, produced  
 Like change on sea and land ; sideral blast,  
 Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,  
 Corrupt and pestilent : now, from the north  
 Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,  
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, armed with ice,  
 And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,  
 Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,  
 And Thrascias, rend the woods, and seas upturn ;  
 With adverse blast upturns them from the south  
 Notus, and Afer black with thunderous clouds  
 From Serrationa ; thwart of these, as fierce,  
 Forth rush the Lévant and the Ponent winds,  
 Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,  
 Sirocco and Libeccio. Thus began  
 Outrage from lifeless things ; but Discord first,  
 Daughter of Sin, among the irrational  
 Death introduced, through fierce antipathy :  
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,  
 And fish with fish : to graze the herb all leaving,  
 Devoured each other ; nor stood much in awe  
 Of man, but fled him : or, with countenance grim  
 Glared on him passing. These were from without  
 The growing miseries, which Adam saw  
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade  
 To sorrow abandoned, but worse felt within ;  
 And, in a troubled sea of passion tost,  
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint :  
 “ O miserable of happy ! — Is this the end —  
 Of this new glorious world, and me so late  
 The glory of that glory, who now become  
 Accursed, of blessed ? hide me from the face  
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height  
 Of happiness ! Yet well, if here would end  
 The misery ; I deserved it, and would bear  
 My own deservings ; but this will not serve  
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated curse. O voice, once heard  
 Delightfully, Increase and multiply ;  
 Now death to hear ! for what I can increase,  
 Or multiply, but curses on my head ?

*God, Obedience  
 Humble*

Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling  
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse  
 My head? 'Ill fare our ancestor impure,  
 For this we may thank Adam!' but his thanks  
 Shall be the execration: so, besides  
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me  
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me rebound;  
 On me, as on their natural centre, light  
 Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys  
 Of Paradise, dear-bought with lasting woes!  
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
 To mould me man? Did I solicit thee  
 From darkness to promote me, or here place  
 In this delicious garden? As my will  
 Concur'd not to my being, it were but right  
 And equal to reduce me to my dust;  
 Desirous to resign and render back  
 All I received; unable to perform  
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold  
 The good I sought not. To the loss of that,  
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added  
 The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable  
 Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late,  
 I thus contest; then should have been refused  
 Those terms, whatever, when they were proposed:  
 Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good  
 Then cavil the conditions? and, though God  
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son  
 Prove disobedient; and, reprov'd, retort,  
 'Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not.'  
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee  
 That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,  
 But natural necessity, begot.  
 God made thee of choice his own, and of his own  
 To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;  
 Thy punishment then justly is at his will.  
 Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,  
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return:  
 O welcome hour whenever! Why delays  
 His hand to execute what his decree  
 Fixed on this day? Why do I overlive?  
 Why am I mocked with death, and lengthen'd out  
 To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet  
 Mortality my sentence, and be earth  
 Insensible! How glad would lay me down

As in my mother's lap! There I should rest  
 And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more  
 Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse  
 To me, and to my offspring, would torment me  
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt  
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;  
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man  
Which God inspired, cannot together perish  
With this corporeal clod: then, in the grave,  
Or in some other dismal place, who knows  
But I shall die a living death? O thought  
 Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath  
 Of life that sinned; what dies but what had life  
 And sin? The body properly hath neither.  
 All of me then shall die: let this appease  
 The doubt, since human reach no further knows.  
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,  
 Is his wrath also? Be it, man is not so,  
 But mortal doomed. How can he exercise  
 Wrath without end on man, whom death must end?  
 Can he make deathless death? That were to make  
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself  
 Impossible is held; as argument  
 Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,  
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite,  
 In punished man, to satisfy his rigour,  
 Satisfied never? That were to extend  
 His sentence beyond dust and nature's law,  
 By which all causes else, according still  
 To the reception of their matter, act;  
 Not to the extent of their own sphere. But say  
 That death be not one stroke, as I supposed,  
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery  
 From this day onward: which I feel begun  
 Both in me, and without me; and so last  
 To perpetuity: ah me! that fear  
 Comes thundering back with dreadful revolution  
 On my defenceless head; both death and I  
 Are found eternal, and incorporate both:  
 Nor I on my part single; in me all  
Posterity stands cursed: fair patrimony—  
That I must leave ye, sons! O, were I able  
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!  
So disinherited, how would ye bless  
Me, now your curse? Ah, why should all mankind

For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemned,  
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,  
 But all corrupt; both mind and will depraved  
 Not to do only, but to will the same  
 With me? How can they then acquitted stand  
 In sight of God? Him, after all disputes,  
 Forced I absolve: all my evasions vain,  
 And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still  
 But to my own conviction: first and last  
 On me, me only, as the source and spring  
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;  
 So might the wrath! Fond wish! couldst thou support  
 That burden, heavier than the earth to bear;  
 Than all the world much heavier, though divided  
 With that bad woman? Thus, what thou desirest,  
 And what thou fearest, alike destroys all hope  
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
 Beyond all past example and future;  
 To Satan only like both crime and doom.  
 O conscience! into what abyss of fears  
 And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which  
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged!"

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud,  
 Through the still night: not now, as ere man fell,  
 Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air  
 Accompanied; with damps and dreadful gloom;  
 Which to his evil conscience represented  
 All things with double terror: on the ground  
 Outstretched he lay, on the cold ground; and oft  
 Cursed his creation; death as oft accused  
 Of tardy execution, since denounced  
 The day of his offence. "Why comes not death,"  
 Said he, "with one thrice acceptable stroke  
 To end me? Shall truth fail to keep her word,  
 Justice divine not hasten to be just?  
 But death comes not at call; justice divine  
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.  
 O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers!  
 With other echo late I taught your shades  
 To answer and resound far other song."  
 Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,  
 Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,  
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assayed;  
 But her with stern regard he thus repelled:  
 "Out of my sight, thou serpent! That name best



Befits thee with him leagued, thyself as false  
 And hateful ; nothing wants, but that thy shape,  
 Like his, and colour serpentine, may show  
 Thy inward fraud ; to warn all creatures from thee  
 Henceforth ; lest that too heavenly form pretended  
 To hellish falsehood, snare them ! But for thee  
 I had persisted happy : had not thy pride  
 And wandering vanity, when least was safe,  
 Rejected my forewarning, and disdained  
 Not to be trusted ; longing to be seen,  
 Though by the devil himself ; him overweening  
 To over-reach ; but, with the serpent meeting,  
 Fooled and beguiled ; by him thou, I by thee,  
 To trust thee from my side ; imagined wise,  
 Constant, mature, proof against all assaults ;  
 And understood not all was but a show,  
 Rather than solid virtue ; all but a rib  
 Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,  
 More to the part sinister, from me drawn ;  
 Well if thrown out, as supernumerary  
 To my just number found. O ! why did God,  
 Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven  
 With spirits masculine, create at last  
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
 Of nature, and not fill the world at once  
 With men, as angels, without feminine ;  
 Or find some other way to generate  
 Mankind ? This mischief had not then befallen,  
 And more that shall befall ; innumerable  
 Disturbances on earth through female snares,  
 And strait conjunction with this sex : for either  
He never shall find out fit mate, but such —  
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake ;  
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,  
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gained  
By a far worse ; or, if she love, withheld  
By parents ; or his happiest choice too late  
Shall meet, already linked and wedlock-bound  
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame :  
 Which infinite calamity shall cause  
 To human life, and household peace confound."

He added not, and from her turned ; but Eve,  
 Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing  
 And tresses all disordered, at his feet  
 Fell humble ; and, embracing them, besought

His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint :  
 " Forsake me not thus, Adam ! witness heaven  
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart  
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
 Unhappily deceived ! Thy suppliant  
 I beg, and clasp thy knees ; bereave me not,  
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
 Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,  
 My only strength and stay : forlorn of thee,  
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?  
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
 Between us two let there be peace ; both joining  
 As joined in injuries, one enmity  
 Against a foe by doom express assigned us,  
 That cruel serpent : on me exercise not  
 Thy hatred for this misery befallen ;  
 On me already lost, me than thyself  
 More miserable ! both have sinned ; but thou  
 Against God only, I against God and thee ;  
 And to the place of judgment will return,  
 There with my cries impórtune Heaven ; that all  
 The sentence, from thy head removed, may light  
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe ;  
 Me, me only, just object of his ire ! "

She ended weeping ; and her lowly plight,  
 Immoveable, till peace obtained from fault  
 Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought  
 Commiseration : soon his heart relented  
 Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,  
 Now at his feet submissive in distress ;  
 Creature so fair his reconcilment seeking,  
 His counsel, whom she had displeased, his aid :  
 As one disarmed, his anger all he lost,  
 And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon :

" Unwary, and too desirous, as before,  
 So now of what thou knowest not, who desirest  
 The punishment all on thyself ; alas !  
 Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain  
 His full wrath, whose thou feelest as yet least part.  
 And my displeasure bearest so ill. If prayers  
 Could alter high decrees, I to that place  
 Would speed before thee and be louder heard,  
 That on my head all might be visited ;  
 Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,  
 To me committed, and by me exposed.

But rise ; let us no more contend, nor blame  
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere ; but strive,  
In offices of love, how we may lighten  
Each other's burden, in our share of woe ;  
Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,  
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil :  
A long day's dying to augment our pain,  
And to our seed (O hapless seed !) derived."

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied :  
" Adam, by sad experiment I know  
How little weight my words with thee can find,  
Found so erroneous ; thence by just event  
Found so unfortunate : nevertheless,  
Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place  
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain  
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart  
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide  
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,  
Tending to some relief of our extremes,  
Or end ; though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,  
As in our evils, and of easier choice.  
If care of our descent perplex us most,  
Which must be born to certain woe, devoured  
By death at last ; and miserable it is,  
To be to others cause of misery,  
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring  
Into this cursed world a woeful race,  
That after wretched life must be at last  
Food for so foul a monster ; in thy power  
It lies, yet ere conception to prevent  
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.  
Childless thou art, childless remain : so Death  
Shall be deceived his glut, and with us two  
Be forced to satisfy his ravenous maw.  
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,  
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain  
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet ;  
And with desire to languish without hope,  
Before the present object languishing  
With like desire ; which would be misery  
And torment less than none of what we dread ;  
Then, both ourselves and seed at once to free  
From what we fear for both, let us make short  
Let us seek Death ; or, he not found, supply  
With our own hands his office on ourselves.

Why stand we longer shivering under fears  
That show no end but death, and have the power,  
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,  
Destruction with destruction to destroy?"

She ended here, or vehement despair  
Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts  
Had entertained, as dyed her cheeks with palo.  
But Adam, with such counsel nothing swayed,  
To better hopes his more attentive mind  
Labouring had raised; and thus to Eve replied:

"Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
To argue in thee something more sublime  
And excellent, than what thy mind contemns;  
But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes  
That excellence thought in thee; and implies,  
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
For loss of life and pleasure overloved.  
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end  
Of misery, so thinking to evade  
The penalty pronounced; doubt not but God  
Hath wiselier armed his vengeful ire, than so  
To be forestalled; much more I fear lest death,  
So snatched, will not exempt us from the pain  
We are by doom to pay; rather such acts  
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest  
To make death in us live: then let us seek  
Some safer resolution, which methinks  
I have in view, calling to mind with heed  
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise  
The serpent's head; piteous amends! unless  
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe  
Satan; who, in the serpent, hath contrived  
Against us this deceit: to crush his head  
Would be revenge indeed! which will be lost  
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days  
Resolved, as thou proposest; so our foe,  
Shall 'scape his punishment ordained, and we  
Instead shall double ours upon our heads.  
No more be mentioned then of violence  
Against ourselves; and wilful barrenness  
That cuts us off from hope; and savours only  
Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,  
Reluctance against God and his just yoke  
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild  
And gracious temper he both heard and judged.

Without wrath or reviling ; we expected  
Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
Was meant by death that day ; when, lo ! to thee  
Pains only in childbearing were foretold,  
And bringing forth ; soon recompensed with joy,  
Fruit of thy womb : on me the curse aslope  
Glanced on the ground ; with labour I must earn  
My bread ; what harm ? Idleness had been worse ;  
My labour will sustain me ; and, lest cold  
Or heat should injure us, his timely care  
Hath, unbesought, provided ; and his hands  
Clothed us unworthy, pitying while he judged ;  
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear  
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,  
And teach us further by what means to shun  
The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow ?  
Which now the sky, with various face, begins  
To show us in this mountain ; while the winds  
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks  
Of these fair-spreading trees ; which bids us seek  
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish  
Our limbs benumbed, ere this diurnal star  
Leave cold the night, how we his gathered beams  
Reflected may with matter sere foment ;  
Or, by collision of two bodies, grind  
The air attrite to fire ; as late the clouds  
Justling, or pushed with winds, rude in their shock,  
Tine the slant lightning ; whose thwart flame driven down  
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,  
And sends a comfortable heat from far  
Which might supply the sun : such fire to use  
And what may else be remedy or cure  
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,  
He will instruct us praying, and of grace  
Beseeching him ; so as we need not fear  
To pass commodiously this life, sustained  
By him with many comforts, till we end  
In dust, our final rest and native home.  
What better can we do, than, to the place  
Repairing where he judged us, prostrate fall,  
Before him reverent ; and there confess  
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg ; with tears  
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air  
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
Of sorrow unfeigned, and humiliation meek ?

Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn  
From his displeasure ; in whose look serene,  
When angry most he seemed and most severe,  
What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone ? ”

So spake our father penitent : nor Eve  
Felt less remorse ; they, forthwith to the place  
Repairing where he judged them, prostrate fell  
Before him reverent : and both confessed  
Humbly their faults, and pardon begged ; with tears  
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air  
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
Of sorrow unfeigned, and humiliation meek.

## BOOK XI.

### THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them : God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise ; sends Michael with a band of cherubim to dispossess them ; but first to reveal to Adam future things : Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs ; he discerns Michael's approach ; goes out to meet him ; the angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits : the angel leads him up to a high hill ; sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood.

THUS they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood  
Praying ; for from the mercy-seat above  
Prevenient grace descending had removed  
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh  
Regenerate grow instead ; that sighs now breathed  
Unutterable ; which the Spirit of prayer  
Inspired, and winged for heaven with speedier flight  
Than loudest oratory : yet their port  
Not of mean suitors ; nor important less  
Seemed their petition, than when the ancient pair  
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,  
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore  
The race of mankind drowned, before the shrine  
Of Themis stood devout. To heaven their prayers  
Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious winds  
Blown vagabond or frustrate : in they passed  
Dimensionless through heavenly doors ; then clad  
With incense, where the golden altar fumed,  
By their great Intercessor, came in sight  
Before the Father's throne : them the glad Son  
Presenting, thus to intercede began :

“ See, Father, what first-fruits on earth are sprung  
From thy implanted grace in man ; these sighs  
And prayers, which in this golden censer, mixed  
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring ;  
Fruits of more pleasing savour, from thy seed  
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those  
Which, his own hand manuring, all the trees  
Of Paradise could have produced ere fallen

From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear  
 To supplication ; hear his sighs, though mute ;  
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me  
 Interpret for him : me, his advocate  
 And propitiation ; all his works on me,  
 Good, or not good, ingraft ; my merit these  
 Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.  
 Accept me ; and, in me, from these receive  
 The smell of peace toward mankind : let him live  
 Before thee reconciled, at least his days  
 Numbered though sad ; till death, his doom (which I  
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse),  
 To better life shall yield him ; where with me  
 All my redeemed may dwell in joy and bliss ;  
 Made one with me, as I with thee am one."

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene :  
 " All thy request for man, accepted Son,  
 Obtain all thy request was my decree :  
 But, longer in that Paradise to dwell,  
 The law I gave to nature him forbids :  
 Those pure immortal elements that know  
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,  
 Eject him, tainted now ; and purge him off,  
 As a distemper, gross, to air as gross,  
 And mortal food : as may dispose him best  
 For dissolution wrought by sin, that first  
 Distempered all things, and of incorrupt  
 Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts  
 Created him endowed ; with happiness,  
 And immortality : that fondly lost,  
 This other served but to eternize woe ;  
 Till I provided death : so death becomes  
 His final remedy ; and, after life,  
 Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined,  
 By faith and faithful works to second life,  
 Waked in the renovation of the just,  
 Resigns him up with heaven and earth renewed.  
 But let us call to synod all the blest,  
 Through heaven's wide bounds : from them I will not hide  
 My judgments ; how with mankind I proceed,  
 As how with peccant angels late they saw,  
 And in their state, though firm, stood more confirmed."

He ended, and the Son give signal high  
 To the bright minister that watched ; he blew  
 His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps



When God descended, and perhaps once more  
To sound at general doom. The angelic blast  
Filled all the regions : from their blissful bowers  
Of amaranthine shade, fountain or spring,  
By the waters of life, where'er they sat  
In fellowships of joy, the sons of light  
Hasted, resorting to the summons high ;  
And took their seats : till from his throne supreme  
The Almighty thus pronounced his sovereign will  
    " O sons, like one of us man is become  
To know both good and evil, since his taste  
Of that defended fruit ; but let him boast  
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got ;  
Happier, had it sufficed him to have known  
Good by itself, and evil not at all.  
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,  
My motions in him ; longer than they move,  
His heart I know how variable and vain,  
Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand  
Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,  
And live for ever, dream at least to live  
For ever, to remove him I decree,  
And send him from the garden forth to till  
The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.  
Michael, this my behest have thou in charge ;  
Take to thee from among the cherubim  
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the fiend,  
Or in behalf of man, or to invade  
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise :  
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God  
Without remorse drive out the sinful pair ;  
From hallowed ground the unholy ; and denounce  
To them, and to their progeny, from thence  
Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint  
At the sad sentence rigorously urged  
(For I behold them softened, and with tears  
Bewailing their excess), all terror hide.  
If patiently thy bidding they obey,  
Dismiss them not disconsolate ; reveal  
To Adam what shall come in future days,  
As I shall thee enlighten ; intermix  
My covenant in the woman's seed renewed ;  
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace ;  
And on the east side of the garden place,  
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,

Cherubic watch ; and of a sword the flame  
 Wide-waving ; all approach far off to fright,  
 And guard all passage to the tree of life ;  
 Lest Paradise a receptacle prove  
 To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey ;  
 With whose stolen fruit man once more to delude."

He ceased ; and the archangelic power prepared  
 For swift descent ; with him the cohort bright  
 Of watchful cherubim : four faces each  
 Had, like a double Janus ; all their shape  
 Spangled with eyes more numerous than those  
 Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,  
 Charmed with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed  
 Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,  
 To re-salute the world with sacred light,  
 Leucothea waked, and with fresh dews embalmed  
 The earth ; when Adam and first matron Eve  
 Had ended now their orisons, and found  
 Strength added from above ; new hope to spring  
 Out of despair ; joy, but with fear yet linked ;  
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renewed :

" Eve, easily may faith admit, that all  
 The good which we enjoy from heaven descends ;  
 But, that from us aught should ascend to heaven  
 So prevalent as to concern the mind  
 Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,  
 Hard to belief may seem ; yet this will prayer,  
 Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne  
 Even to the seat of God. For since I sought  
 By prayer the offended Deity to appease,  
 Kneeled, and before him humbled all my heart ,  
 Methought I saw him placable and mild  
 Bending his ear ; persuasion in me grew  
 That I was heard with favour ; peace returned  
 Home to my breast, and to my memory  
 His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe ;  
 Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now  
 Assures me that the bitterness of death  
 Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,  
 Eve rightly called, mother of all mankind,  
 Mother of all things living, since by thee  
 Man is to live ; and all things live for man."

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek :  
 " Ill-worthy I, such title should belong  
 To me transgressor ; who, for thee ordained

A help, became thy snare ; to me reproach  
 Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise :  
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge,  
 That I, who first brought death on all, am graced  
 The source of life ; next favourable thou,  
 Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsafest,  
 Far other name deserving. But the field  
 To labour calls us, now with sweat imposed,  
 Though after sleepless night ; for see ! the morn.  
 All unconcerned with our unrest, begins  
 Her rosy progress smiling ; let us forth ;  
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,  
 Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoined  
 Laborious till day droop ; while here we dwell,  
 What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks ?  
 Here let us live, though in fallen state, content."

So spake, so wished much-humbled Eve ; but fate  
 Subscribed not : nature first gave signs, impressed  
 On bird, beast, air ; air suddenly eclipsed,  
 After short blush of morn : nigh in her sight  
 The bird of Jove, stooped from his aery tour,  
 Two birds of gayest plume before him drove ;  
 Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,  
 First hunter then, pursued a gentle brace,  
 Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind ;  
 Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight.  
 Adam observed, and with his eye the chase  
 Pursuing, not unmoved, to Eve thus spake :

" O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,  
 Which Heaven, by these mute signs in nature, shows  
 Forerunners of his purpose ; or to warn  
 Us, haply too secure of our discharge  
 From penalty, because from death released  
 Some days : how long, and what till then our life,  
 Who knows ? or more than this, that we are dust,  
 And thither must return, and be no more ?  
 Why else this double object in our sight  
 Of flight pursued in the air, and o'er the ground,  
 One way the self-same hour ? why in the east  
 Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning-light  
 More orient in yon western cloud, that draws  
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,  
 And slow descends with something heavenly fraught ?

He erred not ; for by this the heavenly bands  
 Down from a sky of jasper lighted now

In Paradise, and on a hill made halt ;  
 A glorious apparition, had not doubt  
 And carnal fear that day dimmed Adam's eye.  
 Not that more glorious, when the angels met  
 Jacob in Mahanaïm, where he saw  
 The field pavilioned with his guardians bright ;  
 Nor that, which on the flaming mount appeared  
 In Dothan, covered with a camp of fire,  
 Against the Syrian king, who to surprise  
 One man, assassin-like, had levied war,  
 War unproclaimed. The princely hierarch  
 In their bright stand there left his powers to seize  
 Possession of the garden ; he alone,  
 To find where Adam sheltered, took his way,  
 Not unperceived of Adam ; who to Eve,  
 While the great visitant approached, thus spake :

“ Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps  
 Of us will soon determine, or impose  
 New laws to be observed ; for I descry,  
 From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,  
 One of the heavenly host ; and, by his gait,  
 None of the meanest ; some great potentate,  
 Or of the thrones above ; such majesty  
 Invests him coming ! yet not terrible,  
 That I should fear ; nor sociably mild,  
 As Raphaël, that I should much confide ;  
 But solemn and sublime ; whom not to offend,  
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.”

He ended ; and the archangel soon drew nigh,  
 Not in his shape celestial, but as man  
 Clad to meet man ; over his lucid arms  
 A military vest of purple flowed,  
 Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain  
 Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old  
 In time of truce : Iris had dipt the woof ;  
 His starry helm unbuckled showed him prime  
 In manhood where youth ended : by his side,  
 As in a glistening zodiac, hung the sword,  
 Satan's dire dread ; and in his hand the spear.  
 Adam bowed low ; he, kingly, from his state  
 Inclined not, but his coming thus declared :

“ Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs :  
 Sufficient that thy prayers are heard ; and death,  
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress  
 Defeated of his seizure many days

Given thee of grace ; wherein thou mayst repent,  
 And one bad act with many deeds well done  
 Mayst cover : well may then thy Lord, appeased,  
 Redeem thee quite from death's rapacious claim ;  
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
 Permits not : to remove thee I am come,  
 And send thee from the garden forth to till  
 The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil."

He added not ; for Adam at the news  
 Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,  
 That all his senses bound ; Eve who unseen  
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
 Discovered soon the place of her retire.

" O unexpected stroke, worse than of death !  
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave  
 Thee, native soil ? these happy walks and shades,  
 Fit haunt of gods ? where I had hope to spend,  
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day  
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,  
 That never will in other climate grow,  
 My early visitation, and my last  
 At even, which I bred up with tender hand  
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names !  
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank  
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount ?  
 Thee lastly, nuptial bower ! by me adorned  
 With what to sight or smell was sweet ! from thee  
 How shall I part, and whither wander down  
 Into a lower world ; to this obscure  
 And wild ? how shall we breathe the other air  
 Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits ?"

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild :  
 " Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign  
 What justly thou hast lost, nor set thy heart,  
 Thus, over-fond, on that which is not thine :  
 Thy going is not lonely ; with thee goes  
 Thy husband ; him to follow thou art bound ;  
 Where he abides, think there thy native soil."

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp  
 Recovering, and his scattered spirits returned,  
 To Michael thus his humble words addressed :

" Celestial, whether among the thrones, or named  
 Of them the highest ; for such of shape may seem  
 Prince above princes ; gently hast thou told  
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound.

And in performing end us ; what besides  
 Of sorrow and dejection, and despair,  
 Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,  
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
 Recess, and only consolation left  
 Familiar to our eyes ! all places else  
 Inhospitable appear, and desolate ;  
 Nor knowing us, nor known : and, if by prayer  
 Incessant I could hope to change the will  
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease  
 To weary him with my assiduous cries :  
 But prayer against his absolute decree  
 No more avails than breath against the wind,  
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth :  
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
 This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,  
 As from his face I shall be hid, deprived  
 His blessed countenance : here I could frequent  
 With worship place by place where he vouchsafed  
 Presence divine ; and to my sons relate,  
 ‘ On this mount he appeared ; under this tree  
 Stood visible ; among these pines his voice  
 I heard ; here with him at this fountain talked :’  
 So many grateful altars I would rear  
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory  
 Or monument to ages : and thereon  
 Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers  
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace ?  
 For though I fled him angry, yet, recalled  
 To life prolonged and promised race, I now  
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory ; and far off his steps adore.”

To whom thus Michael with regard benign :  
 “ Adam, thou knowest heaven his, and all the earth  
 Not this rock only ; his omnipresence fills  
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,  
 Fomented by his virtual power and warmed :  
 All the earth he gave thee to possess and rule,  
 No despicable gift ; surmise not then  
 His presence to these narrow bounds confined  
 Of Paradise, or Eden : this had been  
 Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread  
 All generations ; and had hither come

From all the ends of the earth to celebrate  
 And reverence thee, their great progenitor.  
 But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down  
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons :  
 Yet doubt not but in valley, and in plain,  
 God is, as here, and will be found alike  
 Present ; and of his presence many a sign  
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round  
 With goodness and paternal love, his face  
 Express, and of his steps the track divine.  
 Which that thou mayest believe, and be confirmed  
 Ere thou from hence depart ; know, I am sent  
 To show thee what shall come in future days  
 To thee, and to thy offspring : good with bad  
 Expect to hear ; supernal grace contending  
 With sinfulness of men ; thereby to learn  
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear  
 And pious sorrow ; equally inured  
 By moderation either state to bear,  
 Prosperous or adverse : so shalt thou lead  
 Safest thy life, and best prepared endure  
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend  
 This hill ; let Eve (for I have drenched her eyes)  
 Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wakest ;  
 As once thou slept'st, while she to life was formed."

To whom thus Adam gratefully replied :  
 " Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path  
 Thou ledest me : and to the hand of Heaven submit,  
 However chastening ; to the evil turn  
 My obvious breast ; arming to overcome  
 By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,  
 If so I may attain." So both ascend  
 In the visions of God. It was a hill,  
 Of Paradise the highest ; from whose top  
 The hemisphere of earth, in clearest ken,  
 Stretched out to the amplest reach of prospect lay.  
 Not higher that hill, nor wider looking round,  
 Whereon, for different cause, the tempter set  
 Our second Adam, in the wilderness ;  
 To show him all earth's kingdoms, and their glory  
 His eye might there command wherever stood  
 City of old or modern fame, the seat  
 Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls  
 Of Cambala, seat of Cathaian Can,  
 And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne.

To Paquin of Sinæan kings ; and thence  
 To Agra and Lahor of Great Mogul,  
 Down to the Golden Chersonese ; or where  
 The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since  
 In Hispahan ; or where the Russian kzar  
 In Mosco ; or the sultan in Bizance,  
 Turchestan-born ; nor could his eye not ken  
 The empire of Negus to his utmost port  
 Ercoco, and the less maritime kings  
 Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,  
 And Sofala, thought Ophir, to the realm  
 Of Congo, and Angola farthest south ;  
 Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount  
 The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,  
 Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen ;  
 On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway  
 The world : in spirit perhaps he also saw  
 Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume  
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat  
 Of Atabalipa ; and yet unspoiled  
 Guiana, whose great city, Geryon's sons  
 Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights  
 Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed,  
 Which that false fruit that promised clearer sight  
 Had bred ; then purged with euphrasy and rue  
 The visual nerve, for he had much to see ;  
 And from the well of life three drops instilled.  
 So deep the power of these ingredients pierced,  
 Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,  
 That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,  
 Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranced ;  
 But him the gentle angel by the hand  
 Soon raised, and his attention thus recalled :

" Adam, now ope thine eyes ; and first behold  
 The effects, which thy original crime hath wrought  
 In some to spring from thee ; who never touched  
 The excepted tree ; nor with the snake conspired ;  
 Nor sinned thy sin ; yet from that sin derive  
 Corruption, to bring forth more violent deeds."

His eyes he opened, and beheld a field,  
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves  
 New reaped ; the other part sheep-walks and folds ;  
 I' the midst an altar as the landmark stood  
 Rustic, of grassy sward ; thither anon  
 A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought



First-fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,  
 Unculled as came to hand ; a shepherd next,  
 More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,  
 Choicest and best ; then, sacrificing, laid  
 The inwards and their fat, with incense strewed  
 On the cleft wood, and all due rites performed :  
 His offering soon propitious fire from heaven  
 Consumed with nimble glance, and grateful steam :  
 The other's not, for his was not sincere ;  
 Whereat he inly raged, and, as they talked,  
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone  
 That beat out life : he fell ; and, deadly pale,  
 Groaned out his soul with gushing blood effused.  
 Much at that sight was Adam in his heart  
 Dismayed, and thus in haste to the angel cried :  
 " O teacher, some great mischief hath befallen  
 To that meek man, who well had sacrificed ;  
 Is piety thus and pure devotion paid ? "

To whom Michael thus, he also moved, replied :  
 " These two are brethren, Adam, and to come  
 Out of thy loins ; the unjust the just hath slain,  
 For envy that his brother's offering found  
 From Heaven acceptance ; but the bloody fact  
 Will be avenged ; and the other's faith, approved,  
 Lose no reward ; though here thou see him die,  
 Rolling in dust and gore." To which our sire :

" Alas both for the deed, and for the cause !  
 But have I now seen death ? Is this the way  
 I must return to native dust ? O sight  
 Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,  
 Horrid to think, how horrible to feel ! "

To whom thus Michael : " Death thou hast seen  
 In his first shape on man ; but many shapes  
 Of death, and many are the ways that lead  
 To his grim cave, all dismal ; yet to sense  
 More terrible at the entrance, than within,  
 Some, as thou sawest, by violent stroke shall die ;  
 By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more  
 In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring  
 Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
 Before thee shall appear ; that thou mayest know  
 What misery the inabstinence of Eve  
 Shall bring on men." Immediately a place  
 Before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome, dark ;  
 A lazar-house it seemed ; wherein were laid

Numbers of all diseased ; all maladies  
 Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms  
 Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,  
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
 Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,  
 Demoniac phrensy, moping melancholy,  
 And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,  
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence  
 Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.  
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans ; Despair  
 Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch ;  
 And over them triumphant Death his dart  
 Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked  
 With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.  
 Sight so deform what heart of rock could long  
 Dry-eyed behold ? Adam could not, but wept,  
 Though not of woman born ; compassion quelled  
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears  
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrained excess ;  
 And scarce recovering words, his plaint renewed :

“ O miserable mankind, to what fall  
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserved !  
 Better end here unborn. Why is life given  
 To be thus wrested from us ? rather, why  
 Obtruded on us thus ? who, if we knew  
 What we receive, would either not accept  
 Life offered, or soon beg to lay it down ;  
 Glad to be so dismissed in peace. Can thus  
 The image of God in man, created once  
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since  
 To such unsightly sufferings be debased  
 Under in human pains ? Why should not man,  
 Retaining still divine similitude  
 In part, from such deformities be free,  
 And, for his Maker's image sake, exempt ?”

“ Their Maker's image,” answered Michael, “ then  
 Forsook them, when themselves they vilified  
 To serve ungoverned appetite ; and took  
 His image whom they served, a brutish vice,  
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.  
 Therefore so abject is their punishment,  
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own ;  
 Or if his likeness, by themselves defaced ;  
 While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules  
 To loathsome sickness ; worthily, since they

God's image did not reverence in themselves."

"I yield it just," said Adam, "and submit.

But is there yet no other way, besides  
These painful passages, how we may come  
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?"

"There is," said Michael, "if thou well observe  
The rule of 'Not too much;' by temperance taught  
In what thou eatest and drinkest; seeking from thence  
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight  
Till many years over thy head return:  
So mayest thou live; till like ripe fruit, thou drop  
Into thy mother's lap; or be with ease  
Gathered, not harshly plucked; for death mature:  
This is old age; but then, thou must outlive  
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty: which will change  
To withered, weak, and gray; thy senses then,  
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,  
To what thou hast; and for the air of youth,  
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign  
A melancholy damp of cold and dry,  
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume  
The balm of life." To whom our ancestor:

"Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong  
Life much; bent rather, how I may be quit,  
Fairest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge  
Which I must keep till my appointed day  
Of rendering up, and patiently attend  
My dissolution." Michael replied:

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest  
Live well: how long, or short, permit to Heaven:  
And now prepare thee for another sight."

He looked, and saw a spacious plain, whereon  
Were tents of various hues; by some, were herds  
Of cattle grazing; others, whence the sound  
Of instruments, that made melodious chime  
Was heard, of harp and organ; and who moved  
Their stops and chords were seen; his volant touch  
Instinct through all proportions, low and high,  
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.  
In other part stood one who, at the forge  
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass  
Had melted (whether found where casual fire  
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,  
Down to the veins of earth; thence gliding hot  
To some cave's mouth; or whether washed by stream

From underground); the liquid ore he drained  
 Into fit moulds prepared; from which he formed  
 First his own tools; then, what might else be wrought  
 Fusil or graven in metal. After these,  
 But on the hither side, a different sort  
 From the high neighbouring hills, which was their seat,  
 Down to the plain descended: by their guise  
 Just men they seemed, and all their study bent  
 To worship God aright, and know his works  
 Not hid; nor those things last, which might preserve  
 Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain  
 Long had not walked, when from the tents, behold!  
 A bevy of fair women, richly gay  
 In gems and wanton dress; to the harp they sung  
 Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on:  
 The men, though grave, eyed them; and let their eyes  
 Rove without rein; till, in the amorous net  
 Fast caught, they liked; and each his liking chose.  
 And now of love they treat, till the evening star,  
 Love's harbinger, appeared; then all in heat,  
 They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke  
 Hymen, then first to marriage rights invoked:  
 With feast and music all the tents resound.  
 Such happy interview and fair event  
 Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,  
 And charming symphonies, attached the heart  
 Of Adam, soon inclined to admit delight,  
 The bent of nature; which he thus expressed:  
 "True opener of mine eyes, prime angel blest;  
 Much better seems this vision and more hope  
 Of peaceful days portends than those two past;  
 Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse.  
 Here nature seems fulfilled in all her ends."  
 To whom thus Michael: "Judge not what is best  
 By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet;  
 Created as thou art, to nobler end  
 Holy and pure, conformity divine.  
 Those tents thou sawest so pleasant, were the tents  
 Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race  
 Who slew his brother; studious they appear  
 Of arts that polish life, inventors rare:  
 Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit  
 Taught them; but they his gifts acknowledge none.  
 Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;  
 For that fair female troop thou sawest, that seemod

Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,  
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists  
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise,  
Bred only and completed to the taste  
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,  
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.  
To these that sober race of men, whose lives  
Religious titled them the sons of God,  
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,  
Ignobly to the trains and to the smiles  
Of these fair atheists; and now swim in joy,  
Ere long to swim at large; and laugh, for which  
The world ere long a world of tears must weep."

To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft:  
"O pity and shame, that they, who to live well  
Entered so fair, should turn aside to tread  
Paths indirect, or in the midway faint!  
But still I see the tenor of man's woe  
Holds on the same, from woman to begin."

"From man's effeminate slackness it begins,"  
Said the angel, "who should better hold his place  
By wisdom and superior gifts received.  
But now prepare thee for another scene."

He looked, and saw wide territory spread  
Before him, towns, and rural works between;  
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,  
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,  
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise;  
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,  
Single or in array of battle ranged  
Both horse and foot, nor idly mustering stood;  
One way a band select from forage drives  
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,  
From a fat meadow-ground; or fleecy flock,  
Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,  
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,  
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;  
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;  
Where cattle pastured late, now scattered lies  
With carcasses and arms the ensanguined field,  
Deserted: others to a city strong  
Lay siege, encamped; by battery, scale and mine,  
Assaulting: others from the wall defend  
With dart and javelin, stones, and sulphurous fire;  
On each hand slaughter, and gigantic deeds.

In other part the sceptred heralds call  
 To council, in the city-gates; anon  
 Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors mixed,  
 Assemble, and harangues are heard; but soon,  
 In factious opposition; till at last  
 Of middle age one rising, eminent  
 In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,  
 Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,  
 And judgment from above: him old and young  
 Exploded, and had seized with violent hands;  
 Had not a cloud descending snatched him thence,  
 Unseen amid the throng: so violence  
 Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,  
 Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.  
 Adam was all in tears, and to his guide  
 Lamenting turned full sad: "O what are these,  
 Death's ministers, not men? who thus deal death  
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
 Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew  
 His brother: for of whom such massacre  
 Make they but of their brethren; men of men?  
 But who was that just man, whom had not Heaven  
 Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost?"  
 To whom this Michael: "These are the product  
 Of those ill-mated marriages thou sawest:  
 Where good with bad were matched, who of themselves  
 Abhor to join; and, by imprudence mixed,  
 Produce prodigious births of body or mind.  
 Such were these giants, men of high renown;  
 For in those days might only shall be admired,  
 And valour and heroic virtue called.  
 To overcome in battle and subdue  
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
 Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
 Of human glory; and for glory done  
 Of triumph, to be styled great conquerors,  
 Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods;  
 Destroyers rightlier called, and plagues of men  
 Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth  
 And what most merits fame in silence hid.  
 But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldest  
 The only righteous in a world perverse,  
 And therefore hated, therefore so beset  
 With foes, for daring single to be just,  
 And utter odious truth, that God would come

To judge them with his saints: him the Most High  
Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds  
Did, as thou sawest, receive, to walk with God  
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,  
Exempt from death; to shew thee what reward  
Awaits the good; the rest what punishment;  
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold."

He looked, and saw the face of things quite changed;  
The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar;  
All now was turned to jollity and game,  
To luxury and riot, feast and dance;  
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,  
Rape or adultery, where passing fair  
Allured them; thence from cups to civil broils.  
At length a reverend sire among them came,  
And of their doings great dislike declared,  
And testified against their ways; he oft  
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,  
Triumphs or festivals; and to them preached  
Conversion and repentance, as to souls  
In prison under judgment imminent:  
But all in vain: which when he saw he ceased  
Contending, and removed his tents far off:  
Then, from the mountain hewing timber tall,  
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk;  
Measured by cubit, length, and breadth, and height;  
Smeared round with pitch; and in the side a door  
Contrived; and of provisions laid in large,  
For man and beast: when lo, a wonder strange!  
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,  
Came sevens and pairs; and entered in as taught  
Their order: last the sire and his three sons,  
With their four wives; and God made fast the door.  
Meanwhile the south wind rose, and, with black wings  
Wide-hovering, all the clouds together drove  
From under heaven; the hills to their supply  
Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,  
Sent up amain. And now the thickened sky  
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rushed the rain  
Impetuous; and continued, till the earth  
No more was seen: the floating vessel swum  
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow  
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else  
Flood overwhelmed, and them with all their pomp  
Deep under water rolled; sea covered sea,

Sea without shore ; and in their palaces,  
 Where luxury late reigned, sea-monsters whelped  
 And stabled ; of mankind, so numerous late,  
 All left, in one small bottom swum embarked.  
 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold  
 The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,  
 Depopulation ! Thee another flood,  
 Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drowned,  
 And sunk thee as thy sons ; till, gently reared  
 By the angel, on thy feet thou stoodest at last,  
 Though comfortless ; as when a father mourns  
 His children, all in view destroyed at once ;  
 And scarce to the angel utteredest thus thy plaint

“ O visions ill foreseen ! better had I  
 Lived ignorant of future ! so had borne  
 My part of evil only, each day's lot  
 Enough to bear ; those now, that were dispensed  
 The burden of many ages, on me light  
 At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth  
 Abortive, to torment me ere their being,  
 With thought that they must be. Let no man seek  
 Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall  
 Him or his children ; evil, he may be sure,  
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,  
 And he the future evil shall no less  
 In apprehension than in substance feel,  
 Grievous to bear : but that care now is past,  
 Man is not whom to warn : those few escaped  
 Famine and anguish will at last consume,  
 Wandering that watery desert : I had hope,  
 When violence was ceased, and war on earth,  
 All would have then gone well ; peace would have crowned  
 With length of happy days the race of man ;  
 But I was far deceived ; for now I see  
 Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.  
 How comes it thus ? unfold, celestial guide,  
 And whether here the race of man will end.”

To whom thus Michael : “ Those, whom last thou sawest  
 In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they  
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent  
 And great exploits, but of true virtue void ;  
 Who, having spilt much blood and done much waste  
 Subduing nations, and achieved thereby  
 Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,  
 Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,



Surfeit, and lust ; till wantonness and pride  
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.  
The conquered also, and enslaved by war,  
Shall with their freedom lost, all virtue lose  
And fear of God ; from whom their piety feigned  
In sharp contest of battle found no aid  
Against invaders ; therefore cooled in zeal,  
Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,  
Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords  
Shall leave them to enjoy ; for the earth shall bear  
More than enough, that temperance may be tried :  
So all shall turn degenerate, all depraved ;  
Justice and temperance, truth and faith, forgot ;  
One man except, the only son of light  
In a dark age, against example good,  
Against allurements, custom, and a world  
Offended : fearless of reproach and scorn,  
Or violence, he of their wicked ways  
Shall them admonish ; and before them set  
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe  
And full of peace ; denouncing wrath to come  
On their impenitence ; and shall return  
Of them derided, but of God observed  
The one just man alive ; by his command  
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldest,  
To save himself, and household, from amidst  
A world devote to universal wrack.  
No sooner he, with them of man and beast  
Select for life, shall in the ark be lodged,  
And sheltered round ; but all the cataracts  
Of heaven set open on the earth shall pour  
Rain day and night ; all fountains of the deep,  
Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp  
Beyond all bounds ; till inundation rise  
Above the highest hills ; then shall this mount  
Of Paradise by might of waves be moved  
Out of his place, pushed by the horned flood,  
With all his verdure spoiled, and trees adrift,  
Down the great river to the opening gulf,  
And there take root an island salt and bare,  
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews' clang  
To teach thee that God attributes to place  
No sanctity, if none be thither brought  
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell  
And now what further shall ensue behold."

He looked, and saw the ark hull on the flood,  
 Which now abated : for the clouds were fled,  
 Driven by a keen north wind, that, blowing dry,  
 Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decayed ;  
 And the clear sun on his wide watery glass  
 Gazed hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,  
 As after thirst ; which made their flowing shrink  
 From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole  
 With soft foot towards the deep ; who now had stopt  
 His sluices as the heaven his windows shut.  
 The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground,  
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fixed.  
 And now the top of hills, as rocks appear ;  
 With clamour thence the rapid currents drive,  
 Towards the retreating sea, their furious tide.  
 Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,  
 And after him the surer messenger,  
 A dove sent forth once and again to spy  
 Green tree or ground, whereon his foot may light :  
 The second time returning in his bill  
 An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign :  
 Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark  
 The ancient sire descends, with all his train :  
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,  
 Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds  
 A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow  
 Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,  
 Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.  
 Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,  
 Greatly rejoiced ; and thus his joy broke forth :

" O thou, who future things canst represent  
 As present, heavenly instructor ! I revive  
 At this last sight ; assured that man shall live,  
 With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.  
 Far less I now lament for one whole world  
 Of wicked sons destroyed, than I rejoice  
 For one man found so perfect, and so just,  
 That God vouchsafes to raise another world  
 From him, and all his anger to forget.  
 But say, what mean those coloured streaks in heaven  
 Distended, as the brow of God appeased ?  
 Or serve they, as a flowery verge, to bind  
 The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,  
 Lest it again dissolve, and shower the earth ?"

To whom the archangel " Dexterously thou aimest ;

So willingly doth God remit his ire,  
Though late repenting him of man depraved ;  
Grieved at his heart, when looking down he saw  
The whole earth filled with violence, and all flesh  
Corrupting each their way ; yet, those removed,  
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,  
That he relents, not to blot out mankind ;  
And makes a covenant never to destroy  
The earth again by flood ; nor let the sea  
Surpass his bounds : nor rain to drown the world,  
With man therein or beast ; but when he brings  
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set  
His triple-coloured bow, whereon to look,  
And call to mind his covenant : day and night,  
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,  
Shall hold their course ; till fire purge all things new,  
Both heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell."

## BOOK XII.

### THE ARGUMENT

The angel Michael continues, from the flood, to relate what shall succeed: then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall: his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

As one who in his journey baits at noon,  
Though bent on speed; so here the archangel paused  
Betwixt the world destroyed and world restored,  
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;  
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes:  
    " Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end;  
And man, as from a second stock, proceed.  
Much thou hast yet to see; but I perceive  
Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine  
Must needs impair and weary human sense:  
Henceforth what is to come I will relate;  
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend:  
    " This second source of men, while yet but few,  
And while the dread of judgment past remains  
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,  
With some regard to what is just and right  
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace;  
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,  
Corn, wine, and oil: and, from the herd or flock,  
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,  
With large wine-offerings poured, and sacred feast,  
Shall spend their days in joy unblamed; and dwell  
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,  
Under paternal rule: till one shall rise  
Of proud ambitious heart; who, not content  
With fair equality, fraternal state,  
Will arrogate dominion undeserved

Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
Concord and law of nature from the earth ;  
Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game)  
With war and hostile snare, such as refuse  
Subjection to his empire tyrannous :  
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled  
Before the Lord ; as in despite of heaven,  
Or from heaven claiming second sovereignty ;  
And from rebellion shall derive his name,  
Though of rebellion others he accuse.  
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins  
With him or under him to tyrannize,  
Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find  
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
Boils out from underground, the mouth of hell :  
Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to build  
A city and tower, whose top may reach to heaven ;  
And get themselves a name ; lest far dispersed  
In foreign lands, their memory be lost ;  
Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
But God, who oft descends to visit men  
Unseen, and through their habitations walks  
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,  
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower  
Obstruct heaven-towers ; and in derision sets  
Upon their tongues a various spirit, to raze  
Quite out their native language : and, instead,  
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.  
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud,  
Among the builders ; each to other calls  
Not understood ; till hoarse, and all in rage,  
As mocked they storm : great laughter was in heaven  
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange,  
And hear the din : thus was the building left  
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion named."

Whereto thus Adam, fatherly displeas'd :  
" O execrable son ! so to aspire  
Above his brethren ; to himself assuming  
Authority usurped, from God not given :  
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,  
Dominion absolute ; that right we hold  
By his donation ; but man over men  
He made not lord ; such title to himself  
Reserving, human left from human free.  
But this usurper his encroachment proud

Stays not on man ; to God his tower intends  
 Siege and defiance ; wretched man ! what food  
 Will he convey up thither, to sustain  
 Himself and his rash army ; where thin air  
 Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
 And famish him of breath, if not of bread ?”

To whom thus Michael : “ Justly thou abhorrest—  
 That son, who on the quiet state of men—  
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
 Rational liberty ; yet know withal,  
 Since thy original lapse, true liberty  
 Is lost, which always with right reason dwells  
 Twinned, and from her hath no dividual being :  
 Reason in man obscured, or not obeyed,  
 Immediately inordinate desires,  
 And upstart passions, catch the government  
 From reason ; and to servitude reduce  
 Man, till then free. Therefore, since he permits  
 Within himself unworthy powers to reign  
 Over free reason, God, in judgment just,  
 Subjects him from without to violent lords ;  
 Who oft as undeservedly enthrall  
 His outward freedom : tyranny must be,  
 Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.  
 Yet sometimes nations will decline so low  
 From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
 But justice, and some fatal curse annexed,  
 Deprives them of their outward liberty ;  
 Their inward lost : witness the irreverent son  
 Of him who built the ark ; who, for the shame  
 Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,  
 ‘ Servant of servants,’ on his vicious race.  
 Thus will this latter, as the former world,  
 Still tend from bad to worse ; till God at last,  
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
 His presence from among them, and avert  
 His holy eyes ; resolving from thenceforth  
 To leave them to their own polluted ways ;  
 And one peculiar nation to select  
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoked,  
 A nation from one faithful man to spring,  
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,  
 Bred up in idol-worship (O, that men  
 Canst thou believe ? should be so stupid grown,—  
 While yet the patriarch lived who escaped the flood,

As to forsake the living God, and fall  
To worship their own work in wood and stone  
For gods !) yet him God the Most High vouchsafes  
To call, by vision, from his father's house,  
His kindred, and false gods, into a land  
Which he will show him ; and from him will raise  
A mighty nation ; and upon him shower  
His benediction so, that in his seed  
All nations shall be blest : he straight obeys ;  
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.  
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith  
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil,  
Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the ford  
To Haran ; after him a cumbrous train  
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude ;  
Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth  
With God who called him, in a land unknown.  
Canaan he now attains ; I see his tents  
Pitched about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain  
Of Moreh ; there by promise he receives  
Gift to his progeny of all that land,  
From Hamath northward to the desert south  
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed) ;  
From Hermon east to the great western sea ;  
Mount Hermon, yonder sea ; each place behold  
In prospect, as I point them : on the shore  
Mount Carmel ; here, the double-founted stream,  
Jordan, true limit eastward ; but his sons  
Shall dwell to Senir, that long range of hills.  
This ponder, that all nations of the earth  
Shall in his seed be blessed : by that seed  
Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruse  
The serpent's head : whereof to thee anon  
Plainlier shall be revealed. This patriarch blest,  
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,  
A son, and of his son a grandchild, leaves ;  
Like him in faith, and wisdom, and renown ;  
The grandchild, with twelve sons increased, departs  
From Canaan, to a land hereafter called  
Egypt, divided by the river Nile ;  
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths  
Into the sea : to sojourn in that land  
He comes, invited by a younger son  
In time of dearth ; a son, whose worthy deeds  
Raise him to the second in that realm

Of Pharaoh : there he dies, and leaves his race  
Growing into a nation ; and, now grown,  
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks  
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests  
Too numerous ; whence of guests he makes them slaves  
Inhospitably, and kills their infant males :  
Till by two brethren (these two brethren call  
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim  
His people from enthralment, they return,  
With glory and spoil, back to the promised land.  
But first, the lawless tyrant, who denies  
To know their God, or message to regard,  
Must be compelled by signs and judgments dire ;  
To blood unshed the rivers must be turned ;  
Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill  
With loathed intrusion, and fill all the land ;  
His cattle must of rot and murrain die ;  
Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss,  
And all his people ; thunder mixed with hail,  
Hail mixed with fire, must rend the Egyptian sky,  
And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls ;  
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,  
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down  
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green ;  
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days ;  
Last, with one midnight-stroke, all the first-born  
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds  
The river-dragon tamed at length submits  
To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
Humbles his stubborn heart ; but still, as ice  
More hardened after thaw ; till in his rage  
Pursuing whom he late dismissed, the sea  
Swallows him with his host ; but them lets pass,  
As on dry land, between two crystal walls ;  
Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand  
Divided till his rescued gained their shore :  
Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend,  
Though present in his angel ; who shall go  
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire ;  
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire ;  
To guide them in their journey, and remove  
Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues.  
All night he will pursue ; but his approach  
Darkness defends between till morning watch ;



Then through the fiery pillar, and the cloud,  
God looking forth will trouble all his host,  
And craze their chariot wheels : when by command  
Moses once more his potent rod extends  
Over the sea ; the sea his rod obeys ;  
On their embattled ranks the waves return,  
And overwhelm their war : the race elect  
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance  
Through the wild desert, not the readiest way ;  
Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarmed,  
War terrify them inexpert, and fear  
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather  
Inglorious life with servitude ; for life  
To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
Untrained in arms, where rashness leads not on.  
This also shall they gain by their delay  
In the wide wilderness ; there they shall find  
Their government, and their great senate choose  
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordained :  
God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top  
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself  
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets' sound,  
Ordain them laws ; part, such as appertain  
To civil justice ; part, religious rites  
Of sacrifice ; informing them, by types  
And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise  
The serpent, by what means he shall achieve  
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God  
To mortal ear is dreadful : they beseech  
That Moses might report to them his will,  
And terror cease ; he grants what they besought,  
Instructed that to God is no access  
Without mediator, whose high office now  
Moses in figure bears ; to introduce  
One greater, of whose day he shall foretel,  
And all the prophets in their age the times  
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws and rites  
Established, such delight hath God in men  
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes  
Among them to set up his tabernacle ;  
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell :  
By his prescript a sanctuary is framed  
Of cedar, overlaid with gold ; therein  
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,  
The records of his covenant ; over these

A mercy-seat of gold, between the wings  
 Of two bright cherubim : before him burn  
 Seven lamps as in a zodiac representing  
 The heavenly fires ; over the tent a cloud  
 Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night ;  
 Save when they journey, and at length they come,  
 Conducted by his angel, to the land  
 Promised to Abraham and his seed. The rest  
 Were long to tell ; how many battles fought ;  
 How many kings destroyed ; and kingdoms won ;  
 Or how the sun shall in mid-heaven stand still  
 A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,  
 Man's voice commanding, ' Sun, in Gibeon stand,  
 And thou, moon, in the vale of Aialon,  
 Till Israel overcome ! ' so call the third  
 From Abraham, son of Isaac ; and from him  
 His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win."

Here Adam interposed : " O, sent from Heaven,  
 Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things  
 Thou hast revealed ; those chiefly, which concern  
 Just Abraham and his seed : now first I find  
 Mine eyes true-opening, and my heart much eased ;  
 Erewhile perplexed with thoughts, what would become  
 Of me and all mankind : but now I see  
 His day in whom all nations shall be blest ;  
 Favour unmerited by me, who sought  
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.  
 This yet I apprehend not, why to those  
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth  
 So many and so various laws are given ;  
 So many laws argue so many sins  
 Among them ; how can God with such reside ? "

To whom thus Michael : " Doubt not but that sin  
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot ;  
 And therefore was law given them, to evince  
 Their natural pravity, by stirring up  
 Sin against law to fight : that when they see  
 Law can discover sin, but not remove,  
 Save by those shadowy expiations weak,  
 The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude  
 Some blood more precious must be paid for man  
 Just for unjust ; that in such righteousness  
 To them by faith imputed, they may find  
 Justification towards God, and peace  
 Of conscience ; which the law by ceremonies

Cannot appease : nor man the moral part  
Perform ; and not performing, cannot live.  
So law appears imperfect ; and but given  
With purpose to resign them, in full time,  
Up to a better covenant ; disciplined  
From shadowy types to truth ; from flesh to spirit ;  
From imposition of strict laws, to free  
Acceptance of large grace ; from servile fear  
To filial ; works of law to works of faith.  
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God  
Highly beloved, being but the minister  
Of law, his people into Canaan lead ;  
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call,  
His name and office bearing, who shall quell  
The adversary-serpent, and bring back  
Through the world's wilderness long-wandered man  
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.  
Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan placed,  
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins  
National interrupt their public peace,  
Provoking God to raise them enemies ;  
From whom as oft he saves them penitent  
By judges first, then under kings ; of whom  
The second, both for piety renowned  
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive  
Irrevocable, that his regal throne  
For ever shall endure ; the like shall sing  
All prophecy, that of the royal stock  
Of David (so I name this king) shall rise  
A Son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,  
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust  
All nations ; and to kings foretold, of kings  
The last ; for of his reign shall be no end.  
But first, a long succession must ensue ;  
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed,  
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents  
Wandering, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.  
Such follow him as shall be registered,  
Part good, part bad ; of bad the longer scroll :  
Whose foul idolatries, and other faults  
Heaped to the popular sum, will so incense  
God, as to leave them, and expose their land,  
Their city, his temple, and his holy ark,  
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
To that proud city, whose high walls thou sawest

Left in confusion ; Babylon thence called.  
 There in captivity he lets them dwell  
 The space of seventy years ; then brings them back,  
 Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn  
 To David, stablished as the days of heaven.  
 Returned from Babylon by leave of kings  
 Their lords, whom God disposed, the house of God  
 They first re-edify : and for a while  
 In mean estate live moderate ; till grown  
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow :  
 But first among the priests dissension springs,  
 Men who attend the altar, and should most  
 Endeavour peace : their strife pollution brings  
 Upon the temple itself : at last they seize  
 The sceptre, and regard not David's sons ;  
 Then lose it to a stranger, that the true  
 Anointed king Messiah might be born  
 Barred of his right ; yet at his birth a star,  
 Unseen before in heaven, proclaims him come ;  
 And guides the eastern sages, who inquire  
 His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold ;  
 His place of birth a solemn angel tells  
 To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night ;  
 They gladly thither haste, and by a choir  
 Of squadroned angels hear his carol sung.  
 A virgin is his mother, but his sire  
 The power of the Most High : he shall ascend  
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign  
 With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heavens."

He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy  
 Surcharged, as had like grief been dewed in tears,  
 Without the vent of words ; which these he breathed :

" O prophet of glad tidings, finisher  
 Of utmost hope ! now clear I understand  
 What oft my steadiest thoughts have searched in vain :  
 Why our great Expectation should be called  
 The seed of woman ; virgin mother, hail,  
 High in the love of heaven ; yet from my loins  
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son  
 Of God Most High ; so God with man unites.  
 Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise  
 Expect with mortal pain : say where and when  
 Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel ?"

To whom thus Michael : " Dream not of their fight,  
 As of a duel, or the local wounds

Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son  
Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil  
Thy enemy; nor so is overcome  
Satan, whose fall from heaven, a deadlier bruise,  
Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound:  
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure  
Not by destroying Satan, but his works  
In thee, and in thy seed: nor can this be  
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
Obedience to the law of God, imposed  
On penalty of death, and suffering death;  
The penalty to thy transgression due,  
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:  
So only can high justice rest appaid.  
The law of God exact he shall fulfil  
Both by obedience and by love, though love  
Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment  
He shall endure, by coming in the flesh  
To a reproachful life, and cursed death;  
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe  
In his redemption; and that his obedience,  
Imputed, becomes theirs by faith; his merits  
To save them, not their own, though legal, works.  
For this he shall live hated, be blasphemed,  
Seized on by force, judged, and to death condemned  
A shameful and accursed, nailed to the cross  
By his own nation; slain for bringing life:  
But to the cross he nails thy enemies,  
The law that is against thee, and the sins  
Of all mankind with him there crucified,  
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
In this his satisfaction; so he dies,  
But soon revives; death over him no power  
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light  
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise  
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,  
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,  
His death for man, as many as offered life  
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace  
By faith not void of works: this god-like act  
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have died,  
In sin for ever lost from life; this act  
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,  
Defeating sin and death, his two main arms;  
And fix far deeper in his head their stings

Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,  
 Or theirs whom he redeems; a death like sleep,  
 A gentle wafting to immortal life.  
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay  
 Longer on earth, than certain times to appear  
 To his disciples, men who in his life  
 Still followed him; to them shall leave in charge  
 To teach all nations what of him they learned  
 And his salvation; them who shall believe  
 Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign  
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life  
 Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,  
 For death, like that which the Redeemer died.  
 All nations they shall teach; for, from that day,  
 Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins  
 Salvation shall be preached, but to the sons  
 Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;  
 So in his seed all nations shall be blest.  
 Then to the heaven of heavens he shall ascend  
 With victory triúmphing through the air  
 Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise  
 The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains  
 Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;  
 Then enter into glory, and resume  
 His seat at God's right hand, exalted high  
 Above all names in heaven; and thence shall come,  
 When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,  
 With glory and power to judge both quick and dead;  
 To judge the unfaithful dead, but to reward  
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss,  
 Whether in heaven or earth; for then the earth  
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place  
 Than this of Eden, and far happier days."

So spake the archangel Michaël; then paused,  
 As at the world's great period; and our sire  
 Replete with joy and wonder, thus replied:

"O goodness infinite, goodness immense!  
 That all this good of evil shall produce,  
 And evil turn to good; more wonderful  
 Than that which by creation first brought forth  
 Light out of darkness! Full of doubt I stand,  
 Whether I should repent me now of sin  
 By me done, and occasioned; or rejoice  
 Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring;  
 To God more glory, more good-will to men

From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.  
But say, if our Deliverer up to heaven  
Must reascend, what will betide the few  
His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,  
The enemies of truth? Who then shall guide  
His people, who defend? Will they not deal  
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?"

"Be sure they will," said the angel; "but from heaven  
He to his own a Comforter will send,  
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell  
His Spirit within them; and the law of faith,  
Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,  
To guide them in all truth; and also arm  
With spiritual armour, able to resist  
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts;  
What man can do against them, not afraid,  
Though to the death; against such cruelties  
With inward consolations recompensed,  
And oft supported so as shall amaze  
Their proudest persecutors; for the Spirit,  
Poured first on his apostles, whom he sends  
To evangelize the nations, then on all  
Baptized, shall them with wondrous gifts endue  
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,  
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win  
Great numbers of each nation to receive  
With joy the tidings brought from heaven: at length  
Their ministry performed, and race well run,  
Their doctrine and their story written left,  
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,  
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,  
Who all the sacred mysteries of heaven  
To their own vile advantages shall turn  
Of lucre and ambition; and the truth  
With superstitions and traditions taint,  
Left only in those written records pure,  
Though not but by the Spirit understood.  
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,  
Places, and titles, and with these to join  
Secular power; though feigning still to act  
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
The Spirit of God, promised alike, and given  
To all believers; and, from that pretence,  
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force  
On every conscience; laws which none shall find

Left them enrolled, or what the Spirit within  
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
 But force the Spirit of grace itself, and bind  
 His consort liberty? what, but unbuild-  
 His living temples, built by faith to stand,  
 Their own faith, not another's? for, on earth,  
 Who against faith and conscience can be heard  
 Infallible? yet many will presume:  
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
 On all, who in the worship persevere  
 Of spirit and truth; the rest, far greater part,  
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms  
Religion satisfied; truth shall retire  
Bestruck with slanderous darts, and works of faith  
Rarely be found: so shall the world go on,  
 To good malignant, to bad men benign; *messimus*  
Under her own weight groaning; till the day  
 Appear of respiration to the just,  
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
 Of him so lately promised to thy aid,  
 The woman's Seed; obscurely then foretold,  
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord;  
Last, in the clouds, from heaven to be revealed-  
In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
Satan with his perverted world; then raise  
From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,  
New heavens, new earth, ages of endless date,  
Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love;  
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss."

He ended; and thus Adam last replied:  
 "How soon hath thy prediction, seer blest,  
 Measured this transient world, the race of time,  
 Till time stand fixed! Beyond is all abyss,  
 Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.  
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart;  
 Greatly in peace of thought; and have my fill  
 Of knowledge what this vessel can contain;  
 Beyond which, was my folly to aspire.  
 Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,  
And love with fear the only God; to walk  
As in his presence; ever to observe  
His providence; and on him sole depend,  
Merciful over all his works, with good  
Still overcoming evil, and by small  
Accomplishing great things, by things deemed weak



Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise  
By simply meek ; that suffering for truth's sake  
Is fortitude to highest victory,

And, to the faithful, death the gate of life ;  
 Taught this by his example, whom I now  
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest."

To whom thus also the angel last replied :

" This having learned, thou hast attained the sum  
 Of wisdom ; hope no higher, though all the stars  
 Thou knewest by name, and all the ethereal Powers,  
 All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,  
 Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,  
 And all the riches of this world enjoyedst,  
 And all the rule, one empire ; only add  
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable ; add faith,  
Add virtue, patience, temperance ; add love,  
By name to come called charity, the soul  
Of all the rest ; then wilt thou not be loth  
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
A paradise within thee, happier far.

Let us descend now therefore from this top  
 Of speculation ; for the hour precise  
 Exacts our parting hence ; and see ! the guards  
 By me encamped on yonder hill, expect  
 Their motion ; at whose front a flaming sword,  
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round.  
 We may no longer stay : go, waken Eve ;  
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calmed  
 Portending good, and all her spirits composed  
 To meek submission : thou, at season fit,  
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard ;  
 Chiefly, what may concern her faith to know,  
 The great deliverance by her seed to come  
 (For by the woman's seed) on all mankind  
 That ye may live, which will be many days,  
 Both in one faith unanimous, though sad  
 With cause for evils past ; yet much more cheered  
 With meditation on the happy end."

He ended, and they both descend the hill ;  
 Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve  
 Lay sleeping, ran before : but found her waked ;  
 And thus with words not sad she him received :

" Whence thou returnest, and whether wentest, I know  
 For God is also in sleep ; and dreams advise,  
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good

Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress  
 Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;  
 In me is no delay; with thee to go,  
 Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,  
 Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me  
 Art all things under heaven, all places thou,  
 Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.  
 This further consolation yet secure  
 I carry hence; though all by me is lost,  
 Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed,  
 By me the promised Seed shall all restore."

So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard  
 Well pleased, but answered not; for now, too nigh  
 The archangel stood; and from the other hill  
 To their fixed station, all in bright array,  
 The cherubim descended; on the ground  
 Gliding meteorous, as evening mist  
 Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,  
 And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel  
 Homeward returning. High in front advanced,  
 The brandished sword of God before them blazed,  
 Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,  
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,  
 Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat  
 In either hand the hastening angel caught  
 Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate  
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
 To the subjected plain; then disappeared.  
 They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld  
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
 Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate  
 With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms.  
 Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon;  
 The world was all before them, where to choose  
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:  
 They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,  
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

*Symplicit*

# PARADISE REGAINED.

## BOOK I.

### THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. *Invocation of the Holy Spirit.* The poem opens with John baptizing at the river Jordan. Jesus coming there is baptized; and is attested by the descent of the Holy Ghost, and by a voice from heaven, to be the Son of God. Satan, who is present, upon this immediately flies up into the regions of the air; where, summoning his infernal council, he acquaints them with his apprehensions that Jesus is that seed of the woman destined to destroy all their power, and points out to them the immediate necessity of bringing the matter to proof, and of attempting, by snares and fraud, to counteract and defeat the person from whom they have so much to dread. This office he offers himself to undertake; and, his offer being accepted, sets out on his enterprise. In the meantime God, in the assembly of holy angels, declares that he has given up his Son to be tempted by Satan; but foretells that the tempter shall be completely defeated by him upon which the angels sing a hymn of triumph. Jesus is led up by the Spirit into the wilderness, while he is meditating on the commencement of his great office of Saviour of mankind. Pursuing his meditations, he narrates, in a soliloquy, what divine and philanthropic impulses he had felt from his early youth, and how his mother Mary, on perceiving these dispositions in him, had acquainted him with the circumstances of his birth, and informed him that he was no less a person than the Son of God: to which he adds what his own inquiries and reflections had supplied in confirmation of this great truth, and particularly dwells on the recent attestation of it at the river Jordan. Our Lord passes forty days, fasting, in the wilderness; where the wild beasts become mild and harmless in his presence. Satan now appears under the form of an old peasant; and enters into discourse with our Lord, wondering what could have brought him alone into so dangerous a place, and at the same time professing to recognise him for the person lately acknowledged by John, at the river Jordan, to be the Son of God. Jesus briefly replies. Satan rejoins with a description of the difficulty of supporting life in the wilderness; and entreats Jesus, if he be really the Son of God, to manifest his divine power by changing some of the stones into bread. Jesus reproves him, and at the same time tells him that he knows who he is. Satan instantly avows himself, and offers an artful apology for himself and his conduct. Our blessed Lord severely reprimands him, and refutes every part of his justification. Satan, with much semblance of humility, still endeavours to justify himself; and, professing his admiration of Jesus and his regard for virtue, requests to be permitted at a future time to hear more of his conversation; but is answered, that this must be as he shall find permission from above. Satan then disappears, and the book closes with a short description of night coming on in the desert.

I, WHO erewhile the happy garden sung  
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing

Recovered Paradise to all mankind,  
 By one man's firm obedience fully tried  
 Through all temptation, and the tempter foiled  
 In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,  
 And Eden raised in the waste wilderness.  
 Thou Spirit, who leddest this glorious Eremite  
 Into the desert, his victorious field,  
 Against the spiritual foe, and broughtest him thence  
 By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,  
 As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,  
 And bear through height or depth of nature's bounds,  
 With prosperous wing full summed, to tell of deeds  
 Above heroic, though in secret done,  
 And unrecorded left through many an age;  
 Worthy to have not remained so long unsung.

Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice  
 More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried  
 Repentance, and heaven's kingdom nigh at hand  
 To all baptized: to his great baptism flocked  
 With awe the regions round, and with them came,  
 From Nazareth, the son of Joseph deemed,  
 To the flood, Jordan; came as then obscure,  
 Unmarked, unknown; but him the Baptist soon  
 Descried, divinely warned, and witness bore  
 As to his worthier, and would have resigned  
 To him his heavenly office; nor was long  
 His witness unconfirmed: on him baptized  
 Heaven opened, and in likeness of a dove  
 The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice  
 From heaven pronounced him his beloved Son.  
 That heard the adversary, who, roving still  
 About the world, at that assembly famed  
 Would not be last, and, with the voice divine  
 Nigh thunder-struck, the exalted man, to whom  
 Such high attest was given, a while surveyed  
 With wonder; then, with envy fraught and rage  
 Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air  
 To council summons all his mighty peers,  
 Within thick clouds, and dark, tenfold involved,  
 A gloomy consistory; and them amidst,  
 With looks aghast and sad, he thus bespake:  
 "O ancient powers of air, and this wide world  
 (For much more willingly I mention air,  
 This our old conquest, than remember hell.  
 Our hated habitation), well ye know

- How many ages, as the years of men,  
 This universe we have possessed, and ruled,  
 5 In manner at our will, the affairs of earth,  
 Since Adam and his facile consort Eve  
 Lost Paradise, deceived by me; though since  
 With dread attending when that fatal wound  
 Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve  
 5 Upon my head. Long the decrees of Heaven  
 Delay, for longest time to him is short;  
 And now, too soon for us, the circling hours  
 This dreaded time have compassed, wherein we  
 Must bide the stroke of that long-threatened wound  
 6 (At least if so we can, and by the head  
 Broken be not intended all our power  
 To be infringed, our freedom and our being,  
 In this fair empire won of earth and air):  
 For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed  
 6 Destined to this, is late of woman born.  
 His birth to our just fear gave no small cause:  
 But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying  
 All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve  
 Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.  
 7 Before him a great prophet, to proclaim  
 His coming, is sent harbinger, who all  
 Invites, and in the consecrated stream  
 Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them, so  
 Purified, to receive him pure, or rather  
 7 To do him honour as their King: all come,  
 And he himself among them was baptized;  
 Not thence to be more pure, but to receive  
 The testimony of Heaven, that who he is  
 Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I saw  
 8 The prophet do him reverence: on him, rising  
 Out of the water, heaven above the clouds  
 Unfold her crystal doors; thence on his head  
 A perfect dove descend (whate'er it meant),  
 And out of heaven the Sovereign voice I heard,  
 8 'This is my Son beloved, in him am pleased.'  
 His mother then is mortal, but his Sire  
 He who obtains the monarchy of heaven:  
 And what will he not do to advance his Son?  
 His first-begot, we know, and sore have felt,  
 8 When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep:  
 Who this is we must learn, for man he seems  
 In all his lineaments, though in his face

a 3 The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.  
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge  
 96 Of hazard, which admits no long debate,  
 But must with something sudden be opposed  
 (Not force, but well-couched fraud, well-woven snares),  
 Ere in the head of nations he appear,  
 Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.  
 100 I, when no other durst, sole undertook  
 The dismal expedition to find out  
 And ruin Adam; and the exploit performed  
 Successfully: a calmer voyage now  
 Will waft me; and the way, found prosperous once,  
 Induces best to hope of like success."

He ended, and his words impression left  
 Of much amazement to the infernal crew  
 Distracted, and surprised with deep dismay  
 105 At these sad tidings; but no time was then  
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief:  
 Unanimous they all commit the care  
 And management of this main enterprise  
 To him, their great dictator, whose attempt  
 110 At first against mankind so well had thrived  
 In Adam's overthrow, and led their march  
 From hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,  
 Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods,  
 Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.  
 So to the coast of Jordan he directs  
 His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,  
 Where he might likeliest find this new-declared,  
 This man of men, attested Son of God,  
 Temptation and all guile on him to try;  
 115 So to subvert whom he suspected raised  
 To end his reign on earth, so long enjoyed:  
 But, contrary, unweeting he fulfilled  
 The purposed counsel, pre-ordained and fixed,  
 Of the Most High; who, in full frequency bright  
 120 Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake:  
 "Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,  
 Thou and all angels conversant on earth  
 With man or men's affairs, how I begin  
 To verify that solemn message, late  
 On which I sent thee to the virgin pure  
 In Galilee, that she should bear a son  
 Great in renown, and called the Son of God;  
 Then toldest her, doubting how these things could be

To her a virgin, that on her should come  
 410 The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest  
 O'ershadow her. This man, born and now upgrown  
 To show him worthy of his birth divine  
 And high prediction, henceforth I expose  
 To Satan; let him tempt, and now assay  
 415 His utmost subtlety, because he boasts  
 And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng  
 Of his apostasy; he might have learnt  
 Less overweening, since he failed in Job,  
 Whose constant perseverance overcame  
 420 Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.  
 He now shall know I can produce a man,  
 Of female seed, far abler to resist  
 All his solicitations, and at length,  
 All his vast force, and drive him back to hell;  
 425 Winning, by conquest, what the first man lost,  
 By fallacy surprised. But first I mean  
 To exercise him in the wilderness;  
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments  
 Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth  
 430 To conquer sin and death, the two grand foes,  
 By humiliation and strong suffrance:  
 His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,  
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;  
 That all the angels and ethereal powers,  
 435 They now, and men hereafter, may discern,  
 From what consummate virtue I have chose  
 This perfect man, by merit called my Son,  
 To earn salvation for the sons of men."

So spake the Eternal Father, and all heaven  
 440 Admiring stood a space, then into hymns  
 Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved,  
 Circling the throne and singing, while the hand  
 Sung with the voice, and this the argument:  
 "Victory and triumph to the Son of God,  
 445 Now entering his great duel, not of arms,  
 But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles!  
 The Father knows the Son: therefore secure  
 Ventures his filial virtue, though untried,  
 Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,  
 450 Allure, or terrify, or undermine.  
 Be frustrate, all ye stratagems of hell,  
 And, devilish machinations, come to nought!"  
 So they in heaven their odes and vigils tuned:

Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days  
 Lodged in Bethabara, where John baptized.  
 Musing, and much revolving in his breast,  
 How best the mighty work he might begin  
 Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first  
 Publish his godlike office now mature,

One day walked forth alone, the Spirit leading  
 And his deep thoughts, the better to converse  
 With solitude, till, far from track of men,  
 Thought following thought, and step by step led on,  
 He entered now the bordering desert wild,  
 And, with dark shades and rocks environed round,  
 His holy meditations thus pursued :

“ O, what a multitude of thoughts at once  
 Awakened in me swarm, while I consider  
 What from within I feel myself, and hear  
 What from without comes often to my ears,  
 Ill sorting with my present state compared !  
 When I was yet a child, no childish play  
 To me was pleasing ; all my mind was set  
 Serious to learn and know, and thence to do  
 What might be public good ; myself I thought  
 Born to that end, born to promote all truth,  
 All righteous things : therefore, above my years,  
 The law of God I read, and found it sweet,  
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grew  
 To such perfection, that, ere yet my age  
 Had measured twice six years, at our great feast  
 I went into the temple, there to hear  
 The teachers of our law, and to propose  
 What might improve my knowledge or their own ;  
 And was admired by all : yet this not all  
 To which my spirit aspired ; victorious deeds  
 Flamed in my heart, heroic acts ; one while  
 To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke ;  
 Then to subdue and quell, o'er all the earth,  
 Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,  
 Till truth were freed, and equity restored :  
 Yet held it more humane, more heavenly first  
 By willing words to conquer willing hearts,  
 And make persuasion do the work of fear :  
 At least to try, and teach the erring soul,  
 Not wilfully misdoing, but unaware  
 Misled ; the stubborn only to subdue.  
 These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving,



By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,  
And said to me apart, ' High are thy thoughts,  
O son, but nourish them, and let them soar  
To what height sacred virtue and true worth  
Can raise them, though above example high ;  
By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire,  
For know thou art no son of mortal man ;  
Though men esteem thee low of parentage,  
Thy Father is the Eternal King who rules  
All heaven and earth, angels and sons of men ;  
A messenger from God foretold thy birth  
Conceived in me a virgin ; he foretold  
Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's throne,  
And of thy kingdom there should be no end.  
At thy nativity, a glorious choir  
Of angels, in the fields of Bethlehem, sung  
To shepherds, watching at their folds by night,  
And told them the Messiah now was born,  
Where they might see him ; and to thee they came  
Directed to the manger where thou layest,  
For in the inn was left no better room :  
A star, not seen before, in heaven appearing,  
Guided the wise men thither from the East,  
To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold ;  
By whose bright course led on they found the place  
Affirming it thy star, new-graven in heaven,  
By which they knew the King of Israel born.  
Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warned  
By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake,  
Before the altar and the vested priest,  
Like things of thee to all that present stood.'

" This having heard, straight I again revolved  
The law and prophets, searching what was writ  
Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes  
Known partly, and soon found, of whom they spake  
I am : this chiefly, that my way must lie  
Through many a hard assay, even to the death,  
Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,  
Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins'  
Full weight must be transferred upon my head.  
Yet, neither thus disheartened, nor dismayed,  
The time prefixed I waited ; when behold  
The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard,  
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come  
Before Messiah, and his way prepare !

I, as all others, to his baptism came,  
Which I believed was from above ; but he  
Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaimed  
Me him (for it was snown him so from heaven),  
Me him, whose harbinger he was ; and first  
Refused on me his baptism to confer,  
As much his greater, and was hardly won :  
But, as I rose out of the laving stream,  
Heaven opened her eternal doors, from whence  
The Spirit descended on me like a dove ;  
And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,  
Audibly heard from heaven, pronounced me his,  
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone  
He was well pleased ; by which I knew the time  
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,  
But openly begin, as best becomes  
The authority which I derived from heaven.  
And now by some strong motion I am led  
Into this wilderness, to what intent  
I learn not yet ; perhaps I need not know,  
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals."

So spake our Morning-star, then in his rise,  
And, looking round, on every side beheld  
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades ;  
The way he came not having marked, return  
Was difficult, by human steps untrod ;  
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts  
Accompanied of things past and to come  
Lodged in his breast, as well might recommend  
Such solitude before choicest society.  
Full forty days he passed, whether on hill  
Sometimes, anon on shady vale, each night  
Under the covert of some ancient oak,  
Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,  
Or harboured in one cave, is not revealed ;  
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt  
Till those days ended ; hungered then at last  
Among wild beasts : they at his sight grew mild  
Nor sleeping him nor waking harmed ; his walk  
The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm,  
The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.  
But now an aged man in rural weeds,  
Following, as seemed, the quest of some stray ewe,  
Or withered sticks to gather, which might serve  
Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,

To warm him wet returned from field at eve,  
 He saw approach, who first with curious eye  
 Perused him, then with words thus uttered spake :

“ Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place  
 So far from path or road of men, who pass  
 In troop or caravan ? for single none  
 Durst ever, who returned, and dropt not here  
 His carcass, pined with hunger and with drought.  
 I ask thee rather, and the more admire,  
 For that to me thou seemest the man, whom late  
 Our new baptizing prophet at the ford  
 Of Jordon honoured so, and called thee Son  
 Of God : I saw and heard, for we sometimes  
 Who dwell this wild, constrained by want, come forth  
 To town or village nigh (nighest is far),  
 Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear,  
 What happens new ; fame also finds us out.”

To whom the Son of God : “ Who brought me hither  
 Will bring me hence ; no other guide I seek.”

“ By miracle he may,” replied the swain ;  
 “ What other way I see not ; for we here  
 Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured  
 More than the camel, and to drink go far,  
 Men to much misery and hardship born :  
 But, if thou be the Son of God, command  
 That out of these hard stones be made thee bread,  
 So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve  
 With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.”

He ended, and the Son of God replied :  
 “ Thinkest thou such force in bread ? Is it not written  
 (For I discern thee other than thou seemest),  
 Man lives not by bread only, but each word  
 Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed  
 Our fathers here with manna ? In the mount  
 Moses was forty days, nor eat, nor drank ;  
 And forty days Elijah, without food,  
 Wandered this barren waste ; the same I now :  
 Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,  
 Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art ?”

Whom thus answered the arch-fiend, now undisguised :  
 “ ’Tis true I am that spirit unfortunate,  
 Who, leagued with millions more in rash revolt,  
 Kept not my happy station, but was driven  
 With them from bliss to the bottomless deep  
 Yet to that hideous place not so confined

By rigour unconniving, but that oft,  
 Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy  
 Large liberty to round this globe of earth,  
 Or range in the air ; nor from the heaven of heavens  
 Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.  
 I came among the sons of God, when he  
 Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job  
 To prove him, and illustrate his high worth ;  
 And, when to all his angels he proposed  
 To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud  
 That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,  
 I undertook that office, and the tongues  
 Of all his flattering prophets glibbed with lies  
 To his destruction, as I had in charge ;  
 For what he bids I do. Though I have lost  
 Much lustre of my native brightness, lost  
 To be beloved of God, I have not lost  
 To love, at least contemplate and admire,  
 What I see excellent in good, or fair,  
 Or virtuous ; I should so have lost all sense :  
 What can be then less in me than desire  
 To see thee, and approach thee, whom I know  
 Declared the Son of God, to hear attent  
 Thy wisdom, and behold thy godlike deeds ?  
 Men generally think me much a foe  
 To all mankind ? why should I ? they to me  
 Never did wrong or violence ; by them  
 I lost not what I lost, rather by them  
 I gained what I have gained, and with them dwell,  
 Copartner in these regions of the world,  
 If not disposer ; lend them of my aid,  
 Oft my advice by presages and signs,  
 And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,  
 Whereby they may direct their future life.  
 Envy they say excites me, thus to gain  
 Companions of my misery and woe.  
 At first it may be ; but long since with woe  
 Nearer acquainted, now I feel, by proof,  
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,  
 Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.  
 Small consolation then, were man adjoined .  
 This wounds me most (what can it less ?) that man,  
 Man fallen, shall be restored ; I, never more."

To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied :  
 " Deservedly thou grievest, composed of lies

From the beginning, and in lies wilt end ;  
Who boastest release from hell, and leave to come  
Into the heaven of heavens : thou comest indeed  
As a poor miserable captive thrall  
Comes to the place where he before had sat  
Among the prime in splendour, now deposed,  
Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunned,  
A spectacle of ruin or of scorn  
To all the host of heaven ; the happy place  
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,  
Rather inflames thy torment : representing  
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,  
So never more in hell than when in heaven.  
But thou art serviceable to heaven's King.  
Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear  
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites ?  
What but thy malice moved thee to misdeem  
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him  
With all inflictions ? but his patience won.  
The other service was thy chosen task,  
To be a liar in four hundred mouths ;  
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.  
Yet thou pretendest to truth ; all oracles  
By thee are given, and what confessed more true  
Among the nations ? that hath been thy craft,  
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.  
But what have been thy answers ? what but dark,  
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,  
Which they who asked have seldom understood,  
And, not well understood, as good not known ?  
Who ever by consulting at thy shrine  
Returned the wiser, or the more instruct,  
To fly or follow what concerned him most,  
And run not sooner to his fatal snare ?  
For God hath justly given the nations up  
To thy delusions ; justly, since they fell  
Idolatrous : but, when his purpose is  
Among them to declare his providence  
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,  
But from him, or his angels president  
In every province, who, themselves disdain  
To approach thy temples, give thee in command  
What, to the smallest tittle, thou shalt say  
To thy adorers ? Thou, with trembling fear,  
Or like a fawning parasite, obeyest :

Then to thyself ascribest the truth foretold.  
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrenched ;  
 No more shalt thou by oraceling abuse  
 The Gentiles ; henceforth oracles are ceased,  
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice  
 Shalt be inquired at Delphos, or elsewhere ;  
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.  
 God hath now sent his living oracle  
 Into the world to teach his final will,  
 And sends his Spirit of truth henceforth to dwell  
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle  
 To all truth requisite for men to know."

So spake our Saviour, but the subtle fiend,  
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain,  
 Dissembled, and this answer smooth returned :  
 " Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,  
 And urged me hard with doings, which not will  
 But misery hath wrested from me. Where  
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,  
 And not enforced oftentimes to part from truth,  
 If it may stand him more in stead to lie,  
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure ?  
 But thou art placed above me, thou art Lord ;  
 From thee I can, and must, submit endure  
 Check or reproof, and glad to escape so quit.  
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,  
 Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to the ear  
 And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song ;  
 What wonder then if I delight to hear  
 Her dictates from thy mouth ? Most men admire  
 Virtue, who follow not her lore : permit me  
 To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)  
 And talk at least, though I despair to attain.  
 Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,  
 Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest  
 To tread his sacred courts, and minister  
 About his altar, handling holy things,  
 Praying or vowing ; and vouchsafed his voice  
 To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet  
 Inspired : disdain not such access to me."

To whom our Saviour, with unaltered brow :  
 " Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,  
 I bid not, or forbid ; do as thou findest  
 Permission from above ; thou canst not more."

He added not ; and Satan, bowing low

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His gray dissimulation, disappeared  
Into thin air diffused: for now began  
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade  
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couched,  
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

## BOOK II.

### THE ARGUMENT.

The disciples of Jesus, uneasy at his long absence, reason amongst themselves concerning it. Mary also gives vent to her maternal anxiety; in the expression of which she recapitulates many circumstances respecting the birth and early life of her Son. Satan again meets his infernal council, reports the bad success of his first temptation of our blessed Lord, and calls upon them for counsel and assistance. Belial proposes the tempting of Jesus with women. Satan rebukes Belial for his dissoluteness, charging on him all the profligacy of that kind ascribed by the poets to the heathen gods, and rejects his proposal as in no respect likely to succeed. Satan then suggests other modes of temptation, particularly proposing to avail himself of the circumstance of our Lord's hungering; and, taking a band of chosen spirits with him, returns to resume his enterprise. Jesus hungers in the desert. Night comes on; the manner in which our Saviour passes the night is described. Morning advances. Satan again appears to Jesus, and, after expressing wonder that he should be so entirely neglected in the wilderness, where others had been miraculously fed, tempts him with a sumptuous banquet of the most luxurious kind. This he rejects, and the banquet vanishes. Satan, finding our Lord not to be assailed on the ground of appetite, tempts him again by offering him riches, as the means of acquiring power; this Jesus also rejects, producing many instances of great actions performed by persons under virtuous poverty, and specifying the danger of riches, and the cares and pains inseparable from power and greatness.

MEANWHILE the new-baptized, who yet remained  
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen  
Him whom they heard so late expressly called  
Jesus Messiah, Son of God declared,  
And on that high authority had believed,  
And with him talked, and with him lodged; I mean  
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,  
With others, though in holy writ not named;  
Now missing him their joy so lately found  
(So lately found and so abruptly gone),  
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,  
And as the days increased, increased their doubt.  
Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,  
And for a time caught up to God, as once  
Moses was in the mount and missing long,  
And the great Thisbite, who on fiery wheels  
Rode up to heaven, yet once again to come:  
Therefore, as those young prophets then with care  
Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these



Nigh to Bethabara ; in Jericho  
 The city of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,  
 Machærus, and each town or city walled  
 On this side the broad lake Genezaret,  
 Or in Peræa ; but returned in vain.  
 Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,  
 Where winds with reeds and osiers whispering play,  
 Plain fishermen (no greater men them call),  
 Close in a cottage low together got,  
 Their unexpected loss and plaints outbreathed :

“ Alas, from what high hope to what relapse  
 Unlooked for are we fallen ! our eyes beheld  
 Messiah certainly now come, so long  
 Expected of our fathers ; we have heard  
 His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth.  
 ‘ Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,  
 The kingdom shall to Israel be restored ;’  
 Thus we rejoiced, but soon our joy is turned  
 Into perplexity and new amaze :  
 For whither is he gone, what accident  
 Hath rapt him from us ? will he now retire  
 After appearance, and again prolong  
 Our expectation ? God of Israel,  
 Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come :  
 Behold the kings of the earth, how they oppress  
 Thy chosen ; to what height their power unjust  
 They have exalted, and behind them cast  
 All fear of thee ; arise, and vindicate  
 Thy glory ; free thy people from their yoke.  
 But let us wait ; thus far he hath performed,  
 Sent his Anointed, and to us revealed him  
 By his great prophet, pointed at and shown  
 In public, and with him we have conversed :  
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears  
 Lay on his providence ; he will not fail,  
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,  
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence  
 Soon shall we see our hope, our joy, return.”

Thus they, out of their plaints, new hope resume  
 To find whom at the first they found unsought :  
 But, to his mother Mary, when she saw  
 Others returned from baptism, not her son,  
 Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,  
 Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure  
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised

Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad .

“ O, what avails me now that honour high,  
 To have conceived of God, or that salute,  
 ‘ Hail, highly favoured, among women blest !’  
 While I to sorrows am no less advanced,  
 And fears as eminent, above the lot  
 Of other women by the birth I bore ;  
 In such a season born, when scarce a shed  
 Could be obtained to shelter him or me  
 From the bleak air ; a stable was our warmth,  
 A manger his ; yet soon enforced to fly  
 Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king  
 Were dead, who sought his life, and missing filled  
 With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem ;  
 From Egypt home returned in Nazareth  
 Hath been our dwelling many years ; his life  
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,  
 Little suspicious to any king ; but now,  
 Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear,  
 By John the Baptist, and in public shown,  
 Son owned from heaven by his Father’s voice,  
 I looked for some great change ; to honour ? no,  
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,  
 That to the fall and rising he should be  
 Of many in Israel, and to a sign  
 Spoken against, that through my very soul  
 A sword shall pierce ; this is my favoured lot,  
 My exaltation to afflictions high !  
 Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest ;  
 I will not argue that, nor will repine.  
 But where delays he now ? some great intent  
 Conceals him : when twelve years he scarce had seen  
 I lost him, but so found, as well I saw  
 He could not lose himself, but went about  
 His Father’s business ; what he meant I mused,  
 Since understand ; much more his absence now  
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.  
 But I to wait with patience am inured ;  
 My heart hath been a storehouse long of things,  
 And sayings laid up, portending strange events.”  
 Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind  
 Recalling what remarkably had passed  
 Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts  
 Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling :  
 The while her Son, tracing the desert wild,

Sole, but with holiest meditations fed,  
 Into himself descended, and at once  
 All his great work to come before him set ;  
 How to begin, how to accomplish best  
 His end of being on earth, and mission high :  
 For Satan, with sly preface to return,  
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone  
 Up to the middle region of thick air,  
 Where all his potentates in council sat :  
 There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,  
 Solicitous and blank, he thus began :

“ Princes, heaven’s ancient sons, ethereal thrones  
 Demonian spirits now, from the element  
 Each of his reign allotted, rightlier called  
 Powers of fire, air, water and earth beneath  
 (So may we hold our place and these mild seats  
 Without new trouble), such an enemy  
 Is risen to invade us, who no less  
 Threatens than our expulsion down to hell ;  
 I, as I undertook, and with the vote  
 Consenting in full frequence was impowered,  
 Have found him, viewed him, tasted him ; but find  
 Far other labour to be undergone  
 Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men.  
 Though Adam by his wife’s allurements fell,  
 However to this man inferior far ;  
 If he be man by mother’s side, at least  
 With more than human gifts from heaven adorned,  
 Perfections absolute, graces divine,  
 And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.  
 Therefore I am returned, lest confidence  
 Of my success with Eve in Paradise  
 Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure  
 Of like succeeding here ; I summon all  
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand  
 Or counsel to assist : lest I, who erst  
 Thought none my equal, now be over-matched.”

So spake the old serpent doubting ; and from all  
 With clamour was assured their utmost aid  
 At his command : when from amidst them rose  
 Belial, the dissolutes spirit that fell,  
 The sensualist, and, after Asmodai,  
 The fleshiest incubus ; and thus advised :

“ Set women in his eye, and in his walk,  
 Among daughters of men the fairest found :

Many are in each region passing fair  
 As the noon sky ; more like to goddesses  
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,  
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues  
 Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild  
 And sweet allayed, yet terrible to approach,  
 Skilled to retire, and, in retiring, draw  
 Hearts after them, tangled in amorous nets.  
 Such object hath the power to soften and tame  
 Severest temper, smooth the ruggedest brow,  
 Enever, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,  
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead  
 At will the manliest, resolute breast,  
 As the magnetic hardest iron draws.

Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart  
 Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,  
 And made him bow, to the gods of his wives."

To whom quick answer Satan thus returned :  
 ' Belial, in much uneven scale thou weighest  
 All others by thyself ; because of old  
 Thou thyself doatest on womankind, admiring  
 Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,  
 None are, thou thinkest, but taken with such toys.  
 Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,  
 False-titled sons of God, roaming the earth,  
 Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,  
 And coupled with them, and begot a race.  
 Have we not seen, or by relation heard,  
 In courts and regal chambers how thou lurkest,  
 In wood or grove, by mossy fountain-side,  
 In valley or green meadow, to waylay  
 Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,  
 Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,  
 Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more  
 Too long, then layest thy 'scapes on names adored,  
 Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,  
 Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan ? But these haunts  
 Delight not all ; among the sons of men,  
 How many have with a smile made small account  
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorned  
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent !  
 Remember that Pellean conqueror,  
 A youth, how all the beauties of the East  
 He slightly viewed, and slightly overpassed :  
 How he, surnamed of Africa, dismissed,

In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid.  
 For Solomon, he lived at ease, and full  
 Of honour, wealth, high fare, aimed not beyond  
 Higher design than to enjoy his state ;  
 Thence to the bait of women lay exposed ;  
 But he whom we attempt is wiser far  
 Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,  
 Made and set wholly on the accomplishment  
 Of greatest things. What woman will you find,  
 Though of this age the wonder and the fame,  
 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye  
 Of fond desire ? Or should she, confident,  
 As sitting queen adored on beauty's throne,  
 Descend with all her winning charms begirt  
 To enamour, as the zone of Venus once  
 Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell ;  
 How would one look from his majestic brow,  
 Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,  
 Discouragement her despised, and put to rout  
 All her array ; her female pride deject,  
 Or turn to reverent awe ! for beauty stands  
 In the admiration only of weak minds  
 Led captive ; cease to admire, and all her plumes  
 Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,  
 At every sudden slighting quite abashed.  
 Therefore with manlier objects we must try  
 His constancy : with such as have more show  
 Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise,  
 Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wrecked ;  
 Or that which only seems to satisfy  
 Lawful desires of nature, not beyond ;  
 And now I know he hungers, where no food  
 Is to be found, in the wide wilderness :  
 The rest commit to me ; I shall let pass  
 No advantage, and his strength as oft assay."

He ceased, and heard their grant in loud acclamation  
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band  
 Of spirits, likest to himself in guile,  
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,  
 If cause were to unfold some active scene  
 Of various persons, each to know his part ;  
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight .  
 Where, still from shade to shade, the Son of God  
 After forty days' fasting had remained,  
 Now hungering first, and to himself thus said :

" Where will this end ? four times ten days I've passed  
 Wandering this woody maze, and human food  
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite : that fast  
 To virtue I impute not, or count part  
 Of what I suffer here : if nature need not,  
 Or God support nature without repast  
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure ?  
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares  
 Nature hath need of what she asks ; yet God  
 Can satisfy that need some other way,  
 Though hunger still remain : so it remain  
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,  
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm ;  
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed  
 Me hungering more to do my Father's will."

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son  
 Communed in silent walk, then laid him down  
 Under the hospitable covert nigh  
 Of trees thick interwoven ; there he slept,  
 And dreamed, as appetite is wont to dream,  
 Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet :  
 Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,  
 And saw the ravens with their horny beaks  
 Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn,  
 Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought  
 He saw the prophet also, how he fled  
 Into the desert, and how there he slept  
 Under a juniper ; then how awaked  
 He found his supper on the coals prepared,  
 And by the angel was bid rise and eat,  
 And eat the second time after repose,  
 The strength whereof sufficed him forty days :  
 Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,  
 Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.  
 Thus wore out night ; and now the herald lark  
 Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry  
 The morn's approach, and greet her with his song :  
 As lightly from his grassy couch arose  
 Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream ;  
 Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting waked.  
 Up to a hill anon his steps he reared,  
 From whose high top to ken the prospect round,  
 If cottage were in view, sheep-cot, or herd ;  
 But ccttage, herd, or sheep-cot, none he saw ;  
 Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,

With chat of tuneful birds resounding loud :  
 Thither he bent his way, determined there  
 To rest at noon, and entered soon the shade  
 High roofed, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,  
 That opened in the midst a woody scene ;  
 Nature's own work it seemed (nature taught art),  
 And, to a superstitious eye, the haunt  
 Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs : he viewed it round,  
 When suddenly a man before him stood ;  
 Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,  
 As one in city, or court, or palace bred,  
 And with fair speech these words to him addressed :

“ With granted leave, officious I return,  
 But much more wonder that the Son of God  
 In this wild solitude so long should bide,  
 Of all things destitute ; and well I know,  
 Not without hunger. Others of some note,  
 As story tells, have trod this wilderness ;  
 The fugitive bond-woman, with her son,  
 Outcast Nebaioth, yet found here relief  
 By a providing angel ; all the race  
 Of Israel here had famished, had not God  
 Rained from heaven manna ; and that prophet bold,  
 Native of Thebez, wandering here was fed  
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat :  
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard,  
 Forty and more deserted here indeed.”

To whom thus Jesus : “ What concludest thou hence !  
 They all had need ; I, as thou seest, have none.”

“ How hast thou hunger then ?” Satan replied.

“ Tell me, if food were now before thee set,  
 Wouldst thou not eat ?” “ Thereafter as I like  
 The giver,” answered Jesus. “ Why should that  
 Cause thy refusal ?” said the subtle fiend.

“ Hast thou not right to all created things ?

Owe not all creatures by just right to thee  
 Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,  
 But tender all their power ? Nor mention I  
 Meats by the law unclean, or offered first  
 To idols, those young Daniel could refuse ;  
 Nor proffered by an enemy, though who  
 Would scruple that, with want oppressed ? Behold,  
 Nature ashamed, or, better to express,  
 Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath purveyed  
 From all the elements her choicest store,

To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord.  
With honour : only deign to sit and eat."

He spake no dream ; for, as his words had end,  
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld,  
In ample space under the broadest shade,  
A table richly spread, in regal mode,  
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort  
And savour : beasts of chase, or fowl of game,  
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,  
Gris-amber-steamed ; all fish, from sea or shore  
Freshet or purling brook, or shell or fin,  
And exquisitest name, for which was drained  
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.  
(Alas ! how simple, to these cates compared,  
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve !)  
And at a stately sideboard, by the wine  
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood  
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue  
Than Ganymed or Hylas ; distant more  
Under the trees now tripped, now solemn stood,  
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades,  
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,  
And ladies of the Hesperides, that seemed  
Fairer than feigned of old, or fabled since  
Of faery damsels, met in forest wide  
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,  
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.  
And all the while harmonious airs were heard  
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes ; and winds  
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fanned  
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.  
Such was the splendour ; and the tempter now  
His invitation earnestly renewed.

" What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat ?  
These are not fruits forbidden ; no interdiet  
Defends the touching of these viands pure ;  
Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,  
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,  
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.  
All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,  
Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay  
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord ;  
What doubttest thou, Son of God ? Sit down and eat."

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied :  
" Saidest thou not that to all things I had right ?



And who withholds my power that right to use?  
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,  
When and where likes me best, I can command?  
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,  
Command a table in this wilderness,  
And call swift flights of angels ministrant  
Arrayed in glory on my cup to attend:  
Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,  
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?  
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?  
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,  
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles."

To whom thus answered Satan malcontent:  
"That I have also power to give, thou seest:  
If of that power I bring thee voluntary  
What I might have bestowed on whom I pleased,  
And rather opportunely in this place  
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,  
Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see  
What I can do or offer is suspect;  
Of these things others quickly will dispose,  
Whose pains have earned the far-fet spoil." With that  
Both table and provision vanished quite  
With sounds of harpies' wings and talons heard:  
Only the impertune tempter still remained,  
And with these words his temptation pursued:

"By hunger, that each other creature tames,  
Thou art not to be harmed, therefore not moved;  
Thy temperance invincible besides,  
For no allurements yields to appetite;  
And all thy heart is set on high designs,  
High actions: but wherewith to be achieved?  
Great acts require great means of enterprise;  
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,  
A carpenter thy father known, thyself  
Bred up in poverty and straits at home,  
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit:  
Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire  
To greatness? whence authority derivest?  
What followers, what retinue, canst thou gain,  
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,  
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?  
Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms:  
What raised Antipater the Edomite,  
And his son Herod placed on Judah's throne,

Thy throne, but gold that got him puissant friends?

Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,  
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,  
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me :  
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand ;  
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,  
While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want."

To whom thus Jesus patiently replied :

" Yet wealth, without these three, is impotent  
To gain dominion, or to keep it gained,  
Witness those ancient empires of the earth,  
In height of all their flowing wealth dissolved  
But men endued with these have oft attained  
In lowest poverty to highest deeds ;  
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad  
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat  
So many ages, and shall yet regain  
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.  
Among the heathen (for throughout the world  
To me is not unknown what hath been done  
Worthy of memorial) canst thou not remember  
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus ?  
For I esteem those names of men so poor,  
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn  
Riches, though offered from the hand of kings.  
And what in me seems wanting, but that I  
May also in this poverty as soon  
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more ?  
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,  
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare ; more apt  
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,  
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.  
What if with like aversion I reject  
Riches and realms ? yet not for that a crown,  
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,  
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,  
To him who wears the regal diadem,  
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies ;  
For therein stands the office of a king,  
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,  
That for the public all this weight he bears :  
Yet he, who reigns within himself, and rules  
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king ;  
Which every wise and virtuous man attains ;  
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule

Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,  
Subject himself to anarchy within,  
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.  
But to guide nations in the way of truth  
By saving doctrine, and from error lead  
To know, and knowing worship God aright,  
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,  
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;  
That other o'er the body only reigns,  
And oft by force, which to a generous mind,  
So reigning, can be no sincere delight.  
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought  
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
Far more magnanimous than to assume.  
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,  
And for thy reason why they should be sought,  
To gain a sceptre, ofttest better missed."

## BOOK III.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Satan in a speech of much flattering commendation, endeavours to awaken in Jesus a passion for glory by particularizing various instances of conquests achieved, and great actions performed, by persons at an early period of life. Our Lord replies by showing the vanity of worldly fame, and the improper means by which it is generally attained; and contrasts with it the true glory of religious patience and virtuous wisdom, as exemplified in the character of Job. Satan justifies the love of glory from the example of God himself, who requires it from all his creatures. Jesus detects the fallacy of this argument, by showing that, as goodness is the true ground on which glory is due to the great Creator of all things, sinful man can have no right whatever to it. Satan then urges our Lord respecting his claim to the throne of David: he tells him that the kingdom of Judea, being at that time a province of Rome, cannot be got possession of without much personal exertion on his part, and presses him to lose no time in beginning to reign. Jesus refers him to the time allotted for this, as for all other things; and, after intimating somewhat respecting his own previous sufferings, asks Satan why he should be so solicitous for the exaltation of one whose rising was destined to be his fall. Satan replies, that his own desperate state, by excluding all hope, leaves little room for fear; and that, as his own punishment was equally doomed, he is not interested in preventing the reign of one from whose apparent benevolence he might rather hope for some interference in his favour. Satan still pursues his former incitements; and, supposing that the seeming reluctance of Jesus to be thus advanced might arise from his being unacquainted with the world and its glories, conveys him to the summit of a high mountain, and from thence shows him most of the Kingdoms of Asia, particularly pointing out to his notice some extraordinary military preparations of the Parthians to resist the incursions of the Scythians. He then informs our Lord, that he showed him this purposely that he might see how necessary military exertions are to retain the possession of kingdoms, as well as to subdue them at first, and advises him to consider how impossible it was to maintain Judea against two such powerful neighbours as the Romans and Parthians, and how necessary it would be to form an alliance with one or other of them. At the same time he recommends, and engages to secure to him that of the Parthians; and tells him that by this means his power will be defended from anything that Rome or Cæsar might attempt against it, and that he will be able to extend his glory wide, and especially to accomplish what was particularly necessary to make the throne of Judea really the throne of David, the deliverance and restoration of the ten tribes, still in a state of captivity. Jesus, having briefly noticed the vanity of military efforts, and the weakness of the arm of flesh, says, that when the time comes for his ascending his allotted throne, he shall not be slack; he remarks on Satan's extraordinary zeal for the deliverance of the Israelites, to whom he had always showed himself an enemy, and declares their servitude to be the consequence of their idolatry; but adds, that at a future time it may perhaps please God to recal them, and restore them to their liberty and native land.

So spake the Son of God; and Satan stood  
A while as mute, confounded what to say,  
What to reply, confuted and convinced  
Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift:

At length collecting all his serpent wiles,  
 With soothing words renewed, him thus accosts :  
 " I see thou knowest what is of use to know,  
 What best to say canst say, to do canst do ;  
 Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words  
 To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart  
 Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.  
 Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,  
 Thy counsel would be as the oracle  
 Urim and Thummm, those oraculous gems  
 On Aaron's breast ; or tongue of seers old,  
 Infallible : or wert thou sought to deeds  
 That might require the array of war, thy skill  
 Of conduct would be such, that all the world  
 Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist  
 In battle, though against thy few in arms.  
 These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou hide.  
 Affecting private life, or more obscure  
 In savage wilderness ? wherefore deprive  
 All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself  
 The fame and glory, glory the reward  
 That sole excites to high attempts, the flame  
 Of most erected spirits, most tempered pure  
 Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,  
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,  
 And dignities and powers all but the highest ?  
 Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe : the son  
 Of Macedonian Philip had ere these  
 Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held  
 At his dispose ; young Scipio had brought down  
 The Carthaginian pride ; young Pompey quelled  
 The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.  
 Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,  
 Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.  
 Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,  
 The more he grow in years, the more inflamed  
 With glory, wept that he had lived so long  
 Inglorious : but thou yet art not too late."

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied :  
 " Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth  
 For empire's sake, nor empire to affect  
 For glory's sake, by all thy argument.  
 For what is glory but the blazo of fame,  
 The people's praise, if always praise unmixed ?  
 And what the people but a herd confused,

A miscellaneous rabble, who extol  
 Things vulgar, and, well weighed, scarce worth the praise ?  
 They praise, and they admire, they know not what,  
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other ;  
 And what delight to be by such extolled,  
 To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,  
 Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise,  
 His lot who dares be singularly good ?  
 The intelligent among them and the wise  
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.  
 This is true glory and renown ; when God,  
 Looking on the earth, with approbation marks  
 The just man, and divulges him through heaven  
 To all his angels, who with true applause  
 Recount his praises ; thus he did to Job,  
 When to extend his fame through heaven and earth,  
 As thou to thy reproach mayest well remember,  
 He asked thee, ' Hast thou seen my servant Job ?'  
 Famous he was in heaven, on earth less known ;  
 Where glory is false glory, attributed  
 To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.  
 They err, who count it glorious to subdue  
 By conquest far and wide, to overrun  
 Large countries, and in fields great battles win,  
 Great cities by assault : what do these worthies,  
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave  
 Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,  
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more  
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind  
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,  
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy ;  
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,  
 Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,  
 Worshipt with temple, priest, and sacrifice ?  
 One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other ;  
 Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,  
 Rolling in brutish vices and deformed,  
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.  
 But if there be in glory aught of good,  
 It may by means far different be attained,  
 Without ambition, war, or violence :  
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,  
 By patience, temperance : I mention still  
 Him, whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,  
 Made famous in a land and times obscure ;

Who names not now with honour patient Job?  
 Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)  
 By what he taught, and suffered for so doing,  
 For truth's sake suffering death, unjust, lives now  
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.  
 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,  
 Aught suffered; if young African for fame  
 His wasted country freed from Punic rage;  
 The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,  
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward:  
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,  
 Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but His  
 Who sent me; and thereby witness whence I am."

To whom the tempter murmuring thus replied:  
 "Think not so slight of glory; therein least  
 Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,  
 And for his glory all things made, all things  
 Orders and governs; nor content in heaven  
 By all his angels glorified, requires  
 Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,  
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;  
 Above all sacrifice, or hallowed gift,  
 Glory he requires, and glory he receives,  
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew or Greek,  
 Or barbarous, nor exception hath declared;  
 From us, his foes pronounced, glory he exacts."

To whom our Saviour fervently replied:  
 "And reason; since his word all things produced,  
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,  
 But to shew forth his goodness, and impart  
 His good communicable to every soul  
 Freely; of whom what could he less expect  
 Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,  
 The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense  
 From them who could return him nothing else,  
 And, not returning that, would likeliest render  
 Content instead, dishonour, obloquy?  
 Hard recompense, unsuitable return  
 For so much good, so much beneficence!  
 But why should man seek glory, who of his own  
 Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs  
 But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?  
 Who for so many benefits received  
 Turned recreant to God, ingrate and false,  
 And so of all true good himself despoiled;

Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take  
 That which to God alone of right belongs :  
 Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,  
 That who advance his glory, not their own,  
 Them he himself to glory will advance."

So spake the Son of God ; and here again  
 Satan had not to answer, but stood struck  
 With guilt of his own sin ; for he himself,  
 Insatiable of glory, had lost all ;  
 Yet of another plea bethought him soon :

"Of glory, as thou wilt," said he, "so deem  
 Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass.  
 But to a kingdom thou art born, ordained  
 To sit upon thy father David's throne,  
 By mother's side thy father ; though thy right  
 Be now in powerful hands, that will not part  
 Easily from possession won with arms :  
 Judea now and all the promised land,  
 Reduced a province under Roman yoke,  
 Obeys Tiberius ; nor is always ruled  
 With temperate sway ; oft have they violated  
 The temple, oft the law, with foul affronts,  
 Abominations rather, as did once  
 Antiochus : and thinkest thou to regain  
 Thy right by sitting still, or thus retiring ?  
 So did not Maccabeus : he indeed  
 Retired unto the desert, but with arms ;  
 And o'er a mighty king so oft prevailed,  
 That by strong hand his family obtained,  
 Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurped,  
 With Modin and her suburbs once content.  
 If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal  
 And duty ; and zeal and duty are not slow,  
 But on occasion's forelock watchful wait :  
 They themselves rather are occasion best ;  
 Zeal of thy Father's house, duty to free  
 Thy country from her heathen servitude.  
 So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify  
 The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign ;  
 The happier reign, the sooner it begins :  
 Reign then ; what canst thou better do the while ?"

To whom our Saviour answer thus returned :  
 "All things are best fulfilled in their due time ;  
 And time there is for all things, Truth hath said :  
 If of my reign prophetic writ hath told,



That it shall never end, so, when begin,  
The Father in his purpose hath decreed ;  
He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.  
What if he hath decreed that I shall first  
Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,  
By tribulations, injuries, insults,  
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,  
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,  
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know  
What I can suffer, how obey ? Who best  
Can suffer, best can do ; best reign, who first  
Well hath obeyed ; just trial, ere I merit  
My exaltation without change or end.  
But what concerns it thee, when I begin  
My everlasting kingdom ? Why art thou  
Solicitous ? What moves thy inquisition ?  
Knowest thou not that my rising is thy fall,  
And my promotion will be thy destruction ? ”

To whom the tempter, inly racked, replied :  
“ Let that come when it comes ; all hope is lost  
Of my reception into grace : what worse ?  
For where no hope is left, is left no fear :  
If there be worse, the expectation more  
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.  
I would be at the worst ; worst is my port,  
My harbour, and my ultimate repose ;  
The end I would attain, my final good.  
My error was my error, and my crime  
My crime ; whatever, for itself condemned ;  
And will alike be punished, whether thou  
Reign, or reign not ; though to that gentle brow  
Willingly could I fly, and hope thy reign,  
From that placid aspect and meek regard,  
Rather than aggravate my evil state,  
Would stand between me and thy Father’s ire  
(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell),  
A shelter, and a kind of shading cool  
Interposition, as a summer’s cloud  
If I then to the worst that can be haste,  
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,  
Happiest, both to thyself and all the world,  
That thou, who worthiest art, shouldst be their king ?  
Perhaps thou lingerest, in deep thoughts detained  
Of the enterprise so hazardous and high !  
No wonder ; for though in thee be united

What of perfection can in man be found,  
 Or human nature can receive, consider,  
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent  
 At home, scarce viewed the Galilean towns,  
 And once a year Jerusalem, few days'  
 Short sojourn ; and what thence couldst thou observe ?  
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,  
 Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,  
 Best school of best experience, quickest insight  
 In all things that to greatest actions lead.  
 The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever  
 Timorous and loth ; with novice modesty  
 (As he who, seeking asses, found a kingdom)  
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous :  
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit  
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes  
 The monarchies of the earth, their pomp and state  
 Sufficient introduction to inform  
 Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,  
 And regal mysteries ; that thou mayest know  
 How best their opposition to withstand."

With that (such power was given him then) he took  
 The Son of God up to a mountain high.  
 It was a mountain at whose verdant feet  
 A spacious plain, outstretched in circuit wide,  
 Lay pleasant : from his side two rivers flowed,  
 The one winding, the other straight, and left between  
 Fair champaign with less rivers intervened,  
 Then meeting joined their tribute to the sea ;  
 Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine ;  
 With herds the pasture thronged, with flocks the hills ;  
 Huge cities and high towered, that well might seem  
 The seats of mightiest monarchs ; and so large  
 The prospect was, that here and there was room  
 For barren desert, fountainless and dry.  
 To this high mountain too the tempter brought  
 Our Saviour, and new train of words began :

" Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,  
 Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,  
 Cut shorter many a league ; here thou beholdest  
 Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds,  
 Araxes and the Caspian lake ; thence on  
 As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,  
 And oft beyond : to south the Persian bay  
 And, inaccessible, the Arabian drought :

Here Nineveh, of length within her wall  
Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,  
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,  
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success  
Israel in long captivity still mourns ;  
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,  
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice  
Judah and all thy father David's house  
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste  
Till Cyrus set them free ; Persepolis,  
His city, there thou seest, and Bactra there ;  
Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,  
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates ;  
There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,  
The drink of none but kings : of later fame,  
Built by Emathian or by Parthian hands,  
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there  
Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,  
Turning with easy eye, thou mayest behold.  
All these the Parthian (now some ages past,  
By great Arsaces led, who founded first  
That empire) under his dominion holds,  
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.  
And just in time thou comest to have a view  
Of his great power ; for now the Parthian king  
In Ctesiphon hath gathered all his host  
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild  
Have wasted Sogdiana ; to her aid  
He marches now in haste ; see, though from far,  
His thousands, in what martial equipage  
They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,  
Of equal dread in flight or in pursuit ;  
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel ;  
See how in warlike muster they appear,  
In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings."

He looked, and saw what numbers numberless  
The city-gates outpoured, light-armed troops,  
In coats of mail and military pride ;  
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,  
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice  
Of many provinces from bound to bound ;  
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,  
And Margiana, to the Hyreanian cliffs  
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales ;  
From Atropatia, and the neighbouring plains

Of Adiabene, Media, and the south  
 Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.  
 He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,  
 How quick they wheeled, and flying behind them shot  
 Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face  
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;  
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown:  
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn  
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,  
 Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers  
 Of archers; nor of labouring pioneers  
 A multitude, with spades and axes armed  
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,  
 Or where plain was, raise hill, or overlay  
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;  
 Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,  
 And waggons, fraught with utensils of war.  
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
 When Agrican with all his northern powers  
 Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,  
 The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win  
 The fairest of her sex Angelica,  
 His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,  
 Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.  
 Such and so numerous was their chivalry:  
 At sight whereof the fiend yet more presumed,  
 And to our Saviour thus his words renewed:  
 "That thou mayest know I seek not to engage  
 Thy virtue, and not every way secure  
 On no slight grounds thy safety; hear and mark,  
 To what end I have brought thee hither and shown  
 All this fair sight: thy kingdom though foretold  
 By prophet or by angel, unless thou  
 Endeavour as thy father David did,  
 Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still  
 In all things, and all men, supposes means;  
 Without means used, what it predicts revokes.  
 But, say thou wert possessed of David's throne,  
 By free consent of all, none opposite,  
 Samaritan or Jew; how couldst thou hope  
 Long to enjoy it, quiet and secure,  
 Between two such inclosing enemies,  
 Roman and Parthian? Therefore one of these  
 Thou must make sure thy own; the Parthian first  
 By my advice, as nearer, and of late

Found able by invasion to annoy  
 Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,  
 Antigonus and old Hyrcanus, bound,  
 Maugre the Roman: it shall be my task  
 To render thee the Parthian at dispose,  
 Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league:  
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not,  
 That which alone can truly re-install thee  
 In David's royal seat, his true successor,  
 Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes  
 Whose offspring in his territory yet serve,  
 In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed:  
 Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost  
 Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old  
 Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,  
 This offer sets before thee to deliver.  
 These if from servitude thou shalt restore  
 To their inheritance, then, nor till then,  
 Thou on the throne of David in full glory,  
 From Egypt to Euphrates, and beyond,  
 Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar need not fear."

To whom our Saviour answered thus, unmoved:

"Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm  
 And fragile arms, much instrument of war,  
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,  
 Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear  
 Vented much policy, and projects deep  
 Of enemies, of aids, battles and leagues,  
 Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.  
 Means I must use, thou sayest, prediction else  
 Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne:  
 My time, I told thee (and that time for thee  
 Were better farthest off), is not yet come:  
 When that comes, think not thou to find me slack  
 On my part aught endeavouring, or to need  
 Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome  
 Luggage of war there shown me, argument  
 Of human weakness rather than of strength.  
 My brethren, as thou callest them, those ten tribes,  
 I must deliver, if I mean to reign  
 David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway  
 To just extent over all Israel's sons.  
 But whence to thee this zeal? Where was it then  
 For Israel, or for David, or his throne,  
 When thou stoodest up his tempter to the pride

Of numbering Israel, which cost the lives  
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites  
By three days' pestilence? Such was thy zeal  
To Israel then; the same that now to me!  
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they  
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off  
From God to worship calves, the deities  
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,  
And all the idolatries of heathen round,  
Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes;  
Nor in the land of their captivity  
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought  
The God of their forefathers; but so died  
Impenitent and left a race behind  
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce  
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain;  
And God with idols in their worship joined.  
Should I of these the liberty regard,  
Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,  
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreformed,  
Headlong would follow; and to their gods perhaps  
Of Bethel and of Dan? No; let them serve  
Their enemies, who serve idols with God.  
Yet he at length (time to himself best known)  
Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call  
May bring them back repentant and sincere,  
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,  
While to their native land with joy they haste;  
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,  
When to the promised land their fathers passed:  
To his due time and providence I leave them."

So spake Israel's true King, and to the fiend  
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.  
So fares it, when with truth falsehood contends.

## BOOK IV

### THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, persisting in the temptation of our Lord, shows him imperial Rome in its greatest pomp and splendour, as a power which he probably would prefer before that of the Parthians; and tells him that he might with the greatest ease expel Tiberius, restore the Romans to their liberty, and make himself master not only of the Roman empire, but, by so doing, of the whole world, and inclusively of the throne of David. Our Lord, in reply, expresses his contempt of grandeur and worldly power, notices the luxury, vanity, and profligacy of the Romans, declaring how little they merited to be restored to that liberty which they had lost by their misconduct, and briefly refers to the greatness of his own future kingdom. Satan, now desperate, to enhance the value of his proffered gifts, professes that the only terms on which he will bestow them, are our Saviour's falling down and worshipping him. Our Lord expresses a firm but temperate indignation at such a proposition, and rebukes the tempter by the title of "Satan for ever damned." Satan, abashed, attempts to justify himself: he then assumes a new ground of temptation, and proposing to Jesus the intellectual gratifications of wisdom and knowledge, points out to him the celebrated seat of ancient learning, Athens, its schools, and other various resorts of learned teachers and their disciples; accompanying the view with a highly finished panegyric on the Grecian musicians, poets, orators, and philosophers of the different sects. Jesus replies, by showing the vanity and insufficiency of the boasted heathen philosophy; and prefers to the music, poetry, eloquence, and didactic policy of the Greeks, those of the inspired Hebrew writers. Satan, irritated at the failure of all his attempts, upbraids the indiscretion of our Saviour in rejecting his offers: and having, in ridicule of his expected kingdom, foretold the sufferings that our Lord was to undergo, carries him back into the wilderness, and leaves him there. Night comes on: Satan raises a tremendous storm, and attempts further to alarm Jesus with frightful dreams, and terrific threatening spectres; which, however, have no effect upon him. A calm, bright, beautiful morning succeeds to the horrors of the night. Satan again presents himself to our blessed Lord, and, from noticing the storm of the preceding night as pointed chiefly at him, takes occasion once more to insult him with an account of the sufferings which he was certainly to undergo. This only draws from our Lord a brief rebuke. Satan, now at the height of his desperation, confesses that he had frequently watched Jesus from his birth, purposely to discover if he was the true Messiah; and, collecting from what passed at the river Jordan that he most probably was so, he had from that time more assiduously followed him, in hopes of gaining some advantage over him, which would most effectually prove that he was not really that Divine Person destined to be his "fatal enemy." In this he acknowledges that he has hitherto completely failed; but still determines to make one more trial of him. Accordingly he conveys him to the temple at Jerusalem, and, placing him on a pointed eminence, requires him to prove his divinity either by standing there, or casting himself down with safety. Our Lord reproves the tempter, and at the same time manifests his own divinity by standing on this dangerous point. Satan, amazed and terrified, instantly falls; and repairs to his infernal compeers to relate the bad success of his enterprise. Angels in the mean time convey our blessed Lord to a beautiful valley, and, while they minister to him a repast of celestial food, celebrate his victory in a triumphant hymn.

PERPLEXED and troubled at his bad success  
The tempter stood, nor had what to reply

Discovered in his fraud, thrown from his hope  
 So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric  
 That sleeked his tongue, and won so much on Eve,  
 So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve:  
 This far his overmatch, who, self-deceived  
 And rash, beforehand had no better weighed  
 The strength he was to cope with, or his own:  
 But as a man, who had been matchless held  
 In cunning, overreached where least he thought,  
 To salve his credit, and for every spite,  
 Still will be tempting him who foils him still,  
 And never cease, though to his shame the more;  
 Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,  
 About the wine-press where sweet must is poured  
 Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;  
 Or surging waves against a solid rock,  
 Though all to shivers dashed, the assault renew,  
 (Vain battery!) and in froth or bubbles end;  
 So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse  
 Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,  
 Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,  
 And his vain importunity pursues.  
 He brought our Saviour to the western side  
 Of that high mountain, whence he might behold  
 Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,  
 Washed by the southern sea, and, on the north,  
 To equal length backed with a ridge of hills  
 That screened the fruits of the earth, and seats of men,  
 From cold septentrion blast; thence in the midst  
 Divided by a river, of whose banks  
 On each side an imperial city stood,  
 With towers and temples proudly elevate  
 On seven small hills, with palaces adorned,  
 Porches, and theatres, baths, aqueducts,  
 Statues, and trophies, and triumphal arcs,  
 Gardens and groves, presented to his eyes,  
 Above the height of mountains interposed  
 (By what strange parallax, or optic skill  
 Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass  
 Of telescope, were curious to inquire):  
 And now the tempter thus his silence broke:  
 "The city which thou seest no other deem  
 Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth,  
 So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched  
 Of nations; there the capitol thou seest,



Above the rest lifting his stately head  
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel  
Impregnable ; and there mount Palatine,  
The imperial palace, compass huge, and high  
The structure, skill of noblest architects,  
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,  
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires ;  
Many a fair edifice besides, more like  
Houses of gods, so well I have disposed  
My acry microscope, thou mayest behold,  
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,  
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers,  
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.  
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see  
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in ;  
Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces  
Hastening, or on return, in robes of state,  
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,  
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings ;  
Or embassies from regions far remote,  
In various habits, on the Appian road,  
Or on the Emilian ; some from farthest south,  
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,  
Meroe, Nilotic isle ; and, more to west,  
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea ;  
From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these  
From India and the Golden Chersonese,  
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,  
Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreathed ;  
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west ;  
Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians, north  
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.  
All nations now to Rome obedience pay ;  
To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain,  
In ample territory, wealth, and power,  
Civility of manners, arts and arms,  
And long renown, thou justly mayest prefer  
Before the Parthian. These two thrones except,  
The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,  
Shared among petty kings too far removed ;  
These having shown thee, I have shown thee all  
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.  
The emperor hath no son, and now is old,  
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired  
To Capreæ an island small, but strong,

On the Campanian shore, with purpose there  
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy ;  
 Committing to a wicked favourite  
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,  
 Hated of all, and hating. With what ease,  
 Endued with regal virtues, as thou art,  
 Appearing and beginning noble deeds,  
 Mightst thou expel this monster from his throne,  
 Now made a sty, and, in his place ascending,  
 A victor-people free from servile yoke !  
 And with my help thou mayest ; to me the power  
 Is given, and by that right I give it thee.  
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world ;  
 Aim at the highest : without the highest attained  
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,  
 On David's throne, be prophesied what will."

To whom the Son of God, unmoved, replied :  
 " Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show  
 Of luxury, though called magnificence,  
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye,  
 Much less my mind ; though thou shouldst add to tell  
 Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts  
 On citron tables or Atlantic stone  
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read),  
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,  
 Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,  
 Crystal, and myrrhine cups, embossed with gems  
 And studs of pearl ; to me shouldst tell, who thirst  
 And hunger still. Then embassies thou showest  
 From nations far and nigh : what honour that  
 But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear  
 So many hollow compliments and lies,  
 Outlandish flatteries ? Then proceedest to talk  
 Of the emperor, how easily subdued,  
 How gloriously : I shall, thou sayest, expel  
 A brutal monster ; what if I withal  
 Expel a devil who first made him such ?  
 Let his tormentor conscience find him out :  
 For him I was not sent ; nor yet to free  
 That people, victor once, now vile and base ;  
 Deservedly made vassal ; who, once just,  
 Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquered well  
 But govern ill the nations under yoke,  
 Pilling their provinces, exhausted all  
 By lust and rapine : first ambitious grown

Of triumph, that insulting vanity ;  
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood inured  
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts exposed,  
 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,  
 And from the daily scene effeminate.  
 What wise and valiant man would seek to free  
 These, thus degenerate, by themselves enslaved ;  
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free ?  
 Know therefore, when my season comes to sit  
 On David's throne, it shall be like a tree  
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth ;  
 Or as a stone, that shall to pieces dash  
 All monarchies besides throughout the world ;  
 And of my kingdom there shall be no end :  
 Means there shall be to this ; but what the means  
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell."

To whom the tempter, impudent, replied :  
 " I see all offers made by me how slight  
 Thou valu'st, because offered, and rejectest ;  
 Nothing will please thee, difficult and nice,  
 Or nothing more than still to contradict :  
 On the other side know also thou, that I  
 On what I offer set as high esteem.  
 Nor what I part with mean to give for nought ;  
 All these, which in a moment thou beholdest,  
 The kingdoms of the world to thee I give  
 (For given to me, I give to whom I please),  
 No trifle ; yet with this reserve, not else,  
 On this condition ; if thou wilt fall down,  
 And worship me as thy superior lord  
 (Easily done), and hold them all of me ;  
 For what can less so great a gift deserve ?"

Whom thus our Saviour answered with disdain :  
 " I never liked thy talk, thy offers less ;  
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to utter  
 The abominable terms, impious condition ;  
 But I endure the time, till which expired  
 Thou hast permission on me. It is written,  
 The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship  
 The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve ;  
 And darest thou to the Son of God propound  
 To worship thee accursed ? now more accursed  
 For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,  
 And more blasphemous ; which expect to rue.  
 The kingdoms of the world to thee were given ?"

Permitted rather, and by thee usurped ;  
 Other donation none thou canst produce.  
 If given, by whom but by the King of kings,  
 God over all supreme ? If given to thee,  
 By thee how fairly is the giver now  
 Repaid ! But gratitude in thee is lost  
 Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame  
 As offer them to me the Son of God ?  
 To me my own, on such abhorred pact,  
 That I fall down and worship thee as God ?  
 Get thee behind me ; plain thou now appearest  
 That evil one, Satan for ever damned."

To whom the fiend, with fear abashed, replied :  
 " Be not so sore offended, Son of God,  
 Though sons of God both angels are and men,  
 If I, to try whether in higher sort  
 Than these thou bearest that title, have proposed  
 What both from men and angels I receive,  
 Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth,  
 Nations beside from all the quartered winds,  
 God of this world invoked, and world beneath :  
 Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold  
 To me most fatal, me it most concerns ;  
 The trial hath indamaged thee no way,  
 Rather more honour left and more esteem ;  
 Me nought advantaged, missing what I aimed.  
 Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,  
 The kingdoms of this world ; I shall no more  
 Advise thee ; gain them as thou canst, or not.  
 And thou thyself seemest otherwise inclined  
 Than to a worldly crown ; addicted more  
 To contemplation and profound dispute,  
 As by that early action may be judged,  
 When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou wentest  
 Alone into the temple, there wast found  
 Among the gravest rabbies, disputant  
 On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,  
 Teaching, not taught. The childhood shows the man  
 As morning shows the day : be famous then  
 By wisdom ; as thy empire must extend,  
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world  
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend.  
 All knowledge is not couched in Moses' law,  
 The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote ;  
 The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach

To admiration, led by nature's light,  
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,  
Ruling them by persuasion, as thou meanest :  
Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,  
Or they with thee, hold conversation meet ?  
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute  
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes ?  
Error by his own arms is best evinced.  
Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount  
Westward, much nearer by south-west behold ;  
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,  
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil ;  
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
And eloquence, native to famous wits  
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,  
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.  
See there the olive grove of Academe,  
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird  
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long ;  
There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound  
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites  
To studious musing ; there Ilissus rolls  
His whispering stream : within the walls then view  
The schools of ancient sages ; his who bred  
Great Alexander to subdue the world,  
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next :  
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power  
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit  
By voice or hand ; and various-measured verse.  
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,  
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,  
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own :  
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught  
In chorus or iambic, teachers best  
Of moral prudence, with delight received  
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat  
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,  
High actions, and high passions best describing  
Thence to the famous orators repair,  
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence  
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,  
Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece  
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne :  
To sage philosophy next lend thine ear.

From heaven descended to the low-roofed house  
 Of Socrates; see there his tenement,  
 Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced  
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth  
 Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools  
 Of Academics old and new, with those  
 Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect  
 Epicuréan, and the Stoic severe;  
 These here revolve, or, as thou likest, at home,  
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;  
 These rules will render thee a king complete  
 Within thyself, much more with empire joined."

To whom our Saviour sagely thus replied:  
 "Think not but that I know these things; or think  
 I know them not, not therefore am I short  
 Of knowing what I ought: he, who receives  
 Light from above, from the fountain of light,  
 No other doctrine needs, though granted true;  
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,  
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.  
 The first and wisest of them all professed  
 To know this only, that he nothing knew;  
 The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits;  
 A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense  
 Others in virtue placed felicity,  
 But virtue joined with riches and long life;  
 In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;  
 The Stoic last, in philosophic pride,  
 By him called virtue; and his virtuous man,  
 Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing  
 Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,  
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all  
 Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,  
 Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can;  
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,  
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.  
 Alas! what can they teach and not mislead,  
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,  
 And how the world began, and how man fell  
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending?  
 Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,  
 And in themselves seek virtue; and to themselves  
 All glory arrogate, to God give none;  
 Rather accuse him under usual names,  
 Fortune and fate, as one regardless quite

Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these  
True wisdom, finds her not; or by delusion,  
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,  
An empty cloud. However, many books,  
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads  
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
A spirit and judgment equal or superior  
(And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?)  
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,  
Deep-versed in books, and shallow in himself,  
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys  
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;  
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.  
Or, if I would delight my private hours  
With music or with poem, where so soon  
As in our native language, can I find  
That solace? All our law and story strewed  
With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscribed,  
Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon  
That pleased so well our victor's ear, declare  
That rather Greece from us these arts derived;  
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing  
The vices of their deities, and their own,  
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating  
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.  
Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid  
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,  
Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,  
Will far be found unworthy to compare  
With <sup>Sion's</sup> songs, to all true tastes excelling,  
Where God is praised aright, and godlike men,  
The holiest of holies, and his saints  
(Such are from God inspired, not such from thee).  
Unless where moral virtue is expressed  
By light of nature, not in all quite lost.  
Their orators thou then extollest, as those  
The top of eloquence; statists indeed,  
And lovers of their country, as may seem;  
But herein to our prophets far beneath,  
As men divinely taught, and better teaching  
The solid rules of civil government,  
In their majestic unaffected style,  
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.  
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,  
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,

What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat ;  
 These only with our law best form a king."

So spake the Son of God ; but Satan, now  
 Quite at a loss (for all his darts were spent),  
 Thus to our Saviour with stern brow replied :

" Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,  
 Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor aught  
 By me proposed in life contemplative  
 Or active, tended on by glory or fame,  
 What dost thou in this world ? The wilderness  
 For thee is fittest place ; I found thee there,  
 And thither will return thee ; yet remember  
 What I foretell thee, soon thou shalt have cause  
 To wish thou never hadst rejected, thus  
 Nicely or cautiously, my offered aid,  
 Which would have set thee in short time with ease  
 On David's throne, or throne of all the world,  
 Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season  
 When prophecies of thee are best fulfilled.  
 Now contrary, if I read aught in heaven,  
 Or heaven write aught of fate, by what the stars  
 Voluminous, or single characters,  
 In their conjunction met, give me to spell,  
 Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate  
 Attend thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,  
 Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death ;  
 A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,  
 Real or allegoric, I discern not ;  
 Nor when ; eternal sure, as without end,  
 Without beginning ; for no date prefixed  
 Directs me in the starry rubric set."

So saying, he took (for still he knew his power  
 Not yet expired), and to the wilderness  
 Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,  
 Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,  
 As daylight sunk, and brought in luring night,  
 Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,  
 Privation mere of light, and absent day.  
 Our Saviour meek, and with untroubled mind  
 After his acry jaunt, though hurried sore,  
 Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,  
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades,  
 Whose branching arms thick intertwined might shield  
 From dews and damps of night his sheltered head ;  
 But, sheltered, slept in vain ; for at his head



The tempter watched, and soon with ugly dreams  
Disturbed his sleep. Add either tropic now  
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven ; the clouds  
From many a horrid rift, abortive poured  
Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire  
In ruin reconciled : nor slept the winds  
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad  
From the four hinges of the world, and fell  
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,  
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts  
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,  
O patient Son of God, yet only stoodest  
Unshaken ! Nor yet staid the terror there ;  
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round  
Environed thee, some howled, some yelled, some shrieked,  
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou  
Satest unappalled in calm and sinless peace !  
Thus passed the night so foul, till morning fair  
Came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice gray ;  
Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar  
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,  
And grisly spectres, which the fiend had raised  
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.  
And now the sun with more effectual beams  
Had cheered the face of earth, and dried the wet  
From drooping plant, or dropping tree : the birds  
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,  
After a night of storms so ruinous,  
Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray,  
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.  
Nor yet, amidst this joy and brightest morn,  
Was absent, after all his mischief done,  
The prince of darkness : glad would also seem  
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came ;  
Yet with no new device (they all were spent),  
Rather by this his last affront resolved,  
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage  
And mad despite to be so oft repelled.  
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,  
Backed on the north and west by a thick wood :  
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,  
And in a careless mood thus to him said :  
“ Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,  
After a dismal night : I heard the wrack

As earth and sky would mingle ; but myself  
 Was distant ; and these flaws, though mortals fear them  
 As dangerous to the pillared frame of heaven,  
 Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,  
 Are to the main as inconsiderable  
 And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze  
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone :  
 Yet, as being oftentimes noxious where they light  
 On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,  
 Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,  
 Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,  
 They oft fore-signify and threaten ill :  
 This tempest at this desert most was bent :  
 Of men at thee, for only thou here dwellest.  
 Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject  
 The perfect season offered with my aid  
 To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong  
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way  
 Of gaining David's throne, no man knows when,  
 For both the when and how is nowhere told ?  
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordained no doubt ;  
 For angels have proclaimed it, but concealing  
 The time and means. Each act is rightliest done  
 Not when it must, but when it may be best ;  
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find,  
 What I foretold thee, many a hard assay  
 Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,  
 Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold ;  
 Whereof this ominous night, that closed thee round,  
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies,  
 May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign."

So talked he, while the Son of God went on  
 And staid not, but in brief him answered thus :  
 " Me worse than wet thou findest not ; other harm  
 Those terrors, which thou speakest of, did me none ;  
 I never feared they could, though noising loud  
 And threatening nigh : what they can do as signs  
 Betokening, or ill-boding, I contemn  
 As false portents, not sent from God, but thee ;  
 Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,  
 Obtrudest thy offered aid, that I, accepting,  
 At least might seem to hold all power of thee,  
 Ambitious spirit ! and wouldst be thought my god  
 And stormest refused, thinking to terrify  
 Me to thy will ! Desist (thou art discerned,

And toilest in vain), nor me in vain molest.”

To whom the fiend, now swoln with rage, replied :  
 “ Then hear, O son of David, virgin-born,  
 For Son of God to me is yet in doubt ;  
 Of the Messiah I had heard foretold  
 By all the prophets ; of thy birth at length,  
 Announced by Gabriel, with the first I knew,  
 And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,  
 On thy birth-night that sung thee Saviour-born.  
 From that time seldom have I ceased to eye  
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,  
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred ;  
 Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all  
 Flock to the Baptist, I, among the rest  
 (Though not to be baptized), by voice from heaven  
 Heard thee pronounced the Son of God beloved.  
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view  
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn  
 In what degree or meaning thou art called  
 The Son of God, which bears no single sense.  
 The son of God I also am, or was ;  
 And if I was, I am ; relation stands ;  
 All men are sons of God ; yet thee I thought  
 In some respect far higher so declared :  
 Therefore I watched thy footsteps from that hour,  
 And followed thee still on to this waste wild ;  
 Where, by all best conjectures, I collect  
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy :  
 Good reason then, if I beforehand seek  
 To understand my adversary, who  
 And what he is ; his wisdom, power, intent :  
 By parle or composition, truce or league,  
 To win him, or win from him what I can :  
 And opportunity I here have had  
 To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee  
 Proof against all temptation, as a rock  
 Of adamant, and, as a centre, firm ;  
 To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,  
 Not more ; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,  
 Have been before contemned, and may again.  
 Therefore to know what more thou art than man,  
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from heaven,  
 Another method I must now begin.”

So saying, he caught him up, and, without wing  
 Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,

Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,  
 Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,  
 The holy city, lifted high her towers,  
 And higher yet the glorious temple reared  
 Her pile, far off appearing like a mount  
 Of alabaster, topt with golden spires :  
 There, on the highest pinnacle, he set  
 The Son of God ; and added thus in scorn :

“ There stand, if thou wilt stand ; to stand upright  
 Will ask thee skill ; I to thy Father's house  
 Have brought thee, and highest placed : highest is best  
 Now show thy progeny ; if not to stand,  
 Cast thyself down ; safely, if Son of God :  
 For it is written, He will give command  
 Concerning thee to his angels ; in their hands  
 They shall uplift thee, lest at any time  
 Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.”

To whom thus Jesus : “ Also it is written,  
 Tempt not the Lord thy God.” He said, and stood :  
 But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.  
 As when earth's son, Antæus (to compare  
 Small things with greatest), in Irassa strove  
 With Jove's Alcides, and, oft foiled, still rose,  
 Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,  
 Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple joined,  
 Throttled at length in the air, expired and fell ;  
 So, after many a foil, the tempter proud,  
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride,  
 Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall :  
 And as that Theban monster, that proposed  
 Her riddle, and him who solved it not devoured,  
 That once found out and solved, for grief and spite  
 Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep ;  
 So, struck with dread and anguish, fell the fiend,  
 And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought  
 (Joyless triumphals of his hoped success)  
 Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,  
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.  
 So Satan fell ; and straight a fiery globe  
 Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,  
 Who on their plummy vans received him soft  
 From his uneasy station, and upbore,  
 As on a floating couch, through the blithe air ;  
 Then, in a flowery valley, set him down  
 On a green bank, and set before him spread

A table of celestial food, divine  
Ambrosial fruits, fetched from the tree of life,  
And, from the fount of life, ambrosial drink,  
That soon refreshed him wearied, and repaired  
What hunger, if aught hunger, had impaired,  
Or thirst; and as he fed, angelic choirs  
Sung heavenly anthems of his victory  
Over temptation and the tempter proud:

“ True image of the Father; whether throned  
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light  
Conceiving, or remote from heaven, enshrined  
In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,  
Wandering the wilderness; whatever place,  
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing  
The Son of God, with Godlike force endued  
Against the attempter of thy Father's throne,  
And thief of Paradise! Him long of old  
Thou didst debase, and down from heaven cast  
With all his army; now thou hast avenged  
Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing  
Temptation, hast regained lost Paradise,  
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent.  
He never more henceforth will dare set foot  
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:  
For, though that seat of earthly bliss be failed,  
A fairer Paradise is founded now  
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou,  
A Saviour, art come down to reinstall,  
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,  
Of tempter and temptation without fear.  
But thou, infernal serpent! shalt not long  
Rule; in the cloud, like an autumnal star  
Or lightning, thou shalt fall from heaven, trod down  
Under his feet; for proof, ere this thou feelest  
Thy wound (yet not thy last and deadliest wound),  
By this repulse received, and holdest in hell  
No triumph: in all her gates Abaddon rues  
Thy bold attempt. Hereafter learn with awe  
To dread the Son of God: he, all unarmed,  
Shall chase thee, with the terror of his voice,  
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,  
Thee and thy legions: yelling they shall fly,  
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,  
Lest he command them down into the deep,  
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.

Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,  
Queller of Satan! on thy glorious work  
Now enter; and begin to save mankind."

Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,  
Sung victor, and, from heavenly feast refreshed,  
Brought on his way with joy; he, unobserved,  
Home to his mother's house private returned.

# SAMSON AGONISTES:

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

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*Tragedia est imitatio actionis seriæ, etc., per misericordiam et metum perficiens  
tallum affectuum lustrationem.*

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OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS  
CALLED TRAGEDY.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions; that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so, in physic, things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33; and Paræus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book, as a tragedy, into acts, distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax, but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy.

which is entitled *Christ Suffering*. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though Ancient Tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much beforehand may be epistled; that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the Ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the Chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epode, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or, being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called Allæostropha. Division into act and scene, referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended), is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum, they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is, according to ancient rule and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

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#### THE PERSONS.

SAMSON.	<i>Public Officer.</i>
MANOAH, <i>the father of Samson.</i>	<i>Messenger.</i>
DALILA, <i>his wife.</i>	<i>Chorus of Danites.</i>
HARAPHA, <i>of Gath.</i>	

*The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.*



## THE ARGUMENT.

Samson, made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in a general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition: where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which makes the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption: who in the meanwhile is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require nis coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or shew his strength in their presence: he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length, persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him; the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confused at first, and afterward more distinctly, relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

SAMSON.—*Attendant leading him.*

- ✓ A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand  
 To these dark steps, a little further on;  
 For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade;  
 There I am wont to sit, when any chance  
 Relieves me from my task of servile toil,  
 Daily in the common prison else enjoined me,  
 Where I, a prisoner chained, scarce freely draw  
 The air imprisoned also, close and damp,  
 Unwholesome draught; but here I feel amends,  
 The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet,  
 ✓ With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.  
 ✓ This day a solemn feast the people hold  
 To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid  
 Laborious works; unwillingly this rest  
 Their superstition yields me; hence with leave  
 Retiring from the popular noise, I seek  
 This unfrequented place to find some ease,  
 Ease to the body some, none to the mind  
 From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm  
 Of hornets armed, no sooner found alone,  
 But rush upon me thronging, and present  
 ✓ Times past, what once I was, and what am now.  
 O, wherefore was my birth from heaven foretold  
 Twice by an angel, who at last in sight

Of both my parents all in flames ascended  
 From off the altar, where an offering burned,  
 As in a fiery column charioting  
 His godlike presence, and from some great act  
 Or benefit revealed to Abraham's race?  
 Why was my breeding ordered and prescribed  
 As of a person separate to God,  
 Designed for great exploits; if I must die  
 Betrayed, captived, and both my eyes put out,  
 Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;  
 To grind in brazen fetters under task  
 With this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious strength  
 Put to the labour of a beast, debased  
 ✓ Lower than bond-slave! Promise was, that I  
 Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;  
 Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him  
 Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,  
 Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.  
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt  
 Divine prediction; what if all foretold  
 Had been fulfilled but through mine own default?  
 Whom have I to complain of but myself?  
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,  
 In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,  
 Under the seal of silence could not keep,  
 But weakly to a woman must reveal it,  
 ✓ O'ercome with importunity and tears.  
 ✓ O impotence of mind, in body strong!  
 But what is strength without a double share  
 Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burdensome,  
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,  
 ✓ But to subserve where wisdom bears command.  
 God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal  
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.  
 But peace! I must not quarrel with the will  
 Of highest dispensation, which herein  
 Haply had ends above my reach to know:  
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
 And proves the source of all my miseries;  
 So many, and so huge, that each apart  
 Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all,  
 ✓ O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!  
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
 ✓ Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!

Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,  
 And all her various objects of delight  
 Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased,  
 Inferior to the vilest now become  
 Of man or worm ; the vilest here excel me ;  
 They creep, yet see ; I, dark in light, exposed  
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,  
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
 In power of others, never in my own ;  
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
 Without all hope of day !  
 O first-created beam, and thou great Word,  
 " Let there be light, and light was over all ;"  
 Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree ?  
 The sun to me is dark  
 And silent as the moon,  
 When she deserts the night,  
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
 ✓ Since light so necessary is to life,  
 And almost life itself, if it be true  
 That light is in the soul,  
 She all in every part ; why was this sight  
 To such a tender ball as the eye confined,  
 ✓ So obvious and so easy to be quenched ?  
 And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,  
 That she might look at will through every pore ? ✕  
 Then had I not been thus exiled from light,  
 As in the land of darkness, yet in light,  
 To live a life half dead, a living death,  
 And buried ; but, O yet more miserable !  
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave ;  
 Buried, yet not exempt,  
 By privilege of death and burial,  
 From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs :  
 But made hereby obnoxious more  
 To all the miseries of life,  
 Life in captivity  
 Among inhuman foes.  
 But who are these ? for with joint pace I hear  
 The tread of many feet steering this way ;  
 Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare  
 At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,  
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.

*Enter CHORUS.*

*Chor.* This, this is he ; softly a while,  
 Let us not break in upon him :  
 O change beyond report, thought, or belief !  
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,  
 With languished head unpropt,  
 As one past hope abandoned,  
 And by himself given over ;  
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds  
 O'erworn and soiled ;  
 Or do my eyes misrepresent ? Can this be he,  
 That heroic, that renowned,  
 Irresistible Samson ? whom unarmed  
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast, could withstand  
 Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid ;  
 Ran on embattled armies clad in iron ;  
 And, weaponless himself,  
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammered cuirass  
 Chalybean-tempered steel, and frock of mail  
 Adamantéan proof ?  
 But safest he who stood aloof,  
 When insupportably his foot advanced,  
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,  
 Spurned them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonit  
 Fled from his lion ramp ; old warriors turned  
 Their plated backs under his heel ;  
 Or, grovelling, soiled their crested helmets in the dust.  
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,  
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,  
 A thousand foreskins fell, the flower of Palestine,  
 In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day.  
 Then by main force pulled up, and on his shoulders bore  
 The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,  
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,  
 No journey of a sabbath-day ; and loaded so,  
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heaven.  
 Which shall I first bewail,  
 Thy bondage or lost sight,  
 Prison within prison  
 Inseparably dark ?  
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment !)  
 The dungeon of thyself ; thy soul  
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain)

Imprisoned now indeed,  
 In real darkness of the body dwells,  
 Shut up from outward light  
 To incorporate with gloomy night ;  
 For inward light, alas !  
 Puts forth no visual beam.  
 O mirror of our fickle state,  
 Since man on earth unparalleled !  
 The rarer thy example stands,  
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,  
 Strongest of mortal men,  
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen.  
 For him I reckon not in high estate  
 Whom long descent of birth,  
 Or the sphere of fortune, raises ;  
 But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,  
 Might have subdued the earth,  
 Universally crowned with highest praises.

*Sams.* I hear the sound of words ; their sense the air  
 Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

✓ *Chor.* He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,  
 The glory late of Israel, now the grief ;  
 We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown,  
 From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,  
 To visit or bewail thee ; or, if better,  
 Counsel or consolation we may bring,  
 Salve to thy sores ; apt words have power to swage  
 The tumours of a troubled mind,

✓ And are as balm to festered wounds.

✓ *Sams.* Your coming, friends, revives me ; for I learn  
 Now of my own experience, not by talk,  
 How counterfeit a coin they are who friends  
 Bear in their superscription (of the most  
 I would be understood) ; in prosperous days  
 They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,  
 Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,  
 How many evils have inclosed me round ;  
 Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,  
 Blindness ; for had I sight, confused with shame,  
 How could I once look up or heave the head,  
 Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwrecked  
 My vessel trusted to me from above,  
 Gloriously rigged ; and for a word, a tear,  
 Fool ! have divulged the secret gift of God  
 To a deceitful woman ? Tell me, friends,

Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool  
 In every street? do they not say, How well  
 Are come upon him his deserts? Yet why?  
 Immeasurable strength they might behold  
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;  
 This with the other should at least have pair'd;  
 ✓ These two, proportioned ill, drove me transverse.

*Chor.* Tax not divine disposal; wisest men  
 Have erred, and by bad women been deceived;  
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.  
 Deject not then so overmuch thyself,  
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides:  
 Yet, truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder  
 Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather  
 Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,  
 At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

*Sams.* The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd  
 Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed  
 The daughter of an infidel: they knew not  
 That what I motioned was of God; I knew  
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urged  
 The marriage on; that by occasion hence  
 I might begin Israel's deliverance,  
 The work to which I was divinely called.

✓ She proving false, the next I took to wife  
 (O that I never had! fond wish too late)  
 Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,  
 That specious monster, my accomplished snare.  
 I thought it lawful from my former act,  
 And the same end; still watching to oppress  
 Israel's oppressors: of what now I suffer  
 She was not the prime cause, but I myself,  
 Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words (O weakness!),  
 ✓ Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

*Chor.* In seeking just occasion to provoke  
 The Philistine, thy country's enemy,  
 Thou never wast amiss, I bear thee witness.  
 Yet Israël still serves with all his sons.

*Sams.* That fault I take not on me, but transfer  
 On Israel's governors and heads of tribes,  
 Who, seeing those great acts which God had done  
 Singly by me against their conquerors,  
 Acknowledged not, or not at all considered,  
 Deliverance offer'd: I on the other side  
 Used no ambition to commend my deeds;

The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer :  
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem  
 To count them things worth notice, till at length  
 Their lords the Philistines with gathered powers  
 Entered Judea seeking me, who then  
 Safe to the rock of Etham was retired ;  
 Not flying, but forecasting in what place  
 To set upon them, what advantaged best.  
 Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent  
 The harass of their land, beset me round ;  
 I willingly on some conditions came  
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me  
 To the uncircumcised a welcome prey,  
 Bound with two cords ; but cords to me were threads  
 Touched with the flame : on their whole host I flew  
 ✓ Unarmed, and with a trivial weapon felled  
 Their choicest youth ; they only lived who fled.  
 Had Judah that day joined, or one whole tribe,  
 They had by this possessed the towers of Gath,  
 And lorded over them whom they now serve ;  
 But what more oft, in nations grown corrupt,  
 And by their vices brought to servitude,  
 Than to love bondage more than liberty ;  
 ✓ Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty ;  
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect,  
 Whom God hath of his special favour raised  
 As their deliverer ? If he aught begin,  
 How frequent to desert him, and at last  
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds !

*Chor.* Thy words to my remembrance bring  
 How Succoth and the fort of Penuel  
 Their great deliverer contemned,  
 The matchless Gideon, in pursuit  
 Of Madian, and her vanquished kings :  
 And how ungrateful Ephraim  
 Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,  
 Not worse than by his shield and spear.  
 Defended Israel from the Ammonite,  
 Had not his prowess quelled their pride  
 In that sore battle, when so many died  
 Without reprieve, adjudged to death,  
 For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

*Sams.* Of such examples add me to the roll ;  
 Me easily indeed mine may neglect,  
 But God's proposed deliverance not so.

*Chor.* Just are the ways of God,  
 And justifiable to men ;  
 Unless there be, who think not God at all :  
 If any be, they walk obscure ;  
 For of such doctrine never was there school,  
 But the heart of the fool,  
 And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be, who doubt his ways not just  
 As to his own edicts found contradicting,  
 Then give the reins to wandering thought,  
 Regardless of his glory's diminution ;  
 Till by their own perplexities involved,  
 They ravel more, still less resolved,  
 But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine the Interminable,  
 And tie him to his own prescript,  
 Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,  
 And hath full right to exempt  
 Whom so it pleases him by choice  
 From national obstruction, without taint  
 Of sin, or legal debt ;  
 For with his own laws he can best dispense.  
 He would not else, who never wanted means,  
 Nor in respect of the enemy just cause,  
 To set his people free,  
 Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,  
 Against his vow of strictest purity,  
 To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,  
 Unclean, unchaste.

Down, reason, then ; at least, vain reasonings, down  
 Though reason here aver,  
 That moral verdict quits her of unclean :  
 Unchaste was subsequent : her stain, not his.

But see, here comes thy reverend sire  
 With careful step, locks white as down :  
 Old Manoah : advise  
 Forthwith how thou oughtest to receive him.

*Sams.* Ah me ! another inward grief, awaked  
 With mention of that name, renews the assault.

*Enter* MANOAH.

*Man.* Brethren, and men of Dan, for such ye seem,  
 Though in this uncouth place ; if old respect,  
 As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,  
 My son now captive, hither hath informed



Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age  
Came lagging after, say if he be here.

*Chor.* As signal now in low dejected state,  
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

*Man.* O miserable change! is this the man,  
That invincible Samson, far renowned,  
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength  
Equivalent to angels walked their streets,  
None offering fight; who single combatant  
Duelled their armies ranked in proud array,  
Himself an army, now unequal match  
To save himself against a coward armed  
At one spear's length? O ever-failing trust  
In mortal strength! and oh! what not in man  
✓ Deceivable and vain? Nay, what thing good  
Prayed for, but often proves our woe, our bane?  
I prayed for children, and thought barrenness  
In wedlock a reproach; I gained a son,  
And such a son as all men hailed me happy;  
Who would he now a father in my stead?  
O wherefore did God grant me my request,  
And as a blessing with such pomp adorned?  
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt  
Our earnest prayers, then, given with solemn hand  
✓ As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind?  
For this, did the angel twice descend?  
For this ordained thy nurture holy, as of a plant  
Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,  
The miracle of men; then in an hour  
Ensnared, assaulted, overcome, led bound,  
Thy foe's derision, captive, poor, and blind,  
Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?  
Alas! methinks whom God has chosen once  
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,  
He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall  
Subject him to so foul indignities,  
Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

*Sams.* Appoint not heavenly disposition, father;  
Nothing of all these evils hath befallen me  
But justly; I myself have brought them on,  
Sole author I, sole cause; if aught seem vile,  
As vile hath been by folly, who have profaned  
The mystery of God given me under pledge  
Of vow, and have betrayed it to a woman,  
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.

This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,  
 But warn'd by oft experience: did not she  
 Of Timna first betray me, and reveal  
 The secret wrested from me in her height  
 Of nuptial love professed, carrying it straight  
 To them who had corrupted her, my spies,  
 And rivals? In this other was there found  
 More faith, who also in her prime of love,  
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,  
 Though offer'd only, by the scent conceived  
 Her spurious firstborn, treason against me?  
 Thrice she assayed with flattering prayers and sighs,  
 And amorous reproaches, to win from me  
 My capital secret; in what part my strength  
 Lay stored, in what part summed, that she might know  
 Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport  
 Her importunity, each time perceiving  
 How openly, and with what impudence  
 She purpos'd to betray me (which was worse  
 Than undissembled hate), with what contempt  
 She sought to make me traitor to myself;  
 ✓ Yet the fourth time, when, mustering all her wiles,  
 With blandish'd parleys, feminine assaults  
 Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night  
 To storm me overwatched, and wearied out,  
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,  
 I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,  
 Who, with a grain of manhood well resolv'd,  
 Might easily have shook off all her snares:  
 But foul effeminacy held me yoked  
 Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot  
 To honour and religion! servile mind  
 ✓ Reward'd well with servile punishment!  
 The base degree to which I now am fallen,  
 These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base  
 As was my former servitude ignoble,  
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,  
 True slavery; and that blindness worse than this,  
 That saw not how degenerately I served.

*Man.* I cannot praise thy marriage-choices, son,  
 Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead  
 Divine impulsions prompting how thou might'st  
 Find some occasion to infest our foes.  
 I state not that; this I am sure, our foes  
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee

Their captive, and their triumph ; thou the sooner  
 Temptation foundest, or over-potent charms,  
 To violate the sacred trust of silence  
 Deposited within thee ; which to have kept  
 Tacit was in thy power : true ; and thou beares.  
 Enough, and more, the burthen of that fault ;  
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying,  
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains :  
 This day the Philistines a popular feast  
 Here celebrate in Gaza ; and proclaim  
 Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud,  
 To Dagon, as their god who hath delivered  
 Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands ;  
 Them out of thine, who slewest them many a slain.  
 So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,  
 Besides whom is no god, compared with idols,  
 Disglorified, blasphemed, and had in scorn  
 By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine ;  
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,  
 Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,  
 Of all reproach, the most with shame that ever  
 Could have befallen thee and thy father's house.

*Sams.* Father, I do acknowledge and confess  
 That I this honour, I this pomp, have brought  
 To Dagon, and advanced his praises high  
 Among the heathen round : to God have brought  
 Dishonour, obloquy, and oped the mouths  
 Of idolists and atheists ; have brought scandal  
 To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt  
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before  
 To waver, or fall off and join with idols ;  
 Which is my chief affliction, shame, and sorrow,  
 ✓ The anguish of my soul, that suffers not  
 Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.  
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife  
 With me hath end ; all the contést is now  
 Twixt God and Dagon ; Dagon hath presumed,  
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,  
 His deity comparing and preferring  
 Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,  
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked ;  
 But will arise, and his great name assert :  
 Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive  
 Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him  
 Of all these boasted trophies won on me,

And with confusion blank his worshippers.

*Man.* With cause this hope relieves thee, and these words  
I as a prophecy receive; for God,  
Nothing more certain, will not long defer  
To vindicate the glory of his name  
Against all competition, nor will long  
Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord,  
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done  
Thou must not, in the meanwhile here forgot,  
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight,  
Neglected. I already have made way  
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat  
About thy ransom: well they may by this  
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge  
By pains and slaveries, worse than death, inflicted  
On thee who now no more canst do them harm.

*Sams.* Spare that proposal, father; spare the trouble  
Of that solicitation; let me here,  
As I deserve, pay on my punishment;  
And expiate, if possible, my crime,  
Shameful garrulity. To have revealed  
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,  
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving  
Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded  
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,  
The mark of fool set on his front! But I  
God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret  
Presumptuously have published, impiously,  
Weakly at least, and shamefully; a sin  
That Gentiles in their parables condemn  
To their abyss and horrid pains confined.

✓ *Man.* Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite;  
But act not in thy own affliction, son:  
Repent the sin; but, if the punishment  
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;  
Or the execution leave to high disposal,  
And let another hand, not thine, exact  
Thy penal forfeit from thyself: perhaps  
✓ God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;  
Who ever more approves, and more accepts  
(Best pleased with humble and filial submission)  
Him who, imploring mercy, sues for life,  
Than who, self-rigorous, chooses death as due  
Which argues over-just, and self-displeased  
For self-offence, more than for God offended

Reject not then what offered means : who knows  
 But God hath sent before us, to return thee  
 Home to thy country and his sacred house,  
 Where thou mayest bring thy offerings, to avert  
 His further ire, with prayers and vows renewed ?

*Sams.* His pardon I implore ; but as for life,  
 To what end should I seek it ? When in strength  
 All mortals I excelled, and great in hopes  
 With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts  
 Of birth from heaven foretold, and high exploits,  
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof  
 Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond  
 The sons of Anak, famous now and blazed,  
 Fearless of danger, like a petty god  
 I walked about admired of all, and dreaded  
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront,  
 Then, swollen with pride, into the snare I fell  
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,  
 Softened with pleasure and voluptuous life,  
 At length to lay my head and hallowed pledge  
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap  
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shore me,  
 Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,  
 Then turned me out ridiculous, despoiled,  
 Shaven, and disarmed among my enemies.

*Chor.* Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,  
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,  
 Thou couldst repress ; nor did the dancing ruby  
 Sparkling, outpoured, the flavour, or the smell,  
 Or taste that cheers the heart of gods and men,  
 Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

*Sams.* Wherever fountain or fresh current flowed,  
 Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure  
 With touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod,  
 I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying  
 Thirst, and refreshed : nor envied them the grape  
 Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

*Chor.* O madness, to think use of strongest wines,  
 And strongest drinks, our chief support of health,  
 When God with these forbidden made choice to rear  
 His mighty champion, strong above compare,  
 Whose drink was only from the liquid brook !

*Sams.* But what availed this temperance, not complete  
 Against another object more enticing ?  
 What boots it at one gate to make defence,

And at another to let in the foe,  
 Effeminately vanquished? by which means,  
 Now blind, disheartened, shamed, dishonoured, quelled,  
 To what can I be useful, wherein serve  
 My nation, and the work from Heaven imposed,  
 But to sit idle on the household hearth,  
 A burdenous drone; to visitants a gaze,  
 Or pitied object, these redundant locks  
 Robustious to no purpose clustering down,  
 Vain monument of strength: till length of years  
 And sedentary numbness craze my limbs  
 To a contemptible old age obscure?  
 Here rather let me drudge, and earn my bread;  
 Till vermin, or the draff of servile food,  
 Consume me, and oft-invoked death  
 Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

- ✓ *Man.* Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift  
 Which was expressly given thee to annoy them?  
 Better at home lie bedrid, not only idle,  
 Inglorious, unemployed, with age outworn.  
 But God, who caused a fountain at thy prayer  
 From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay  
 After the brunt of the battle, can as easy  
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,  
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast:  
 And I persuade me so; why else this strength  
 Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?  
 His might continues in thee not for nought,  
 ✓ Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

*Sams.* All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,  
 That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,  
 Nor the other light of life continue long,  
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:  
 So much I feel my genial spirits droop,  
 My hopes all flat, nature within me seems  
 In all her functions weary of herself;  
 My race of glory run, and race of shame,  
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

*Man.* Believe not these suggestions, which proceed  
 From anguish of the mind and humours black,  
 That mingle with thy fancy. I however  
 Must not omit a father's timely care  
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance  
 By ransom, or how else: meanwhile be calm,  
 And healing words from these thy friends admit. [*Exit.*]

*Sams.* O that torment should not be confined  
 To the body's wounds and sores,  
 With maladies innumerable  
 In heart, head, breast, and reins ;  
 But must secret passage find  
 To the inmost mind,  
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,  
 And on her purest spirits prey,  
 As on entrails, joints, and limbs  
 With answerable pains, but more intense  
 Though void of corporal sense !  
 ✓ My griefs not only pain me,  
 As a lingering disease,  
 But finding no redress, ferment and rage ;  
 Nor less than wounds immedicable  
 Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,  
 To black mortification.  
 Thoughts, my tormentors, armed with deadly stings,  
 Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,  
 Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise  
 Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb  
 Or medicinal liquor can assuage,  
 Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.  
 Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er  
 To death's benumbing opium as my only cure :  
 Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,  
 ✓ And sense of Heaven's desertion.  
 I was his nursling once, and choice delight,  
 His destined from the womb,  
 Promised by heavenly message twice descending,  
 Under his special eye  
 Abstemious I grew up, and thrived amain :  
 He led me on to mightiest deeds,  
 Above the nerve of mortal arm,  
 Against the uncircumcised, our enemies :  
 But now hath cast me off as never known,  
 And to those cruel enemies,  
 Whom I by his appointment had provoked,  
 Left me all helpless, with the irreparable loss  
 Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated  
 The subject of their cruelty or scorn.  
 Nor am I in the list of them that hope ;  
 Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless :  
 ✓ This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,  
 No long petition ; speedy death,

l The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

*Chor.* Many are the sayings of the wise,  
 In ancient and in modern books enrolled,  
 Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;  
 And to the bearing well of all calamities,  
 All chances incident to man's frail life,  
 Consolatories writ  
 With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,  
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought:  
 But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound  
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune  
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint:  
 Unless he feel within  
 Some source of consolation from above,  
 Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,  
 And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers! what is man,  
 That thou towards him with hand so various,  
 Or might I say contrarious,  
 Temperest thy providence through his short course  
 Not evenly, as thou rulest  
 The angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute,  
 Irrational and brute?  
 Nor do I name of men the common rout,  
 That wandering loose about,  
 Grow up and perish, as the summer-fly,  
 Heads without name, no more remembered;  
 But such as thou hast solemnly elected,  
 With gifts and graces eminently adorned,  
 To some great work, thy glory,  
 And people's safety, which in part they effect:  
 Yet toward these thus dignified, thou oft  
 Amidst their height of noon,  
 Changest thy countenance, and thy hand, with no regard  
 Of highest favours past  
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit  
 To life obscured, which were a fair dismissal,  
 But throwest them lower than thou didst exalt them high,  
 Unseemly falls in human eye,  
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission;  
 Oft leavest them to the hostile sword  
 Of heathen and profane, their carcasses  
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived;  
 Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,



And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.

- ✧  
 ✓ If these they escape, perhaps in poverty,  
 With sickness and disease thou bowest them down  
 Painful diseases and deformed,  
 In crude old age ;  
 Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering  
 The punishment of dissolute days : in fine,  
 Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,  
 For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,  
 The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.

What do I beg ? how hast thou dealt already ?

Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn

- ✓ His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.  
 ✓ But who is this, what thing of sea or land ?

Female of sex it seems,

That so bedecked, ornate, and gay,

Comes this way sailing,

Like a stately ship

Of Tarsus, bound for the isles

Of Javan or Gadire,

With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,

Sails filled, and streamers waving,

Courted by all the winds, that hold them play,

An amber scent of odorous perfume

Her harbinger, a damsel train behind ?

Some rich Philistian matron she may seem ;

And now at nearer view, no other certain

- ✓ Than Dalila thy wife.

✧ *Sams.* My wife ! my traitress ; let her not come near me.

*Chor.* Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee fixed,

About to have spoke ; but now, with head declined,

Like a fair flower surcharged with dew, she weeps,

And words addressed seem into tears dissolved,

Wetting the borders of her silken veil :

But now again she makes address to speak.

*Enter DALILA.*

*Dal.* With doubtful feet and wavering resolution

I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,

Which to have merited, without excuse,

I cannot but acknowledge ; yet, if tears

May expiate (though the fact more evil drew

In the perverse event than I foresaw),

My penance hath not slackened, though my pardon

No way assured. But conjugal affection,  
 Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,  
 Hath led me on, desirous to behold  
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,  
 If aught in my ability may serve  
 To lighten what thou sufferest, and appease  
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power,  
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense  
 My rash, but more unfortunate misdeed.

*Sams.* Out, out, hyæna! these are thy wonted arts,  
 And arts of every woman false like thee,  
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,  
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,  
 And reconciliation move with feigned remorse,  
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change;  
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try  
 Her husband, how far urged his patience bears,  
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail:  
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill  
 Again transgresses, and again submits;  
 That wisest and best men, full oft beguiled,  
 With goodness principled not to reject  
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,  
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,  
 Entangled with a poisonous bosom-snake,  
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off,  
 As I by thee, to ages an example.

*Dal.* Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour  
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,  
 But that on the other side, if it be weighed  
 By itself, with aggravations not surcharged,  
 Or else with just allowance counterpoised,  
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find  
 The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.  
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness  
 In me, but incident to all our sex,  
 Curiosity, inquisitive, impórtune,  
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity  
 To publish them, both common female faults:  
 Was it not weakness also to make known  
 For importunity, that is, for nought,  
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?  
 To what I did thou shewedst me first the way.  
 But I to enemies revealed, and should not:  
 Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to woman's frailty:

Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.

Let weakness then with weakness come to parle,  
So near related, or the same of kind,  
Thine forgive mine ; that men may censure thine  
The gentler, if severely thou exact not  
More strength from me than in thyself was found.

And what if love, which thou interpretest hate,  
The jealousy of love, powerful of sway  
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,

↳ Caused what I did? I saw thee mutable  
Of fancy, feared lest one day thou wouldst leave me  
As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore  
How to endure, and hold thee to me firmest :  
No better way I saw than by impórtuning  
To learn thy secrets, get into my power

↳ Thy key of strength and safety. Thou wilt say,  
Why then revealed? I was assured by those  
Who tempted me, that nothing was designed  
Against thee but safe custody, and hold :  
That made for me ; I knew that liberty  
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,  
While I at home sat full of cares and fears,  
Wailing thy absence in my widowed bed ;  
Here I should still enjoy thee, day and night,  
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines',  
Whole to myself, un hazarded abroad,  
Fearless at home of partners in my love.  
These reasons in love's law have past for good,  
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps :  
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,  
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtained.

Be not unlike all others, not austere  
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.  
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,  
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

~~↳~~ *Sams.* How cunningly the sorceress displays

~~↳~~ Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine !

~~↳~~ That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,  
By this appears: I gave, thou sayest, the example,  
I led the way ; bitter reproach, but true ;

~~↳~~ I to myself was false, ere thou to me :

Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,  
Take to thy wicked deed ; which when thou seest  
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,  
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather

Confess it feigned. Weakness is thy excuse,  
 And I believe it; weakness to resist  
 Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,  
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,  
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?  
All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore  
With God or man will gain thee no remission.  
 But love constrained thee; call it furious rage  
 To satisfy thy lust: love seeks to have love;  
 My love how couldst thou hope, who tookest the way  
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,  
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betrayed?  
 In vain thou strivest to cover shame with shame,  
 Or by evasions thy crime uncoverest more.

*Dal.* Since thou determinest weakness for no plea  
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,  
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,  
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;  
 Which might have awed the best-resolved of men,  
 The constantest, to have yielded without blame.  
 It was not gold, as to my charge thou layest,  
 That wrought with me: thou knowest the magistrates  
 And princes of my country came in person,  
 Solicited, commanded, threatened, urged,  
 Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty  
 And of religion, pressed how just it was,  
 How honourable, how glorious, to entrap  
 A common enemy, who had destroyed  
 Such numbers of our nation: and the priest  
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear  
 Preaching how meritorious with the gods  
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious  
 Dishonourer of Dagon: what had I  
 To oppose against such powerful arguments?  
 Only my love of thee held long debate,  
 And combated in silence all these reasons  
 With hard contést: at length that grounded maxim  
 So rife and celebrated in the mouths  
 Of wisest men, that to the public good  
 Private respects must yield, with grave authority,  
 Took full possession of me, and prevailed;  
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining.

*Sams.* I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;  
 In feigned religion, smooth hypocrisy!  
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended,

Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee  
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.  
 I, before all the daughters of my tribe  
 And of my nation, chose thee from among  
 My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou knewest ;  
 Too well ; unbosomed all my secrets to thee,  
 Not out of levity, but overpowered  
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing ;  
 Yet now am judged an enemy. Why then  
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,  
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe professed ?  
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave  
 Parents and country ; nor was I their subject ;  
 Nor under their protection, but my own,  
 Thou mine, not theirs : if aught against my life  
 Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,  
 Against the law of nature, law of nations ;  
 No more thy country, but an impious crew  
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state  
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends  
 For which our country is a name so dear ;  
 Not therefore to be obeyed. But zeal moved thee ;  
 To please thy gods thou didst it ; gods, unable  
 To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes  
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction  
 Of their own deity, gods cannot be ;  
Less therefore to be pleased, obeyed, or feared.  
These false pretexts, and varnished colours, failing,  
 Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear ?

*Dal.* In argument with men a woman ever  
 Goes by the worse whatever be her cause.

*Sams.* For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath ;  
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

*Dal.* I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken  
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.  
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson ;  
 Afford me place to show what recompense  
 Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,  
 Misguided ; only what remains past cure  
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist  
 To afflict thyself in vain : though sight be lost,  
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoyed  
 Where other senses want not their delights,  
 At home in leisure and domestic ease,  
 Exempt from many a care and chance, to which

Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.  
 I to the lords will intercede, not doubting  
 Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee  
 From forth this loathsome prison-house to abide  
 With me, where my redoubled love and care  
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,  
 May ever tend about thee to old age,  
 With all things grateful cheered, and so supplied,  
 That, what by me thou hast lost, thou least shalt miss.

*Sams.* No, no; of my condition take no care;  
 It fits not; thou and I long since are twain:  
 Nor think me so unwearied or accursed,  
 To bring my feet again into the snare  
 Where once I have been caught: I know thy trains,  
 Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils;  
 Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms,  
 No more on me have power; their force is nulled;  
 So much of adder's wisdom I have learned,  
 To fence my car against thy sorceries.  
 If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men  
 Loved, honoured, feared me, thou alone couldst hate me  
 Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me;  
 How wouldst thou use me now, blind and thereby  
 Deceivable, in most things as a child  
 Helpless, thence easily contemned and scorned,  
 And last neglected! how wouldst thou insult  
 When I must live uxorious to thy will  
 In perfect thralldom! how again betray me,  
 Bearing my words and doings to the lords  
 To gloss upon, and, censuring, frown or smile!  
 This jail I count the house of liberty  
 To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

*Dal.* Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

*Sams.* Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake  
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.  
 At distance I forgive thee; go with that;  
 Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works  
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable  
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives!  
 Cherish thy hastened widowhood with the gold  
 Of matrimonial treason! so farewell.

*Dal.* I see thou art implacable, more deaf  
 To prayers than winds and seas; yet winds to seas  
 Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore:  
 Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,

Eternal tempest, never to be calmed.  
 Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing  
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate ;  
 Bid go with evil omen, and the brand  
 Of infamy upon my name denounced ?  
 To mix with thy concernments I desist  
 Henceforth, nor to much disapprove my own.  
 Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouthed,  
 And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds ;  
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,  
 Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.  
 My name perhaps among the circumcised  
 In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,  
 To all posterity may stand defamed,  
 With malediction mentioned, and the blot  
 Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced.  
 But in my country, where I most desire,  
 In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,  
 I shall be named among the famoussest  
 Of women, sung at solemn festivals,  
 Living and dead recorded, who, to save  
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose  
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands ; my tomb  
 With odours visited and annual flowers ;  
 Not less renowned than in mount Ephraim  
 Jael, who with inhospitable guile  
 Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples nailed  
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy  
 The public marks of honour and reward  
 Conferred upon me, for the piety  
 Which to my country I was judged to have shown.  
 At this whoever envies or repines ;  
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own. [*Exit.*]

*Chor.* She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting  
 Discovered in the end, till now concealed.

*Sams.* So let her go ; God sent her to debase me,  
 And aggravate my folly, who committed  
 To such a viper his most sacred trust  
 Of secrecy, my safety, and my life.

*Chor.* Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power  
 After offence returning, to regain  
 Love once possessed, nor can be easily  
 Repulsed without much inward passion felt,  
 And secret sting of amorous remorse.

*Sams.* Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,

Not wedlock-treachery endangering life.

*Chor.* It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,  
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit  
That woman's love can win, or long inherit ;  
But what it is, hard is to say,  
Harder to hit,

(Which way soever men refer it,)  
Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day  
Or seven, though one should musing sit.

If any of these, or all, the Timnian bride  
Had not so soon preferred  
Thy paranymp, worthless to thee compared,  
Successor in thy bed,  
Nor both so loosely disallied  
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously  
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.  
Is it for that such outward ornament  
Was lavished on their sex, that inward gifts  
Were left for haste unfinished, judgment scant,  
Capacity not raised to apprehend  
Or value what is best  
In choice, but oftenest to affect the wrong ?  
Or was too much of self-love mixed,  
Of constancy no root infix'd,  
That either they love nothing or not long ?

Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best  
Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,  
Soft, modest, meek, demure,  
Once joined, the contrary she proves, a thorn  
Intestine, far within defensive arms  
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue  
Adverse and turbulent ; or by her charms  
Draws him awry enslaved  
With dotage, and his sense depraved  
To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.  
What pilot so expert but needs must wreck  
Imbarked with such a steers-mate at the helm ?  
Favoured of Heaven, who finds  
One virtuous, rarely found,  
That in domestic good combines ;  
Happy that house ! his way to peace is smooth :  
But virtue, which breaks through all opposition,  
And all temptation can remove,  
Most shines, and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law



Gave to the man despotic power  
 Over his female in due awe,  
 Nor from that right to part an hour,  
 Smile she or lour :  
 So shall he least confusion draw  
 On his whole life, not swayed  
 By female usurpation, or dismayed.  
 But had we best retire ? I see a storm.

*Sams.* Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

*Chor.* But this another kind of tempest brings.

*Sams.* Be less abstruse ; my riddling days are past.

*Chor.* Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear  
 The bait of honeyed words ; a rougher tongue  
 Draws hitherward ; I know him by his stride,  
 The giant Harapha of Gath, his look  
 Haughty, as is his pile high-built and proud.  
 Comes he in peace ? what wind hath blown him hither  
 I less conjecture, than when first I saw  
 The sumptuous Dalila floating this way :  
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

*Sams.* Or peace, or not, alike to me he comes.

*Chor.* His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

*Enter HARAPHA.*

*Har.* I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,  
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,  
 Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath ;  
 Men call me Harapha, of stock renowned  
 As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old  
 That Kiriathaim held ; thou knowest me now  
 If thou at all art known. Much I have heard  
 Of thy prodigious might and feats performed,  
 Incredible to me, in this displeased,  
 That I was never present on the place  
 Of those encounters, where we might have tried  
 Each other's force in camp or listed field ;  
 And now am come to see of whom such noise  
 Hath walked about, and each limb to survey,  
 If thy appearance answer loud report.

*Sams.* The way to know were not to see but taste

*Har.* Dost thou already single me ? I thought  
 Gyves and the mill had tamed thee. O that fortune  
 Had brought me to the field, where thou art famed  
 To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw !  
 I should have forced thee soon with other arms,

Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown :  
 So had the glory of prowess been recovered  
 To Palestine, won by a Philistine,  
 From the unforeskinned race, of whom thou bearest  
 The highest name for valiant acts ; that honour,  
 Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,  
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

*Sams.* Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but do  
 What then thou wouldst ; thou seest it in thy hand.

*Har.* To combat with a blind man I disdain,  
 And thou hast need much washing to be touched

*Sams.* Such usage as your honourable lords  
 Afford me, assassinated and betrayed,  
 Who durst not with their whole united powers  
 In fight withstand me single and unarmed,  
 Nor in the house with chamber-ambushes  
 Close-banded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,  
 Till they had hired a woman with their gold,  
 Breaking her marriage faith, to circumvent me.  
 Therefore, without feigned shifts, let be assigned  
 Some narrow place inclosed, where sight may give thee,  
 Or rather flight, no great advantage on me ;  
 And put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet  
 And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,  
 Vant-brace and greaves, and gauntlet, add thy spear.  
 A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield ;  
 I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,  
 And raise such outcries on thy clattered iron,  
 Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,  
 That in a little time, while breath remains thee,  
 Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast  
 Again in safety what thou wouldst have done  
 To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

*Har.* Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,  
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,  
 Their ornament and safety, had not spells  
 And black enchantments, some magician's art,  
 Armed thee or charmed thee strong, which thou from heaven  
 Feignedst at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,  
 Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs  
 Were bristles ranged like those that ridge the back  
 Of chafed wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

*Sams.* I know no spells, use no forbidden arts ;  
 My trust is in the living God, who gave me  
 At my nativity this strength, diffused

No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,  
Than thine, while I preserved these locks unshorn,  
The pledge of my unviolated vow.

For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,  
Go to his temple, invoke his aid  
With solemnest devotion, spread before him  
How highly it concerns his glory now  
To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,  
Which I to be the power of Israel's God  
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,  
Offering to combat thee his champion bold,  
With the utmost of his godhead seconded :  
Then thou shalt see, or rather, to thy sorrow,  
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

*Har.* Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be  
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off  
Quite from his people, and delivered up  
Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them  
To put out both thine eyes, and, fettered, send thee  
Into the common prison, there to grind  
Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,  
As good for nothing else ; no better service  
With those thy boisterous locks, no worthy match  
For valour to assail, nor by the sword  
Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,  
But by the barber's razor best subdued.

*Sams.* All these indignities, for such they are  
From thine, these evils I deserve, and more,  
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me  
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon,  
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye  
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant :  
In confidence whereof I once again  
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,  
By combat to decide whose God is God,  
Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

*Har.* Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting  
He will accept thee to defend his cause,  
A murderer, a revolter, and a robber !

*Sams.* Tongue-doughty giant, how dost thou prove me these ?

*Har.* Is not thy nation subject to our lords ?  
Their magistrates confessed it when they took thee  
As a league-breaker, and delivered bound  
Into our hands : for hadst thou not committed  
Notorious murder on those thirty men

At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,  
 Then like a robber strippedst them of their robes?  
 The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,  
 Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,  
 To others did no violence nor spoil.

*Sams.* Among the daughters of the Philistines  
 I chose a wife, which argued me no foe;  
 And in your city held my nuptial feast:  
 But your ill-meaning politician lords,  
 Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,  
 Appointed to await me thirty spies,  
 Who, threatening cruel death, constrained the bride  
 To wring from me, and tell to them, my secret,  
 That solved the riddle which I had proposed.  
 When I perceived all set on enmity,  
 As on my enemies, wherever chanced,  
 I used hostility, and took their spoil,  
 To pay my underminers in their coin.  
 My nation was subjected to your lords;  
 It was the force of conquest; force with force  
 Is well ejected when the conquered can.  
 But I a private person, whom my country  
 As a league-breaker gave up bound, presumed  
 Single rebellion, and did hostile acts.  
 I was no private, but a person raised  
 With strength sufficient, and command from Heaven,  
 To free my country, if their servile minds  
 Me, their deliverer sent, would not receive,  
 But to their masters gave me up for nought,  
 The unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.  
 I was to do my part from Heaven assigned,  
 And had performed it, if my known offence  
 Had not disabled me, not all your force:  
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,  
 Though by his blindness maimed for high attempts,  
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,  
 As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

*Har.* With thee, a man condemned, a slave enrolled,  
 Due by the law to capital punishment!  
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

*Sams.* Camest thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,  
 To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?  
 Come nearer; part not hence so slight informed;  
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

*Har.* O Baal-zebul! can my ears unused

Hear these dishonours, and not render death ?

*Sams.* No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand  
Fear I incurable ; bring up thy van,  
My heels are fettered, but my fist is free.

*Har.* This insolence other kind of answer fits.

*Sams.* Go, baffled coward ! lest I run upon thee,  
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,  
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,  
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down,  
To the hazard of thy brains and shattered sides.

*Har.* By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt lament  
These braveries, in irons loaden on thee.

[*Exit.*

*Chor.* His giantship is gone somewhat crest-fallen,  
Stalking with less unconscionable strides,  
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

*Sams.* I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,  
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,  
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

*Chor.* He will directly to the lords, I fear,  
And with malicious counsel stir them up  
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

*Sams.* He must allege some cause, and offered fight  
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise  
Whether he durst accept the offer or not ;  
And, that he durst not, plain enough appeared.

✓ Much more affliction than already felt  
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain ;  
If they intend advantage of my labours,  
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping  
With no small profit daily to my owners.  
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove  
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence ;  
The worst that he can give, to me the best,  
Yet so it may fall out, because their end  
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine  
✓ Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

*Chor.* O how comely it is, and how reviving  
To the spirits of just men long oppressed,  
When God into the hands of their deliverer  
Puts invincible might  
To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor  
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,  
Hardy and industrious to support  
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue  
The righteous and all such as honour truth

He all their ammunition  
 And feats of war defeats,  
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind  
 And celestial vigour armed ;  
 Their armouries and magazines contemns,  
 Renders them useless ; while  
 With winged expedition,  
 Swift as the lightning glance, he executes  
 His errand on the wicked, who, surprised,  
 Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.

But patience is more oft the exercise  
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,  
 Making them each his own deliverer,  
 And victor over all  
 That tyranny or fortune can inflict.  
 Either of these is in thy lot,  
 Samson, with might endued  
 Above the sons of men ; but sight bereaved  
 May chance to number thee with those  
 Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,  
 Labouring thy mind  
 More than the working day thy hands.  
 And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,  
 For I desery this way  
 Some other tending : in his hand  
 A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,  
 Comes on amain, speed in his look.  
 By his habit I discern him now  
 A public officer, and now at hand ;  
 His message will be short and voluble.

*Enter* OFFICER.

*Off.* Hebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek.

*Chor.* His manacles remark him, there he sits.

*Off.* Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say :

This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,  
 With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games :  
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,  
 And now some public proof thereof require  
 To honour this great feast, and great assembly :  
 Rise therefore with all speed, and come along,  
 Where I will see thee heartened and fresh clad,  
 To appear as fits before the illustrious lords.

*Sams.* Thou knowest I am an Hebrew ; therefore tell them,

Our law forbids at their religious rites  
My presence ; for that cause I cannot come.

*Off.* This answer, be assured, will not content them.

*Sams.* Have they not sword-players, and every sort  
Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,  
Jugglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,  
But they must pick me out, with shackles tired,  
And over-laboured at their public mill,  
To make them sport with blind activity ?  
Do they not seek occasion for new quarrels,  
On my refusal to distress me more,  
Or make a game of my calamities ?  
Return the way thou camest, I will not come.

*Off.* Regard thyself ; this will offend them highly.

*Sams.* Myself ? my conscience, and internal peace.  
Can they think me so broken, so debased  
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever  
Will condescend to such absurd commands ;  
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,  
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief  
To show them feats, and play before their god,  
The worst of all indignities, yet on me  
Joined with extreme contempt ? I will not come.

*Off.* My message was imposed on me with speed,  
Brooks no delay : is this thy resolution ?

*Sams.* So take it with what speed thy message needs.

*Off.* I am sorry what this stoutness will produce. [*Exit.*]

*Sams.* Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

*Chor.* Consider, Samson ; matters now are strained  
Up to the height, whether to hold or break :  
He's gone, and who knows how he may report  
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame ?  
Expect another message more imperious,  
More lordly thundering than thou well wilt bear.

*Sams.* Shall I abuse this consecrated gift  
Of strength, again returning with my hair  
After my great transgression, so requite  
Favour renewed, and add a greater sin  
By prostituting holy things to idols ?  
A Nazarite in place abominable  
Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon !  
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous !  
What act more execrably unclean, profane ?

*Chor.* Yet with this strength thou servest the Philistines.  
Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean.

*Sams.* Not in their idol-worship, but by labour  
Honest and lawful to deserve my food  
Of those who have me in their civil power.

*Chor.* Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

*Sams.* Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds ;  
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,  
Not dragging? The Philistian lords command.  
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,  
I do it freely, venturing to displease  
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,  
Set God behind: which in his jealousy  
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.  
Yet that he may dispense with me, or thee,  
Present in temples at idolatrous rites  
For some important cause, thou needst not doubt.

*Chor.* How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

*Sams.* Be of good courage ; I begin to feel  
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose  
To something extraordinary my thoughts.  
I with this messenger will go along,  
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour  
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.  
If there be aught of presage in the mind,  
This day will be remarkable in my life  
By some great act, or of my days the last.

*Chor.* In time thou hast resolved, the man returns.

*Off.* Samson, this second message from our lords.  
To thee I am bid say : Art thou our slave,  
Our captive at the public mill, our drudge,  
And darest thou at our sending and command  
Dispute thy coming? come without delay ;  
Or we shall find such engines to assail  
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,  
Though thou wert firmlier fastened than a rock.

*Sams.* I could be well content to try their art,  
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.  
Yet, knowing their advantages too many,  
Because they shall not trail me through their streets  
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.  
Masters' commands come with a power resistless  
To such as owe them absolute subjection,  
And for a life who will not change his purpose  
(So mutable are all the ways of men),  
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply  
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.



*Off.* I praise thy resolution : doff these links ;  
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords  
T'o favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

*Sams.* Brethren, farewell ; your company along  
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them  
To see me girt with friends ; and how the sight  
Of me, as of a common enemy,

So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,  
I know not : lords are lordliest in their wine ;  
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fired  
With zeal, if aught religion seem concerned ;  
No less the people, on their holy days,  
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable :  
Happen what may, of me expect to hear  
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy  
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself ;  
The last of me or no, I cannot warrant.

[*Exit.*

*Chor.* Go, and the Holy One  
Of Israel be thy guide  
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name  
Great among the heathen round ;  
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand  
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field  
Rode up in flames after his message told  
Of thy conception, and be now a shield  
Of fire ; that Spirit, that first rushed on thee  
In the camp of Dan,  
Be efficacious in thee now at need.  
For never was from heaven imparted  
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,  
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.  
But wherefore comes old Manoaah in such haste  
With youthful steps ? much livelier than erewhile  
He seems ; supposing here to find his son,  
Or of him bringing to us some glad news.

*Enter MANOAH.*

*Man.* Peace with you, brethren ; my inducement hither  
Was not at present here to find my son,  
By order of the lords now parted hence  
To come and play before them at their feast.  
I heard all as I came, the city rings,  
And numbers thither flock : I had no will,  
Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly.  
But that which moved my coming now, was chiefly

To give ye part with me what hope I have  
With good success to work his liberty.

*Chor.* That hope would much rejoice us to partake  
With thee ; say, reverend sire, we thirst to hear.

*Man.* I have attempted one by one the lords,  
Either at home, or through the high street passing,  
With supplication prone and father's tears,  
To accept of ransom for my son their prisoner.  
Some much averse I found, and wondrous harsh,  
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite ;  
That part most revered Dagon and his priests :  
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim  
Private reward, for which both god and state  
They easily would set to sale : a third  
More generous far and civil, who confessed  
They had enough revenged ; having reduced  
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,  
The rest was magnanimity to remit,  
If some convenient ransom were proposed.  
What noise or shout was that ? it tore the sky.

*Chor.* Doubtless the people shouting to behold  
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them,  
Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

*Man.* His ransom, if my whole inheritance  
May compass it, shall willingly be paid  
And numbered down : much rather I shall choose  
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,  
And he in that calamitous prison left.  
No, I am fixed not to part hence without him.  
For his redemption all my patrimony,  
If need be, I am ready to forego  
And quit : not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

*Chor.* Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,  
Thou for thy son are bent to lay out all ;  
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,  
Thou in old age carest how to nurse thy son,  
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

*Man.* It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,  
And view him sitting in the house, ennobled  
With all those high exploits by him achieved,  
And on his shoulders waving down those locks  
That of a nation armed the strength contained ;  
And I persuade me, God hath not permitted  
His strength again to grow up with his hair,  
Garrisoned round about him like a camp

Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose  
 To use him further yet in some great service ;  
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift  
 Useless, and thence ridiculous, about him.  
 And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,  
 God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

*Chor.* Thy hopes are not ill-founded, nor seem vain,  
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon  
 Conceived, agreeable to a father's love,  
 In both which we, as next, participate.

*Man.* I know your friendly minds and,—O what noise :—  
 Mercy of Heaven, what hideous noise was that  
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout ?

*Chor.* Noise call you it, or universal groan,  
 As if the whole inhabitation perished ?  
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds, are in that noise,  
 Ruin, destruction of the utmost point.

*Man.* Of ruin, indeed, methought I heard the noise :  
 Oh ! it continues, they have slain my son.

*Chor.* Thy son is rather slaying them : that outcry  
 From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

*Man.* Some dismal accident it needs must be ;  
 What shall we do, stay here or run and see ?

*Chor.* Best keep together here, lest, running thither,  
 We unawares run into danger's mouth.  
 This evil on the Philistines is fallen :  
 From whom could else a general cry be heard ?  
 The sufferers then will scarce molest us here ;  
 From other hands we need not much to fear.  
 What if his eye-sight (for to Israel's God  
 Nothing is hard) by miracle restored,  
 He now be dealing dole among his foes,  
 And over heaps of slaughtered walk his way ?

*Man.* That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

*Chor.* Yet God hath wrought things as incredible  
 For his people of old ; what hinders now ?

*Man.* He can, I know, but doubt to think he will ;  
 Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.  
 A little stay will bring some notice hither.

*Chor.* Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner ;  
 For evil news rides post, while good news bates.  
 And to our wish I see one hither speeding,  
 An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

*Enter MESSENGER.*

*Mess.* O whither shall I run, or which way fly  
 The sight of this so horrid spectacle,  
 Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?  
 For dire imagination still pursues me.  
 But Providence or instinct of nature seems,  
 Or reason though disturbed, and scarce consulted,  
 To have guided me aright, I know not how,  
 To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these  
 My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,  
 As at some distance from the place of horror,  
 Though in the sad event too much concerned.

*Man.* The accident was loud, and here before thee  
 With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;  
 No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

*Mess.* It would burst forth, but I recover breath  
 And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

*Man.* Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

*Mess.* Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fallen,  
 All in a moment overwhelmed and fallen.

*Man.* Sad, but thou knowest to Israelites not saddest,  
 The desolation of a hostile city.

*Mess.* Feed on that first; there may in grief be surfeit.

*Man.* Relate by whom.

*Mess.* By Samson.

*Man.* That still lessens  
 The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

*Mess.* Ah! Manoah, I refrain too suddenly  
 To utter what will come at last too soon;  
 Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption  
 Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

*Man.* Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

*Mess.* Take then the worst in brief: Samson is dead.

*Man.* The worst indeed: O all my hopes defeated  
 To free him hence! but death, who sets all free,  
 Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.  
 What windy joy this day had I conceived  
 Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves  
 Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring  
 Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!  
 Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,  
 How died he; death to life is crown or shame.  
 All by him fell, thou sayest; by whom fell he?  
 What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

*Mess.* Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

*Man.* Wearied with slaughter then, or how? explain.

*Mess.* By his own hands.

*Man.* Self-violence! what cause  
Brought him so soon at variance with himself  
Among his foes?

*Mess.* Inevitable cause  
At once both to destroy, and be destroyed;  
The edifice where all were met to see him,  
✓ Upon their heads and on his own he pulled.

*Man.* O lastly over-strong against thyself!  
A dreadful way thou tookest to thy revenge.  
More than enough we know; but while things yet  
Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,  
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,  
Relation more particular and distinct.

*Mess.* Occasions drew me early to this city;  
And, as the gates I entered with sun-rise,  
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed  
Through each high street: little I had despatched,  
When all abroad was rumoured that this day  
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people  
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;  
I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded  
Not to be absent at that spectacle.  
The building was a spacious theatre  
Half round, on two main pillars vaulted high,  
With seats where all the lords, and each degree  
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;  
The other side was open, where the throng  
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;  
I among these aloof obscurely stood.  
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice  
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,  
When to their sports they turned. Immediately  
Was Samson as a public servant brought,  
In their state livery clad; before him pipes,  
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,  
Both horse and foot, before him and behind  
Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears.  
At sight of him the people with a shout  
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,  
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall  
He, patient, but undaunted, where they led him.  
Came to the place; and what was set before him.

Which without help of eye might be assayed,  
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed  
 All with incredible, stupendous force;  
 None daring to appear antagonist.  
 At length for intermission's sake they led him  
 Between the pillars; he his guide requested  
 (For so from such as nearer stood we heard)  
 As over-tired to let him lean a while  
 With both his arms on those two massy pillars,  
 That to the arched roof gave main support.  
 He, unsuspecting, led him; which when Samson  
 Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined,  
 And eyes fast fixed, he stood as one who prayed,  
 Or some great matter in his mind revolved:  
 At last with head erect thus cried aloud,  
 "Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed  
 I have performed, as reason was, obeying,  
 Not without wonder or delight beheld:  
 Now of my own accord such other trial  
 I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,  
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold."  
 This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed,  
 As, with the force of winds and waters pent,  
 When mountains tremble: those two massy pillars  
 With horrible convulsion to and fro  
 He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew  
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder  
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,  
 Lords, ladies, captains, councillors, or priests,  
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only  
 Of this, but each Philistian city round,  
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.  
 Samson, with these immixed, inevitably  
 Pulled down the same destruction on himself;  
 The vulgar only 'scaped, who stood without.

*Chor.* O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious!  
 Living or dying thou hast fulfilled  
 The work for which thou wast foretold  
 To Israel, and now liest victorious  
 Among thy slain self-killed,  
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold  
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoined  
 Thee with thy slaughtered foes, in number more  
 Than all thy life hath slain before.

1 *Semichor.* While their hearts were jocund sublime,

Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,  
 And fat regorged of bulls and goats,  
 Chanting their idol, and preferring  
 Before our living Dread who dwells  
 In Silo, his bright sanctuary ;  
 Among them he a spirit of phrensy sent,  
 Who hurt their minds,  
 And urged them on with mad desire  
 To call in haste for their destroyer ;  
 They, only set on sport and play,  
 Unweeingly impórtuned  
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.  
 So fond are mortal men,  
 Fallen into wrath divine,  
 As their own ruin on themselves to invite,  
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,  
 And with blindness internal struck.

2 *Semichor*. But he, though blind of sight,  
 Despised, and thought extinguished quite,  
 With inward eyes illuminated,  
 His fiery virtue roused  
 From under ashes into sudden flame ;  
 And as an evening dragon came,  
 Assailant on the perched roosts  
 And nests in order ranged  
 Of tame villatic fowl ; but as an eagle  
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.  
 So virtue, given for lost,  
 Depressed, and overthrown, as seemed,  
 Like that self-begotten bird  
 In the Arabian woods embost,  
 That no second knows, nor third,  
 And lay erewhile a holocaust,  
 From out her ashy womb now teemed,  
 Revives, reflowerishes, then vigorous most  
 When most unactive deemed ;  
 And though her body die, her fame survives,  
 A secular bird, ages of lives.

*Man*. Come, come ; no time for lamentation now,  
 Nor much more cause ; Samson hath quit himself  
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finished  
 A life heroic, on his enemies  
 Fully revenged ; hath left them years of mourning,  
 And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor  
 Through all Philistian bounds, to Israël

Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them  
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion ;  
 To himself and father's house eternal fame ;  
 And, which is best and happiest yet, all this  
 With God not parted from him, as was feared,  
 But favouring and assisting to the end.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
 Or knock the breast ; no weakness, no contempt,  
 Dispraise or blame ; nothing but well and fair,  
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Let us go find the body where it lies  
 Soaked in his enemies' blood ; and from the stream,  
 With lavers pure, and cleansing herbs, wash off  
 The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while  
 (Gaza is not in plight to say us nay),  
 Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,  
 To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend  
 With silent obsequy, and funeral train,  
 Home to his father's house : there will I build him  
 A monument, and plant it round with shade  
 Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,  
 With all his trophies hung, and acts enrolled  
 In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.  
 Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,  
 And from his memory inflame their breasts  
 To matchless valour, and adventures high :  
 The virgins also shall, on feastful days,  
 Visit his tomb with flowers ; only bewailing  
 His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,  
 From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

*Chor.* All is best, though we oft doubt  
 What the unsearchable dispose  
 Of highest Wisdom brings about,  
 And ever best found in the close.  
 Oft he seems to hide his face,  
 But unexpectedly returns,  
 And to his faithful champion hath in place  
 Bore witness gloriously ; whence Gaza mourns  
 And all that band them to resist  
 His uncontrollable intent ;  
 His servants he, with new acquist  
 Of true experience, from this great event,  
 With peace and consolation hath dismiss,  
 And calm of mind, all passion spent.



# COMUS:

A MASK.

PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634.

BEFORE

JOHN EARL OF BRIDGEWATER,

THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.

---

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD VISCOUNT BRACKLEY,

SON AND HEIR APPARENT TO THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER, &C.

MY LORD,

THIS Poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view; and now to offer it up in all rightfu devotion to those fair hopes, and rare endowments of your much promising youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honour of your name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured parents, and as in this representation your attendant *Thyrsis*, so now in all real expression,

Your faithful and most humble servant,

H. LAWES

THE PERSONS.

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT, <i>after-</i>		The LADY.
<i>wards in the habit of THYRSIS.</i>		FIRST BROTHER.
COMUS, <i>with his crew.</i>		SECOND BROTHER.
SABRINA, <i>the Nymph.</i>		

THE CHIEF PERSONS WHO PRESENTED WERE

The Lord BRACKLEY.  
Mr THOMAS EGERTON, *his brother.*  
The Lady ALICE EGERTON.

## COMUS.

---

The first Scene discovers a wild wood.

*The ATTENDANT SPIRIT descends or enters.*

✓ BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court  
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes  
Of bright aëreal spirits live insphered  
In regions mild of calm and serene air,  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,  
✓ Which men call earth ; and, with low-thoughted care  
Confined and pestered in this pinfold here  
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,  
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,  
After this mortal change, to her true servants,  
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.  
Yet some there be, that by due steps aspire  
To lay their just hands on that golden key,  
That opes the palace of eternity :  
To such my errand is ; and, but for such,  
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds  
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway  
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,  
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove  
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,  
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay  
The unadorned bosom of the deep :  
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,  
By course commits to several government,  
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,  
And wield their little tridents : but this isle,  
The greatest and the best of all the main,  
He quarters to his blue-haired deities ;  
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun  
A noble peer of mickle trust and power  
Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide  
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms :

Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,  
 Are coming to attend their father's state,  
 And new-instructed sceptre : but their way  
 Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood  
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
 Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger :  
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,  
 But that by quick command from sovereign Jove  
 I was despatched for their defence and guard :  
 And listen why ; for I will tell you now  
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,  
 From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

✓ Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape  
 Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,  
 After the Tuscan mariners transformed,  
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,  
 On Circe's island fell (who knows not Circe,  
 The daughter of the Sun ? whose charmed cup  
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,  
 And downward fell into a grovelling swine) :  
 This nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks  
 With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,  
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son  
 Much like his father, but his mother more,  
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named  
 Who, ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,  
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,  
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood ;  
 And, in thick shelter of black shades imbowered,  
 Excels his mother at her mighty art,  
 Offering to every weary traveller  
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,  
 To quench the drought of Phoebus ; which as they taste  
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst),  
 Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,  
 The express resemblance of the gods, is changed  
 Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,  
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
 All other parts remaining as they were ;  
 And they, so perfect is their misery,  
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
 But boast themselves more comely than before,  
 And all their friends and native home forget,  
 ✓ To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.  
 Therefore when any, favoured of high Jove,

Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,  
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star  
 I shoot from heaven to give him safe convoy,  
 As now I do : but first I must put off  
 These my sky-ropes spun out of Iris' woof,  
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain  
 That to the service of this house belongs,  
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,  
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar.  
 And hush the waving weeds ; nor of less faith,  
 And in this office of his mountain watch  
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid  
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
 Of hateful steps ; I must be viewless now.

*Comus enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass  
 in the other ; with him a rout of monsters, headed like  
 sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and  
 women, their apparel glistering ; they come in making a  
 riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

## COMUS.

The star that bids the shepherd fold  
 Now the top of heaven doth hold ;  
 And the gilded car of day  
 His glowing axle doth allay  
 In the steep Atlantic stream ;  
 And the slope sun his upward beam  
 Shoots against the dusky pole,  
 Pacing towards the other goal  
 Of his chamber in the east.  
 Meanwhile, welcome joy, and feast,  
 Midnight shout and revelry,  
 Tipsy dance, and jollity.  
 Braid your locks with rosy twine  
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.  
 Rigour now is gone to bed,  
 And Advice with scrupulous head,  
 Strict Age and sour Severity,  
 With their grave saws, in slumber lie.  
 We, that are of purer fire,  
 Imitate the starry quire,  
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres,  
 Lead in swift round the months and years.  
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,  
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move ;  
 And on the tawny sands and shelves,

Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves ;  
 By dimpled brook and fountain brim,  
 The wood-nymphs, decked with daisies trim,  
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep ;  
 What hath night to do with sleep ?  
 Night hath better sweets to prove,  
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.  
 Come, let us our rites begin ;  
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin,  
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.  
 Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,  
 Dark-veiled Cotytto ! to whom the secret flame  
 Of midnight torches burns ; mysterious dame,  
 That ne'er art called, but when the dragon womb  
 Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,  
 And makes one blot of all the air ;  
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,  
 Wherein thou ridest with Hecat', and befriend  
 Us thy vowed priests, till utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out ;  
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,  
 The nice morn, on the Indian steep  
 From her cabined loop-hole peep,  
 And to the tell-tale sun descry  
 Our concealed solemnity.  
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground  
 In a light fantastic round.

#### THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace  
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.  
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees ;  
 Our number may affright : some virgin sure  
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)  
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,  
 And to my wily trains ; I shall ere long  
 Be well stocked with as fair a herd as grazed  
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl  
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,  
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,  
 And give it false presentments, lest the place  
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight ;  
 Which must not be, for that's against my course :  
 I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,

And well-placed words of glozing courtesy  
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible,  
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,  
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye  
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,  
 I shall appear some harmless villager,  
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.  
 But here she comes; I fairly step aside,  
 And hearken, if I may, her business here.

*The LADY enters.*

*Lady.* This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,  
 My best guide now: methought it was the sound  
 Of riot and ill-managed merriment,  
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,  
 Stirs up among the loose unlettered hinds,  
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,  
 In wanton dance they praise the bcunteous Pan,  
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth  
 To meet the rudeness, and swilled insolence,  
 Of such late wassailers; yet O! where else  
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?  
 My brothers, when they saw me wearied out  
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,  
 Stept, as they said, to the next thicket-side,  
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.  
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded even,  
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain  
 But where they are, and why they came not back,  
 Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest  
 They had engaged their wandering steps too far;  
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,  
 Had stole them from me: else, O thievish night,  
 Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,  
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,  
 That nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps  
 With everlasting oil, to give due light  
 To the misled and lonely traveller?  
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth  
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear,

Yet nought but single darkness do I find.  
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies  
 Begin to throng into my memory,  
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,  
 And aery tongues that syllable men's names  
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.  
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound,  
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience.  
 O welcome, pure-eyed faith, white-handed hope,  
 Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,  
 And thou, unblemished form of Chastity!  
 I see ye visibly, and now believe  
 That he, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill  
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,  
 To keep my life and honour unassailed.  
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?  
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove:  
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but  
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
 I'll venture; for my new-enlivened spirits  
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

## SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen  
 Within thy aery shell,  
 By slow Meander's margent green,  
 And in the violet-embroidered vale,  
 Where the love-lorn nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:  
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
 That liketh thy Narcissus are?  
 O, if thou have  
 Hid them in some flowery cave,  
 Tell me but where,  
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!  
 So mayest thou be translated to the skies,  
 And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies

*Enter COMUS.*

*Comus.* Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?



Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
 To testify his hidden residence.  
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
 Of silence through the empty-vaulted night,  
 At every fall smoothing the raven-down  
 Of darkness, till it smiled! I have oft heard  
 My mother Circe with the Syrens three,  
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,  
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;  
 Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,  
 And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,  
 And chid her barking waves into attention,  
 And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause:  
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,  
 And in sweet madness robbed it of itself:  
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,  
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,  
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,  
 And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder!  
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,  
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine  
 Dwellest here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song  
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog  
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

*Lady.* Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise  
 That is addressed to unattending ears;  
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
 How to regain my severed company,  
 Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo  
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

*Comus.* What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

*Lady.* Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

*Comus.* Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

*Lady.* They left me weary on a grassy turf.

*Comus.* By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

*Lady.* To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

*Comus.* And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

*Lady.* They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

*Comus.* Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

*Lady.* How easy my misfortune is to hit!

*Comus.* Imports their loss, beside the present need?

*Lady.* No less than if I should my brothers lose.

*Comus.* Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

*Lady.* As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.

*Comus.* Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox  
 In his loose traces from the furrow came,  
 And the swinked hedger at his supper sat ;  
 I saw them under a green mantling vine,  
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,  
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.  
 Their port was more than human as they stood :  
 I took it for a faery vision  
 Of some gay creatures of the element  
 That in the colours of the rainbow live,  
 And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,  
 And, as I past, I worshipt ; if those you seek,  
 It were a journey like the path to heaven,  
 To help you find them.

*Lady.* Gentle villager,  
 What readiest way would bring me to that place ?

*Comus.* Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

*Lady.* To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,  
 In such a scant allowance of star-light,  
 Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,  
 Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.

*Comus.* I know each lane, and every alley green,  
 Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,  
 And every bosky bourn from side to side,  
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood ;  
 And if your stray attendants be yet lodged,  
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know  
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark  
 From her thatched pallet rouse ; if otherwise,  
 I can conduct you, lady, to a low,  
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe  
 Till further quest.

✓ *Lady.* Shepherd, I take thy word,  
 And trust thy honest-offered courtesy,  
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds,  
 With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls  
 In courts of princes, where it first was named,  
 And yet is most pretended ; in a place  
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,  
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.

✓ Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial  
 To my proportioned strength. Shepherd, lead on. [*Exeunt*]

*Enter the TWO BROTHERS.*

*El. Br.* Unmuffle, ye faint stars ; and thou, fair moon,

That wontest to love the traveller's benison,  
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
 And disinherit chaos, that reigns here  
 In double night of darkness, and of shades ;  
 Or, if your influence be quite dammed up  
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,  
 Though a rush candle from the wicker hole  
 Of some clay habitation, visit us  
 With thy long-levelled rule of streaming light ;  
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,  
 Or Tyrian Cynosure.

*Sec. Br.*

Or, if our eyes

Be barred that happiness, might we but hear  
 The folded flocks penned in their wattled cotes,  
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,  
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock  
 Count the night watches to his feathery dames,  
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,  
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.  
 But, O that hapless virgin, our lost sister !  
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her  
 From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles ?  
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,  
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm  
 Leans her unpillowed head, fraught with sad fears,  
 What if in wild amazement and affright ?  
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp  
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat ?

*El. Br.* Peace, brother : be not over exquisite

To cast the fashion of uncertain evils :  
 For grant they be so ; while they rest unknown,  
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,  
 And run to meet what he would most avoid ?  
 Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,  
 How bitter is such self-delusion !  
 I do not think my sister so to seek,  
 Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,  
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,  
 As that the single want of light and noise  
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)  
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,  
 And put them into misbecoming plight.  
 Virtue could see to do what virtue would  
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self

Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude ;  
 Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,  
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
 That in the various bustle of resort  
 Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impaired.  
 He that has light within his own clear breast,  
 May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day :  
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,  
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;  
 Himself is his own dungeon.

*Sec. Br.*

'Tis most true,

That musing meditation most affects  
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,  
 And sits as safe as in a senate-house ;  
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,  
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,  
 Or do his gray hairs any violence ?  
 But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree  
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
 Of dragon watch, with unenchanted eye,  
 To save her blossoms and defend her fruit  
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.  
 You may as well spread out the unsunned heaps  
 Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den,  
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope  
 Danger will wink on opportunity,  
 And let a single helpless maiden pass  
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.  
 Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not ;  
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,  
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person  
 Of our unowned sister.

*El. Br.*

I do not, brother,

Infer, as if I thought my sister's state  
 Secure, without all doubt or controversy ;  
 Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear  
 Does arbitrate the event, my nature is  
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,  
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.  
 My sister is not so defenceless left  
 As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength,  
 Which you remember not.

*Sec. Br.*

What hidden strength,

Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that ?

*El. Br.* I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,  
 Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed her own :  
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :  
 She, that has that, is clad in cômplete steel ;  
 And, like a quivered nymph with arrows keen,  
 May trace huge forests, and unharboured heaths,  
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds ;  
 Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,  
 No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,  
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity :  
 Yea, there where very desolation dwells,  
 By grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,  
 She may pass on with unblenched majesty,  
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.  
 Some say, no evil thing that walks by night,  
 In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,  
 Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaïd ghost  
 That breaks his magic chains at curfeu time,  
 No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,  
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.  
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call  
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece  
 To testify the arms of chastity ?  
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,  
 Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,  
 Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness  
 And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought  
 The frivolous bolts of Cupid ; gods and men  
 Feared her stern frown, and she was queen o' the woods.  
 What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,  
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquered virgin,  
 Wherewith she freezed her foes to cômgealed stone,  
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,  
 And noble grace, that dashed brute violence  
 With sudden adoration and blank awe ?  
 ✓ So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,  
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,  
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt ;  
 And, in clear dream and solemn vision,  
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear :  
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants  
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,  
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
 ↓ And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,

Till all be made immortal : but when lust,  
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,  
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 Imbodies, and imbrates, till she quite lose  
 ✓ The divine property of her first being.  
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp  
 Oft seen in charnal vaults and sepulchres  
 Lingerin', and sitting by a new-made grave,  
 As loth to leave the body that it loved,  
 And linked itself by carnal sensuality  
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

*Sec. Br.* How charming is divine philosophy !  
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
 And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,  
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

*El. Br.* List, list ; I hear  
 Some far off halloo break the silent air.

*Sec. Br.* Methought so too ; what should it be ?

*El. Br.* For certain,  
 Either some one like us night-founded here,  
 Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,  
 Some roving robber, calling to his fellows.  
*Sec. Br.* Heaven keep my sister. Again, again, and near  
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

*El. Br.* I'll halloo :  
 If he be friendly, he comes well ; if not,  
 Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us.

*Enter the Attendant SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.*

That halloo I should know ? what are you ? speak ;  
 Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

*Spir.* What voice is that ? my young lord ? speak again.

*Sec. Br.* O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

*El. Br.* Thyrsis, whose artful strains have oft delayed  
 The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,  
 And sweetened every musk-rose of the dale ?  
 How camest thou here, good swain ? hath any ram  
 Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,  
 Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook ?  
 How couldst thou find this dark sequestered nook ?

*Spir.* O my loved master's heir, and his next joy  
 I came not here on such a trivial toy

As a strayed ewe, or to pursue the stealth  
 Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth  
 That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought  
 To this my errand, and the care it brought.  
 But, O my virgin lady, where is she?  
 How chance she is not in your company?

*El. Br.* To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame,  
 Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

*Spir.* Ah me unhappy! then my fears are true.

*El. Br.* What fears, good Thyrsis? Pr'ythee briefly show,

✓ *Spir.* I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous  
 (Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance),  
 What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly muse,  
 Storied of old in high immortal verse,  
 Of dire chimeras, and enchanted isles,  
 And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell;  
 For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,  
 Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,  
 Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,  
 Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries;  
 And here to every thirsty wanderer  
 By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,  
 With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison  
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
 Fixes instead, un moulding reason's mintage  
 Charactered in the face: this have I learnt  
 Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts,  
 That brow this bottom-glade; whence night by night  
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,  
 Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
 Doing abhorred rights to Hecate

✓ In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.  
 Yet have they many baits and guileful spells,  
 To inveigle and invite the unwary sense  
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.  
 This evening late, by them the chewing flocks  
 Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb  
 Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,  
 I sat me down to watch upon a bank  
 With ivy canopied, and interwove  
 With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,  
 Rapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,  
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy,

Till fancy had her fill ; but, ere a close,  
 The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,  
 And filled the air with barbarous dissonance ;  
 At which I ceased, and listened them a while,  
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence  
 Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds,  
 That draw the litter of close-curtained sleep ;  
 At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound  
 Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,  
 And stole upon the air, that even silence  
 Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might  
 Deny her nature, and be never more  
 Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,  
 And took in strains that might create a soul  
 Under the ribs of death : but, O ! ere long,  
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice  
 Of my most honoured lady, your dear sister.  
 Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear,  
 And, O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,  
 How sweet thou singest, how near the deadly snare !  
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,  
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,  
 Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place,  
 Where that damned wizard, hid in sly disguise,  
 (For so by certain signs I knew), had met  
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,  
 The aidless innocent lady, his wished prey,  
 Who gently asked if he had seen such two,  
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.  
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guessed  
 Ye were the two she meant ; with that I sprung  
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here ;  
 But further know I not.

*Sec. Br.* O night and shades !  
 How are ye joined with hell in triple knot  
 Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin,  
 Alone and helpless ! Is this the confidence  
 You gave me, brother ?

✓ *El. Br.* Yes, and keep it still ;  
 Lean on it safely ; not a period  
 Shall be unsaid for me : against the threats  
 Of malice, or of sorcery, or that power  
 Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm  
 Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,  
 Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled ;

↓



Yea, even that, which mischief meant most harm,  
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory :  
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,  
 And mix no more with goodness ; when at last  
 Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,  
 It shall be in eternal restless change  
 Self-fed, and self-consumed : if this fail,  
 The pillared firmament is rottenness,  
 ✓ And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on.  
 Against the opposing will and arm of Heaven  
 May never this just sword be lifted up ;  
 But for that damned magician, let him be girt  
 With all the grisly legions that troop  
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,  
 Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms  
 'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,  
 And force him to return his purchase back,  
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,  
 Cursed as his life.

*Spir.* Alas! good venturous youth,  
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise ;  
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead ;  
 Far other arms and other weapons must  
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms :  
 He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,  
 And crumble all thy sinews.

*El. Br.* Why pr'ythee, shepherd,  
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near,  
 As to make this relation ?

*Spir.* Care, and utmost shifts,  
 How to secure the lady from surprisal,  
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,  
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled  
 In every virtuous plant, and healing herb,  
 That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray :  
 He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing ;  
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
 Would sit and hearken even to ecstacy,  
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,  
 And show me simples of a thousand names,  
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.  
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,  
 But of divine effect, he culled me out ;  
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
 But in another country, as he said,

Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:  
 Unknown, and like esteemed, and the dull swain  
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon:  
 And yet more medicinal is it than that moly,  
 That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave.  
 He called it hæmony, and gave it me,  
 And bade me keep it, as of sovereign use  
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,  
 Or ghastly furies' apparition.  
 I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,  
 Till now that this extremity compelled:  
 But now I find it true; for by this means  
 I knew the foul enchanter though disguised,  
 Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
 And yet came off: if you have this about you  
 (As I will give you when we go), you may  
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;  
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,  
 And brandished blade, rush on him; break his glass,  
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground.  
 But seize his wand; though he and his cursed crew  
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,  
 Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,  
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

*El. Br.* Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee;  
 And some good angel bear a shield before us.

*The scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; soft music, tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

#### COMUS.

Nay, lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,  
 Your nerves are all chained up in alabaster,  
 And you a statue, or, as Daphne was,  
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

*Lady.* Fool, do not boast;  
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind  
 With all thy charms, although this corporal rind  
 Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sees good.

*Comus.* Why are you vexed, lady? Why do you frown.  
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates  
 Sorrow flies far: see, here be all the pleasures  
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,  
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns

Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.  
 And first behold this cordial julip here,  
 That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,  
 With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed ;  
 Not that nepenthes, which the wife of Thone  
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,  
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,  
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.  
 Why should you be so cruel to yourself,  
 And to those dainty limbs, which nature lent  
 For gentle usage and soft delicacy ?  
 But you invert the covenants of her trust,  
 And harshly deal like an ill borrower,  
 With that which you received on other terms ;  
 Scorning the unexempt condition  
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,  
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
 That have been tired all day without repast,  
 And timely rest have wanted ; but, fair virgin,  
 This will restore all soon.

*Lady.*

'Twill not, false traitor .

'Twill not restore the truth and honesty  
 That thou hast banished from thy tongue with lies.  
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode,  
 Thou toldest me of ? What grim aspects are these,  
 These ugly-headed monsters ? Mercy guard me !  
 Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul deceiver !  
 Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence  
 With visored falsehood and base forgery ?  
 And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here  
 With lickerish baits, fit to ensnare a brute ?  
 Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,  
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer ; none  
 But such as are good men can give good things ;  
 And that which is not good is not delicious  
 To a well-governed and wise appetite.

*Comus.* O foolishness of men ! that lend their ears  
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,  
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,  
 Praising the lean and sallow abstinence.  
 Wherefore did nature pour her bounties forth  
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,  
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,  
 But all to please and sate the curious taste ?

And set to work millions of spinning worms,  
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk,  
 To deck her sons; and that no corner might  
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins  
 She hatched the all-worshipt ore and precious gems,  
 To store her children with: if all the world  
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,  
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,  
 The All-giver would be unthanked, would be unpraised,  
 Not half his riches known, and yet despised;  
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,  
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth;  
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,  
 Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,  
 And strangled with her waste fertility;  
 The earth cumbered, and the winged air darked with plumes,  
 The herds would over-multitude their lords,  
 The sea o'er-fraught would swell, and the unsought diamonds  
 Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,  
 And so bestud with stars, that they below  
 Would grow inured to light, and come at last  
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.

✓ List, lady: be not coy, and be not cozened  
 With that same vaunted name, virginity.  
 Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,  
 But must be current; and the good thereof  
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,  
 Unsavoury in the enjoyment of itself;  
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose  
 It withers on the stalk with languished head.  
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown  
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,  
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;  
 It is for homely features to keep home,  
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions,  
 And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply  
 The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.  
 What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,  
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?  
 There was another meaning in these gifts;

✓ Think what, and be advised; you are but young yet.

✓ *Lady.* I had not thought to have unlocked my lips  
 In this unhallowed air, but that this juggler  
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,  
 ✓ Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb.

I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,  
 And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.  
 Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,  
 As if she would her children should be riotous  
 With her abundance; she, good cateress,  
 Means her provision only to the good,  
 That live according to her sober laws,  
 And holy dictate of spare temperance:  
 If every just man, that now pines with want,  
 Had but a moderate and beseeeming share  
 Of that which lewdly-pampered luxury  
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed  
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
 And she no whit encumbered with her store;  
 And then the Giver would be better thanked,  
 His praise due paid: for swinish gluttony  
 Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,  
 But with besotted base ingratitude  
 Crams, and blasphemous his Feeder. Shall I go on?  
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares  
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words  
 Against the sun-clad power of chastity,  
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?  
 Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend  
 The sublime notion, and high mystery,  
 That must be uttered to unfold the sage  
 And serious doctrine of virginity;  
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know  
 More happiness than this thy present lot.  
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,  
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;  
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced:  
 Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled worth  
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits  
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,  
 That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,  
 And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,  
 Till all thy magic structures, reared so high,  
 Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false head.

*Comus.* She fables not; I feel that I do fear  
 Her words set off by some superior power;  
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew  
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove  
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,

To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,  
 And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more;  
 This is mere moral babble, and direct  
 Against the canon-laws of our foundation;  
 I must not suffer this: yet 'tis but the leas  
 And settlings of a melancholy blood:  
 But this will cure all straight; one sip of this  
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,  
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.

*The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground: his rout make sign of resistance; but are all driven in. The Attendant Spirit comes in.*

## SPIRIT.

What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?  
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatched his wand,  
 And bound him fast; without his rod reversed,  
 And backward mutters of dis severing power,  
 We cannot free the lady that sits here  
 In stony fetters fixed, and motionless:  
 Yet stay, be not disturbed; now I bethink me,  
 Some other means I have which may be used,  
 Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,  
 The soothest shepherd that ere piped on plains.  
 There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,  
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,  
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;  
 Whilom she was the daughter of Loocrine,  
 That had the sceptre from his father Brute;  
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit  
 Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,  
 Commended her fair 'nocence to the flood,  
 That staid her flight with his cross-flowing course.  
 The water-nymphs, that in the bottom played,  
 Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,  
 Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;  
 Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,  
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe  
 In nectared lavers, strewed with asphodel;  
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense  
 Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she revived,  
 And underwent a quick immortal change,  
 Made goddess of the river: still she retains

Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve  
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,  
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs  
 That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,  
 Which she with precious vialled liquors heals ;  
 For which the shepherds at their festivals  
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,  
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream  
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.  
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock  
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell.  
 If she be right invoked in warbled song ;  
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift  
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,  
 In hard-besetting need ; this will I try,  
 And add the power of some adjuring verse.

## SONG.

✓ Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting  
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ;  
 Listen for dear honour's sake,  
 Goddess of the silver lake,

Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us,  
 In name of great Oceanus ;  
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace,  
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,  
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook,  
 By sealy Triton's winding shell,  
 And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell,  
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,  
 And her son that rules the strands,  
 By Thetis' tinsel-slipped feet,  
 And the songs of Syrens sweet,  
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,  
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,  
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks ;  
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
 Upon the streams with wily glance.  
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head

From thy coral-paven bed,  
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
 ✓ Till thou our summons answered have.  
   Listen, and save.

*SABRINA rises, attended by Water-Nymphs, and sings*

✓ By the rushy-fringed bank,  
 Where grows the willow and the ozier dank,  
 My sliding chariot stays,  
 Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen  
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green,  
     That in the channel strays ;  
 Whilst from off the waters fleet  
 Thus I set my printless feet  
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,  
     That bends not as I tread ;  
 Gentle swain, at thy request,  
     I am here.

*Spir.* Goddess dear,  
 We implore thy powerful hand  
 To undo the charmed band  
 Of true virgin here distress,  
 Through the force and through the wile  
 Of unblest enchanter vile.

*Sabr.* Shepherd, 'tis my office best  
 To help ensnared chastity ;  
 Brightest lady, look on me ;  
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
 Drops, that from my fountain pure  
 I have kept, of precious cure ;  
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip,  
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip ;  
 Next this marble venom'd seat,  
 Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,  
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold :  
 Now the spell hath lost his hold ;  
 And I must haste, ere morning hour,  
 ✓ To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

*SABRINA descends, and the LADY rises out of her seat.*

*Spir.* Virgin, daughter of Loocrine  
 Sprung of old Anchises' line,  
 May thy brimmed waves for this  
 Their full tribute never miss  
 From a thousand petty rills,



That tumble down the snowy hills :  
 Summer drought, or singed air,  
 Never seorch thy tresses fair,  
 Nor wet October's torrent flood  
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud ;  
 May thy billows roll ashore  
 The beryl and the golden ore ;  
 May thy lofty head be crowned  
 With many a tower and terrace round,  
 And here and there thy banks upon  
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

    Come, lady, while Heaven lends us grace,  
 Let us fly this cursed place,  
 Lest the sorcerer us entice  
 With some other new device.  
 Not a waste or needless sound,  
 Till we come to holier ground ;  
 I shall be your faithful guide  
 Through this gloomy covert wide,  
 And not many furlongs thence  
 Is your father's residence,  
 Where this night are met in state  
 Many a friend to gratulate  
 His wished presence ; and beside  
 All the swains, that there abide,  
 With jigs and rural dance resort ;  
 We shall catch them at their sport,  
 And our sudden coming there  
 Will double all their mirth and cheer :  
 Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,  
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the President's Castle ; then come in Country Dancers, after them the Attendant Spirit, with the Two Brothers and the Lady.*

## SONG.

*Spir.* Back, shepherds, back ; enough your play,  
 Till next sun-shine holiday :  
 Here be, without duck or nod,  
 Other trippings to be trod  
 Of lighter toes, and such court guise  
 As Mercury did first devise,  
 With the mincing Dryades  
 On the lawns, and on the lea.

*This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.*

- ✓ Noble lord and lady bright,  
 I have brought ye new delight ;  
 Here behold so goodly grown  
 Three fair branches of your own ;  
 Heaven hath timely tried their youth,  
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,  
 And sent them here through hard assays  
 With a crown of deathless praise,  
 To triumph in victorious dance  
 ✓ O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

*The Dances being ended, the Spirit epiloquises.*

- Spir.* To the ocean now I fly,  
 And those happy climes that lie  
 Where day never shuts his eye,  
 Up in the broad fields of the sky :  
 There I suck the liquid air  
 All amidst the gardens fair  
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,  
 That sing about the golden tree :  
 Along the crisped shades and bowers  
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ;  
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosomed Hours,  
 Thither all their bounties bring ;  
 There eternal Summer dwells,  
 And west winds, with musky wing,  
 About the cedared alleys fling  
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.  
 Iris there with humid bow  
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
 Flowers of more mingled hue  
 Then her purpled scarf can show ;  
 And drenches with Elysian dew  
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true),  
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
 Waxing well of his deep wound  
 In slumber soft, and on the ground  
 Sadly sits the Assyrian queen :  
 ✓ But far above in spangled sheen  
 Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,  
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet, entranced  
 ✓ After her wandering labours long,

Till free consent the gods among  
Make her his eternal bride,  
And from her fair unspotted side  
Two blissful twins are to be born,  
Youth and Joy: so Jove hath sworn.  
But now my task is smoothly done,  
I can fly, or I can run,  
Quickly to the green earth's end,  
Where the bowed welkin low doth bend;  
And from thence can soar as soon  
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,  
Love virtue; she alone is free:  
She can teach ye how to climb  
Higher than the sphery chime;  
Or if Virtue feeble were,  
✓Heaven itself would stoop to her.

## L' ALLEGRO.

✓ HENCE, loathed Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!  
Find out some uncouth cell,  
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
And the night-raven sings;  
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
But come, thou goddess fair and free,  
In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,<sup>Love.</sup>  
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;  
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,  
With two sister Graces more,  
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:  
Or whether (as some sager sing)  
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
<sup>it is the</sup> Zephyr, with Aurora playing,<sup>daughter</sup>  
<sup>wind</sup> As he met her once a-Maying;  
There on beds of violets blue,  
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,  
Filled her with thee a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blithe, and debonnair.  
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest, and youthful jollity,  
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
✓ And love to live in dimple sleek;  
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.

Come, and trip it, as you go,  
 On the light fantastic toe ;  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee  
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;  
 And, if I give thee honour due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreprieved pleasures free ;  
 To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And singing startle the dull night,  
 From his watch-tower in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;  
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good-morrow,  
 Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine :

While the cock, with lively din,  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
 Stoutly struts his dames before :  
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill,  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.

Sometimes walking, not unseen,  
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
 Right against the eastern gate  
 Where the great sun begins his state,  
 Robed in flames, and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;  
 While the ploughman, near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe,  
 And every shepherd tells his tale,  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
While the landscape round it measures ;  
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
 Mountains, on whose barren breast  
 The labouring clouds do often rest ;  
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;  
 Towers and battlements it sees

*flushed with  
clouds.*

Bosomed high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes  
From betwixt two aged oaks,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,  
Are at their savoury dinner set  
Of herbs, and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;  
And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;  
Or, if the earlier season lead,  
To the tanned haycock in the mead.

*conventional  
shepherds & shee  
Pastoral  
names*

Sometimes with secure delight  
The upland hamlets will invite,  
When the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebecks sound  
To many a youth and many a maid,  
Dancing in the checkered shade;  
And young and old come forth to play  
On a sun-shine holy-day,  
Till the live-long day-light fail:  
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
With stories told of many a feat,  
How faery Mab the junkets eat;  
She was pinched, and pulled, she said;  
And he, by friar's lantern led,  
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat  
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn,  
That ten day-labourers could not end;  
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,  
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;  
And crop-full out of door he flings,  
Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

*Superstitious*

Towered cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men,  
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize

Of wit or arms, while both contend  
To win her grace, whom all commend.  
There let Hymen oft appear  
In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
With masque and antique pageantry ;  
Such sights as youthful poets dream  
On summer eves by haunted stream.  
Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
Married to immortal verse ;  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed and giddy cunning ;  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony ;  
That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
From golden slumber on a bed  
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear  
Such strains as would have won the ear  
Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
His half regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,  
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

## IL PENNEROSO

---

✓ HENCE, vain del'ing joys,  
The brood of Folly without father bred!  
How little you bested,  
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!  
Dwell in some idle brain,  
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
As thick and numberless  
✓ As the gay motes that people the sunbeams;  
Or likest hovering dreams,  
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.  
But hail, thou goddess sage and holy,  
Hail divinest Melancholy!  
Whose saintly visage is too bright  
To hit the sense of human sight,  
And therefore to our weaker view  
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;  
Black, but such as in esteem  
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,  
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove  
To set her beauty's praise above  
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:  
Yet thou art higher far descended:  
Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,  
To solitary Saturn bore;  
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign  
Such mixture was not held a stain:  
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.  
✓ Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, stedfast and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain,  
Flowing with majestic train,



And sable stole of cypress lawn,  
 Over thy decent shoulder drawn.  
 Come, but keep thy wonted state  
 ✓ With even step, and musing gait ;  
 And looks commérceing with the skies,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :  
 There, held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thyself to marble, till  
 With a sad leaden downward cast  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast :  
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet  
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
 And hears the Muses in a ring  
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing :  
 And add to these retired Leisure,  
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure,  
 But first and chiefest, with thee bring,  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
 The cherub Contemplation ;  
 And the mute Silence hist along,  
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
 In her sweetest saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak :  
 Sweet bird, that shunnest the noise of folly.  
 Most musical, most melancholy !  
 Thee, chantress, oft the woods among,  
 I woo, to hear thy even-song ;  
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen  
 On the dry, smooth-shaven green,  
 To behold the wandering moon,  
 Riding near her highest noon,  
 Like one that had been led astray  
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;  
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,  
 I hear the far-off curfeu sound,  
 Over some wide watered shore,  
 Swinging slow with sullen roar :  
 Or, if the air will not permit,  
 Some still removed place will fit,  
 Where glowing embers through the room

Niphtin  
 of 21e

Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;  
 Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the cricket on the hearth,  
 Or the belman's drowsy charm,  
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,  
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,  
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere  
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
 What worlds or what vast regions hold  
 The immortal mind that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook :  
 And of those demons that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent  
 With planet or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,  
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
 Or the tale of Troy divine ;  
 Or what (though rare) of later age  
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad virgin, that thy power  
 Might raise Musæus from his bower !  
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
 And made hell grant what love did seek ;  
 Or call up him that left half-told  
 The story of Cambuscan bold,  
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
 And who had Canace to wife,  
 That owned the virtuous ring and glass ;  
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
 On which the Tartar king did ride : — *About*  
 And if aught else great bards beside ; *Chaucer*  
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
 Of turneys and of trophies hung,  
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil-suited morn appear,  
 Not tricked and frownc'd as she was wont  
 With the Attic boy to hunt,

But kerchieft in a comely cloud,  
 While rocking winds are piping loud,  
 Or ushered with a shower still,  
 When the gust hath blown his fill,  
 Ending on the rustling leaves,  
 With minute drops from off the eaves.  
 And, when the sun begins to fling  
 His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring  
 To arched walks of twilight groves,  
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,  
 Of pine, or monumental oak,  
 Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,  
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
 Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.  
 There in close covert by some brook,  
 Where no profaner eye may look,  
 Hide me from day's garish eye,  
 While the bee with honeyed thigh,  
 That at her flowery work doth sing,  
 And the waters murmuring,  
 With such concert as they keep,  
 Entice the dewy-feathered sleep ;  
 And let some strange mysterious dream  
 Wave at his wings in aery stream  
 Of lively portraiture displayed  
 Softly on my eyelids laid.

And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
 Above, about, or underneath,  
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
 Or the unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail  
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
 And love the high-embowed roof,  
 With antique pillars massy proof,  
 And storied windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light :  
 There let the pealing organ blow,  
 To the full-voiced quire below,  
 In service high and anthems clear,  
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
 And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age  
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
 ✓ The hairy gown and mossy cell,

Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that heaven doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew ;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
✓ And I with thee will choose to live.

## LYCIDAS.

---

*(In this Monody the author bewails the loss of his friend Edward King, who was drowned on his passage from Chester to Ireland in 1637, and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.)*

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,  
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude ;  
And, with forced fingers rude,  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
Compels me to disturb your season due :  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :  
Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well,  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring ;  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string ;  
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse :  
So may some gentle muse  
With lucky words favour my destined urn ;  
And, as he passes, turn,  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,  
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill  
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared  
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,  
We drove a-field, and both together heard  
What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn,

End of  
Intro

Pastoral

Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
 Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,  
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westerling wheel.  
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
 Tempered to the oaten flute ;  
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel  
 From the glad sound would not be absent long ;  
 And old Damocetas loved to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change now thou art gone,  
 Now thou art gone, and never must return !  
 Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,  
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
 And all their echoes, mourn :  
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
 Shall now no more be seen  
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
 As killing as the canker to the rose,  
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,  
 When first the white-thorn blows ;  
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?  
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream :  
 Ah me ! I fondly dream,  
 Had ye been there : for what could that have done ?  
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,  
 Whom universal nature did lament,  
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care  
 To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,  
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?  
 Were it not better done, as others use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?  
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
 (That last infirmity of noble minds)  
 To scorn delights and live laborious days ;  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,  
 And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"  
 Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;  
 ✓ "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
 Nor in the glistening foil  
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;  
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,

✓ Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed." *15<sup>th</sup> section Phœbus replies*  
 O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,  
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds!

That strain I heard was of a higher mood:  
 But now my oat proceeds,  
 And listens to the herald of the sea  
 That came in Neptune's plea;  
 He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?  
 And questioned every gust of rugged wings,  
 That blows from off each beaked promontory:  
 They knew not of his story;  
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
 That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed:  
 The air was calm, and on the level brine  
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.  
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
 Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,  
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,  
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.  
 "Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"  
 Last came, and last did go."

The pilot of the Galilean lake:  
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain  
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain),  
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:

★ "How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,  
 Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake  
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!  
 Of other care they little reckoning make,  
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;

Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
 A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least  
 That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!  
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped  
 And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;  
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
 But, swollen with wind and the rank mist they draw,  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:  
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing fed:  
 But that two-handed engine at the door  
 — Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.”

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,  
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
 Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.  
 — Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks;  
 Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,  
 That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet.  
 ✓ The glowing violet,  
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:  
 Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
 ✓ To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.  
 For, so to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;  
 Ah me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
 Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,  
 Visitest the bottom of the monstrous world;  
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
 Sleepest by the fable of Bellerus old,  
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;  
 Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth:

*Climax*



And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

✓ Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,

For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,

Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor ;

So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,

And yet anon repairs his drooping head,

And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :

So Lyeidas sunk low, but mounted high,

Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves ;

Where, other groves and other streams along,

With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,

And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,

In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.

There entertain him all the saints above,

In solemn troops, and sweet societies,

That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,

And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;

Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,

In thy large recompense, and shalt be good

To all that wander in that ~~perilous flood.~~

*unfainted*

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,

While the still morn went out with sandals gray ;

He touched the tender stops of various quills,

With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :

And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,

And now was dropt into the western bay :

At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :

✓ To morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new

# ARCADES,

## PART OF A MASK.

*Or Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby,  
at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family; who appear  
on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state  
with this song:*

### I. SONG.

LOOK, nymphs, and shepherds, look,  
What sudden blaze of majesty  
Is that which we from hence desery,  
Too divine to be mistook:  
    This, this is she  
To whom our vows and wishes bend:  
Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that, her high worth to raise,  
Seemed erst so lavish and profuse,  
We may justly now accuse  
Of detraction from her praise;  
    Less than half we find exprest,  
    Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark, what radiant state she spreads,  
In circle round her shining throne,  
Shooting her beams like silver threads,  
This, this is she alone,  
    Sitting like a goddess bright,  
    In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be,  
Or the towered Cybele,

Mother of a hundred gods ?  
 Juno dares not give her odds :  
 Who had thought this elime had held  
 A deity so unparalleled ?

*As they come forward, the Genius of the wood appears,  
 and turning towards them speaks :*

GENIUS.

Stay, gentle swains ; for though in this disguise,  
 I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes ;  
 Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung  
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung  
 Divino Alpheus, who by secret sluice  
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse ;  
 And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,  
 Fair silver-buskined nymphs, as great and good ;  
 I know, this quest of yours, and free intent,  
 Was all in honour and devotion meant  
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,  
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine ;  
 And with all helpful service, will comply  
 To further this night's glad solemnity ;  
 And lead ye, where ye may more near behold  
 What shallow searching Fame hath left untold,  
 Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,  
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon :  
 For know, by lot from Jove I am the power  
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,  
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove  
 With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.  
 And all my plants I save from nightly ill  
 Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill :  
 And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,  
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,  
 Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,  
 Or hurtful worm with cankered venom bites.  
 When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round  
 Over the mount, and all this hallowed ground ;  
 And early, ere the odorous breath of morn  
 Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasseled horn  
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout  
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless.  
 But else in deep of night, when drowsiness

Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I  
 To the celestial Syrens' harmony,  
 That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,  
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,  
 And turn the adamantine spindle round,  
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.  
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,  
 To lull the daughters of necessity,  
 And keep unsteady nature to her law,  
 And the low world in measured motion draw  
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear,  
 Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear ;  
 And yet such music worthiest were to blaze  
 The peerless height of her immortal praise,  
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,  
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit  
 Inimitable sounds : yet, as we go,  
 Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show,  
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate,  
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state ,  
 Where ye may all, that are of noble stem,  
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

## II. SONG.

O'er the smooth enamelled green  
 Where no print of step hath been  
 Follow me, as I sing  
 And touch the warbled string,  
 Under the shady roof  
 Of branching elm star-proof.  
 Follow me ;  
 I will bring you where she sits,  
 Clad in splendour as befits  
 Her deity  
 Such a rural queen  
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

## III. SONG.

Nymphs and shepherds, dance no more  
 By sandy Ladon's liliated banks ;  
 On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar  
 Trip no more in twilight ranks ;  
 Though Erymanth your loss deplore,  
 A better soil shall give ye thanks.

---

From the stony Mænalus  
Bring your flocks, and live with us;  
Here ye shall have greater grace,  
To serve the lady of this place.  
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,  
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.  
Such a rural queen  
All Arcadia hath not seen.

X

## MISCELLANEOUS

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### ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of heaven's Eternal King,  
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy sages once did sing,  
That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith he went at heaven's high council-table  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside; and here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant-God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
To welcome him to this his new abode,  
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See, how from far, upon the eastern road.  
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:  
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet:  
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice unto the angel-quire,  
From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

*The Hymn.*

It was the winter wild,  
While the heaven-born Child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;  
Nature in awe to him  
Had doffed her gaudy trim,  
With her great Master so to sympathize :  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair  
She woos the gentle air  
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful blame,  
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;  
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;  
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding  
Down through the turning sphere,  
His ready harbinger,  
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing :  
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,  
Was heard the world around :  
The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;  
The hooked chariot stood  
Unstained with hostile blood ;  
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,  
Wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began :  
The winds, with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kist,  
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,  
 Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,  
     Bending one way their precious influence ;  
 And will not take their flight,  
 For all the morning light,  
     Or Lucifer that often warned them thence ;  
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
 Until the Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom  
 Had given day her room,  
     The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
 And hid his head for shame,  
 As his inferior flame  
     The new enlightened world no more should need :  
 He saw a greater Sun appear  
 Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear

The shepherds on the lawn,  
 Or ere the point of dawn,  
     Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;  
 Full little thought they then,  
 That the mighty Pan  
     Was kindly come to live with them below ;  
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep

When such music sweet  
 Their hearts and ears did greet,  
     As never was by mortal finger strook ;  
 Divinely warbled voice  
 Answering the stringed noise,  
     As all their souls in blissful rapture took .  
 The air, such pleasure loth to lose,  
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close

Nature, that heard such sound,  
 Beneath the hollow round  
     Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,  
 Now was almost won  
 To think her part was done,  
     And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;  
 She knew such harmony alone  
 Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union,



At last surrounds their sight  
 A globe of circular light,  
 That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed ;  
 The helmed Cherubim,  
 And sworded Seraphim,  
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,  
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
 With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)  
 Before was never made,  
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
 While the Creator great  
 His constellations set,  
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung ;  
 And cast the dark foundations deep,  
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,  
 Once bless our human ears,  
 If ye have power to touch our senses so :  
 And let your silver chime  
 Move in melodious time ;  
 And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow ;  
 And, with your ninefold harmony,  
 Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song  
 Enwrap our fancy long,  
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;  
 And speckled vanity  
 Will sicken soon and die,  
 And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould ;  
 And hell itself will pass away,  
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, truth and justice then  
 Will down return to men,  
 Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,  
 Mercy will sit between,  
 Throned in celestial sheen,  
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering  
 And heaven, as at some festival,  
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says No,  
 This must not yet be so,  
     The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,  
 That on the bitter cross  
 Must redeem our loss :  
     So both himself and us to glorify :  
 Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,  
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep ;

With such a horrid clang  
 As on Mount Sinai rang,  
     While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbreak :  
 The aged Earth aghast,  
 With terror of that blast,  
     Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;  
 When at the world's last session,  
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss  
 Full and perfect is,  
     But now begins ; for, from this happy day,  
 The old Dragon, under ground  
 In straiter limits bound,  
     Not half so far casts his usurped sway :  
 And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
 Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,  
 No voice or hideous hum  
     Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.  
 Apollo from his shrine  
 Can no more divine  
     With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,  
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
 And the resounding shore,  
     A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;  
 From haunted spring and dale,  
 Edged with poplar pale,  
     The parting genius is with sighing sent ;  
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn,  
 The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,  
 And on the holy hearth,  
   The Lars, and Lemures, moan with midnight plaint ;  
 In urns and altars round,  
 A drear and dying sound  
   Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;  
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
 While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim  
 Forsake their temples dim,  
   With that twice-battered god of Palestine ;  
 And mooned Ashtaroth,  
 Heaven's queen and mother both,  
   Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shrine ;  
 The Libye Hammon shrinks his horn,  
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn

And sullen Moloch, fled,  
 Hath left in shadows dread  
   His burning idol all of blackest hue ,  
 In vain with cymbals' ring  
 'They call the grisly king,  
   In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;  
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen  
 In Memphian grove or green,  
   Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud :  
 Nor can he be at rest  
 Within his sacred chest ;  
   Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;  
 In vain with timbrelled anthems dark  
 The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

He feels from Juda's land  
 The dreaded Infant's hand,  
   The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;  
 Nor all the gods beside  
 Longer dare abide,  
   Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :  
 Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,  
 Can in his swaddling bands control the damnea crew.

So, when the sun in bed,  
 Curtained with cloudy red,  
     Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
 The flocking shadows pale  
 Troop to the infernal jail,  
     Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave :  
 And the yellow-skirted fays  
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see, the Virgin blest  
 Hath laid her Babe to rest ;  
     Time is, our tedious song should here have ending :  
 Heaven's youngest-teemed star  
 Hath fixed her polished car,  
     Her sleeping Lord, with hand-maid lamp, attending :  
 And all about the courtly stable  
 Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

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#### THE PASSION.

EREWILE of music, and ethereal mirth,  
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,  
 And joyous news of Heavenly Infant's birth,  
 My muse with angels did invite to sing ;  
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing.  
     In wint'ry solstice like the shortened light,  
 Soon swallowed up in dark and long out-living night.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,  
 And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,  
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,  
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,  
 Which he for us did freely undergo :  
     Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight  
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight !

He, sovereign Priest, stooping his regal head,  
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,  
 Poor fleshy tabernacle entered,  
 His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies :  
 O, what a mask was there, what a disguise !  
     Yet more : the stroke of death he must abide,  
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side

These latest scenes confine my roving verse ;  
 To this horizon is my Phœbus bound :  
 His god-like acts, and his temptations fierce,  
 And former sufferings, other-where are found ;  
 Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound ;  
     Me softer airs besit, and softer strings  
 Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief :  
 Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,  
 And work my flattered fancy to belief,  
 That heaven and earth are coloured with my woe ;  
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know ;  
     The leaves should all be black whereon I write,  
 And letters where my tears have washed, a wannish white

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,  
 That whirled the prophet up at Chebar flood ;  
 My spirit some transporting cherub feels,  
 To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,  
 Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood ;  
     There doth my soul in holy vision sit,  
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock  
 That was the casket of Heaven's richest store,  
 And here though grief my feeble hands up-lock,  
 Yet on the softened quarry would I score  
 My plaining verse as lively as before ;  
     For sure so well instructed are my tears,  
 That they would fitly fall in ordered characters.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing  
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,  
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring  
 Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild ;  
 And I (for grief is easily beguiled)  
     Might think the infection of my sorrows loud  
 Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

*This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had  
 when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was be-  
 gun, left it unfinished.*

## UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming powers, and winged warriors bright,  
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,  
 First heard by happy watchful shepherd's ear,  
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along  
 Through the soft silence of the listening night ;  
 Now mourn ; and, if sad share with us to bear,  
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,  
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow :  
 He, who with all heaven's heraldry whilere  
 Entered the world, now bleeds to give us ease.  
 Alas, how soon our sin

Sore doth begin

His infancy to seize !

O more exceeding love, or law more just ?  
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love !  
 For we, by rightful doom remediless,  
 Were lost in death, till he, that dwelt above,  
 High-throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust  
 Emptied his glory, even to nakedness ;  
 And that great covenant which we still transgress  
 Entirely satisfied ;  
 And the full wrath beside  
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess ;  
 And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,  
 This day ; but, O ! ere long,  
 Huge pangs and strong  
 Will pierce more near his heart.

X ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT,  
 DYING OF A COUGH.

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,  
 Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,  
 Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted  
 Bleak winter's force that made thy blossom dry ;  
 For he, being amorous on that lovely dye  
 That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,  
 But killed, alas ! and then bewailed his fatal bliss.

For since grim Aquilo, his charioteer,  
 By boisterous rape the Athenian damsel got,  
 He thought it touched his deity full near,  
 If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
 Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot  
 Of long-uncoupled bed and childless eld,  
 Which, 'mongst the wanton gods, a foul reproach was held.

So, mounting up in icy-pearled ear,  
 Through middle empire of the freezing air  
 He wandered long, till thee he spied from far ;  
 There ended was his quest, there ceased his care :  
 Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,  
 But, all unwares, with his cold kind embrace  
 Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair bidding-place

Yet thou art not inglorious in thy fate ,  
 For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,  
 Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate,  
 Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand,  
 Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land ;  
 But then transformed him to a purple flower :  
 Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power !

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,  
 Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,  
 Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,  
 Hid from the world in a low-delved tomb ;  
 Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom ?  
 Oh no ! for something in thy face did shine  
 Above mortality, that showed thou wast divine.

Resolve me, then, oh soul, most surely blest !  
 (If so it be that thou these complaints dost hear) ;  
 Tell me, bright spirit, where'er thou hoverest,  
 Whether above that high first-moving sphere,  
 Or in the Elysian fields (if such were there) ;  
 Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,  
 And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight ?

Wert thou some star which from the ruined roof  
 Of shaken Olympus by mischance didst fall ;  
 Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof  
 Took up, and in fit place did reinstall ?  
 Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall

Of sheeny heaven, and thou, some goddess fled,  
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectared head?

Or wert thou that just maid, who once before  
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,  
And camest again to visit us once more?  
Or wert thou that sweet-smiling youth?  
Or that crowned matron sage, white-robed Truth?  
Or any other of that heavenly brood  
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,  
Who, having clad thyself in human weed,  
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,  
And after short abode fly back with speed,  
As if to show what creatures heaven doth breed,  
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire  
To scorn the sordid world, and unto heaven aspire?

But oh! why didst thou not stay here below  
To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,  
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,  
To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,  
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,  
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?  
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,  
Her false-imagined loss cease to lament,  
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;  
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,  
And render him with patience what he lent;  
This if thou do, he will an offspring give,  
That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live.

#### ANNO ÆTATIS XIX.

*At a Vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began:*

HAIL, native language, that by sinews weak  
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,  
And madest imperfect words with childish trips,  
Half-unpronounced, slide through my infant lips,



Driving dumb silence from the portal door,  
Where he had mutely sat two years before :  
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,  
That now I use thee in my latter task :  
Small loss it is that hence can come unto thee,  
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee :  
Thou needst not be ambitious to be first,  
Believe me, I have thither packed the worst :  
And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
The daintiest dishes shall be served up last.  
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid,  
For this same small neglect that I have made :  
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure ;  
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure  
Not these new-fangled toys, and trimming slight  
Which takes our late fantastics with delight ;  
But cull those richest robes, and gayest attire,  
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire ;  
I have some naked thoughts which rove about,  
And loudly knock to have their passage out ;  
And, weary of their place, do only stay  
Till thou hast decked them in thy best array ;  
That so they may, without suspect or fears,  
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears ;  
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,  
Thy service in some graver subject use,  
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,  
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound :  
Such where the deep-transported mind may soar  
Above the wheeling poles, and at heaven's door  
Look in, and see each blissful deity,  
How he before the thundrous throne doth lie,  
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings  
To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings  
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire :  
Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,  
And misty regions of wide air next under,  
And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,  
May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves  
In heaven's defiance mustering all his waves ;  
Then sing of secret things that came to pass  
When beldame Nature in her cradle was ;  
And last of kings, and queens, and heroes old,  
Such as the wise Demodocus once told  
In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,

While sad Ulysses' soul, and all the rest,  
 Are held, with his melodious harmony,  
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.  
 But fie, my wandering muse, how thou dost stray!  
 Expectance calls thee now another way;  
 Thou knowest it must be now thy only bent  
 To keep in compass of thy predicament:  
 Then quick about thy purposed business come,  
 That to the next I may resign my room.

*Then ENS is represented as father of the PREDICAMENTS, his  
 two sons, whereof the eldest stood for SUBSTANCE, with his  
 Canons, which ENS, thus speaking, explains:*

GOOD luck befriend thee, son; for, at thy birth,  
 The faery ladies danced upon the hearth;  
 Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy  
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,  
 And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,  
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.  
 She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still  
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible:  
 Yet there is something which doth force my fear;  
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear  
 A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,  
 That far events full wisely could presage,  
 And in time's long and dark prospective glass,  
 Foresaw what future days should bring to pass;  
 ("Your son," said she, "nor can you it prevent)  
 Shall subject be to many an accident.  
 O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,  
 Yet every one shall make him underling;  
 And those that cannot live from him asunder  
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under;  
 In worth and excellence he shall outgo them;  
 Yet, being above them, he shall be below them;  
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,  
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.  
 To find a foe it shall not be his hap,  
 And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap;  
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door  
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar,  
 Yea, it shall be his natural property  
 To harbour those that are at enmity.  
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not  
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?"

*The next, QUANTITY and QUALITY, spake in prose ; then RELATION was called by his name.*

RIVERS, arise ; whether thou be the son  
 Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulfy Dun,  
 Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads  
 His thirsty arms along the indented meads ;  
 Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath ;  
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death ;  
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,  
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallowed Dee ;  
 Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name ;  
 Or Medway smooth, or royal-towered Thame,

[*The rest was prose.*]

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#### ON TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race ;  
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours,  
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace ;  
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,  
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,  
 And merely mortal dross ;  
 So little is our loss,  
 So little is thy gain !  
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entombed,  
 And last of all thy greedy self consumed,  
 Then long eternity shall greet our bliss  
 With an individual kiss :  
 And joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
 When every thing that is sincerely good  
 And perfectly divine,  
 With truth and peace, and love, shall ever shine  
 About the supreme throne  
 Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone  
 When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,  
 Then, all this earthly grossness quit,  
 Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,  
 Triumphant over death, and chance, and thee, O Time !

## AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of heaven's joy,  
 Sphere born, harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,  
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,  
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ;  
 And to our high-raised phantasy present  
 That undisturbed song of pure consent,  
 Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne  
 To him that sits thereon,  
 With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee ;  
 Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,  
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow ;  
 And the cherubic host, in thousand choirs,  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,  
 Hymns devout and holy psalms  
 Singing everlastingly :  
 That we on earth, with undiscording voice,  
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;  
 As once we did, till disproportioned sin  
 Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din  
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed  
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood  
 In first obedience, and their state of good.  
 O, may we soon again renew that song,  
 And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long  
 To his celestial concert us unite,  
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light !

---

 AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF  
 WINCHESTER.

THIS rich marble doth inter  
 The honoured wife of Winchester,  
 A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,  
 Besides what other virtues fair  
 Added to her noble birth,  
 More than she could own from earth.  
 Summers three times eight save one  
 She has told ; alas ! too soon,

After so short time of breath,  
To house with darkness, and with death  
Yet had the number of her days  
Been as complete as was her praise,  
Nature and fate had had no strife  
In giving limit to her life.

Her high birth and her graces sweet  
Quickly found a lover meet ;  
The virgin quire for her request  
The god that sits at marriage feast  
He at their invoking came,  
But with a scarce well-lighted flame ;  
And in his garland, as he stood,  
Ye might discern a cypress-bud.  
Once had the early matrons run  
To greet her of a lovely son,  
And now with second hope she goes,  
And calls Lucina to her throes ;  
But, whether by mischance or blame,  
Atropos for Lucina came ;  
And with remorseless cruelty  
Spoiled at once both fruit and tree :  
The hapless babe, before his birth,  
Had burial, yet not laid in earth :  
And the languished mother's womb  
Was not long a living tomb.

So have I seen some tender slip,  
Saved with care from Winter's nip,  
The pride of her carnation train,  
Plucked up by some unheedy swain,  
Who only thought to crop the flower  
New shot up from vernal shower ;  
But the fair blossom hangs the head  
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,  
And those pearls of dew she wears,  
Prove to be presaging tears,  
Which the sad morn had let fall  
On her hastening funeral.

Gentle lady, may thy grave  
Peace and quiet ever have ;  
After this thy travail sore,  
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,  
That, to give the world increase,  
Shortened hast thy own life's lease  
Here, besides the sorrowing

That thy noble house doth bring,  
 Here be tears of perfect moan  
 Wept for thee in Helicon ;  
 And some flowers, and some bays,  
 For thy hearse, to strew the ways,  
 Sent thee from the banks of Came,  
 Devoted to thy virtuous name ;  
 Whilst thou, bright saint, high sittest in glory  
 Next her, much like to thee in story,  
 That fair Syrian shepherdess  
 Who, after years of barrenness,  
 The highly-favoured Joseph bore,  
 To him that served for her before,  
 And at her next birth, much like thee,  
 Through pangs fled to felicity,  
 Far within the bosom bright  
 Of blazing Majesty and Light :  
 There with thee, new-welcome saint,  
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint  
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,  
 No marchioness, but now a queen.

---

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.  
 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire  
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;  
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

---

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET  
 WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WHAT needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones,  
 The labour of an age in piled stones ?  
 Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid

Under a starry-pointing pyramid?  
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
 What needst thou such weak witness of thy name?  
 Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,  
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.  
 For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,  
 Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart  
 Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,  
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;  
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,  
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;  
 And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,  
 That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

#### ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

*Who sickened in the time of his Vacancy; being forbid  
 to go to London, by reason of the Plague.*

HERE lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,  
 And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;  
 Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,  
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.  
 'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,  
 Death was half-glad when he had got him down;  
 For he had, any time this ten years full,  
 Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*.  
 And surely Death could never have prevailed,  
 Had not his weekly course of carriage failed;  
 But lately finding him so long at home,  
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,  
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,  
 In the kind office of a chamberlin,  
 Showed him his room where he must lodge that night,  
 Pulled off his boots, and took away the light:  
 If any ask for him it shall be said,  
 "Hobson has supt, and 's newly gone to bed."

#### ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove  
 That he could never die while he could move;  
 So hung his destiny, never to rot  
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot;

Made of sphere metal, never to decay  
 Until his revolution was at stay.  
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime  
 'Gainst old truth) motion numbered out his time :  
 And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,  
 His principles being ceased, he ended straight.  
 Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,  
 And too much breathing put him out of breath ;  
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm,  
 Too long vacation hasted on his term.  
 Merely to drive the time away he sickened,  
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quickened ;  
 " Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretched,  
 " If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetched,  
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,  
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers."  
 Ease was his chief disease ; and, to judge right,  
 He died for heaviness that his cart went light :  
 His leisure told him that his time was come,  
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,  
 That even to his last breath (there be that say't),  
 As he were pressed to death, he cried, " More weight ;"  
 But, had his doings lasted as they were,  
 He had been an immortal carrier.  
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date  
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate  
 Linked to the mutual flowing of the seas,  
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase  
 His letters are delivered all and gone,  
 Only remains this superscription.

---

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE,  
 UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your prelate lord,  
 And with stiff vows renounced his Liturgy,  
 To seize the widowed whore Plurality  
 From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorred,  
 Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword  
 To force our consciences that Christ set free,  
 And ride us with a classic hierarchy  
 Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford ?



Men, whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,  
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,  
Must now be named and printed heretics  
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d'ye call :  
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,  
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent  
That so the Parliament  
May, with their wholesome and preventive shears,  
Clip your phylacteries, though balk your ears,  
And succour our just fears  
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,  
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.

## SONNETS.

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L

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray  
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still ;  
Thou with fresh hopes the lover's heart dost fill,  
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.  
The liquid notes that close the eye of day,  
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,  
Portend success in love ; O, if Jove's will  
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,  
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate  
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh :  
As thou from year to year hast sung too late  
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why :  
Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,  
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,  
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year !  
My hasting days fly on with full career,  
But my late spring no bud of blossom showeth.  
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
That I to manhood am arrived so near ;  
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,  
That some more timely-happy spirits endueth  
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
It shall be still in strictest measure even

To that same lot, however mean or high,  
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven  
All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

## III.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or knight in arms,  
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,  
If deed of honour did thee ever please,  
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.  
He can requite thee ; for he knows the charms  
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,  
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,  
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.  
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :  
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare  
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
Went to the ground : and the repeated air  
Of sad Electra's poet had the power  
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

## IV.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth  
Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the greel  
And with those few art eminently seen,  
That labour up the hill with heavenly truth,  
The better part with Mary and with Ruth  
Chosen thou hast ; and they that overween,  
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,  
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.  
Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends  
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,  
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure  
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastful friends  
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,  
Hast gained thy entrance, virgin wise and pure.

## V.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good earl, once president  
Of England's council and her treasury.

Who lived in both, unstained with gold or fee,  
 And left them both, more in himself content,  
 Till sad the breaking of that parliament  
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
 At Chæroneæ, fatal to liberty,  
 Killed with report that old man eloquent.  
 Though later born than to have known the days  
 Wherein your father flourished, yet by you,  
 Madam, methinks, I see him living yet ;  
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,  
 That all both judge you to relate them true,  
 And to possess them, honoured Margaret.

## VI.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY  
 WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

A BOOK was writ of late, called *Tetrachordon*,  
 And woven close, both matter, form, and style ;  
 The subject new ; it walked the town a while,  
 Numbering good intellects ; now seldom pored on.  
 Cries the stall-reader, " Bless us ! what a word on  
 A title-page is this ! " And some in file  
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-  
 End Green. Why is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,  
 Colkitto, or Maedonnel, or Galasp ?  
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,  
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.  
 Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,  
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,  
 When thou taughtest Cambridge, and King Edward, Greek.

## VII.

## ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs  
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,  
 When straight a barbarous noise environs me  
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs :  
 As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs  
 Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,  
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee.  
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs ;  
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,

And still revolt when Truth would set them free  
 Licence they mean when they cry liberty ;  
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good ;  
 But from that mark how far they rove we see,  
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

## VIII.

TO MR H. LAWES, ON THE PUBLISHING HIS AIRS.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measured song  
 First taught our English music how to span  
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
 With Midas' ears, committing short and long ;  
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
 With praise enough for Envy to look wan ;  
 To after-age thou shall be writ the man,  
 That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue.  
 Thou honourest verse, and verse must lend her wing  
 To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,  
 That tunest their happiest lines in hymn or story.  
 Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher  
 Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,  
 Met in the milder shades of purgatory.

## IX.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS CATHERINE  
 THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND, DECEASED  
 DECEMBER 16, 1646.

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,  
 Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,  
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load  
 Of death, called life ; which us from life doth sever.  
 Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,  
 Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod ;  
 But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,  
 Followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever.  
 Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best,  
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams  
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,  
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes  
 Before the Judge ; who thenceforth bid thee rest,  
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

16

## X.

## TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,  
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,  
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,  
 And rumours loud that daunt remotest kings ;  
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings  
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise  
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays  
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.  
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand  
 (For what can war, but endless war still breed ?)  
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,  
 And public faith cleared from the shameful brand  
 Of public fraud. In vain doth valour bleed,  
 While avarice and rapine share the land.

## XI.

## TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud  
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,  
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud  
 Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued  
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbued  
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,  
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains  
 To conquer still ; peace with her victories  
 No less renowned than war ; new foes arise  
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains  
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
 Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.

## XII.

## TO SIR HENRY VANE, THE YOUNGER.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,  
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held  
 The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repelled  
 The fierce Epirot and the African bold ;  
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold

The drift of hollow states hard to be spelled ;  
 Then to advise how war may, best upheld,  
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,  
 In all her equipage ; besides to know  
 Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,  
 What severs each, thou hast learned, which few have done :  
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe :  
 Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans  
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

## XIII.

## ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONTE.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones  
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;  
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,  
 When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,  
 Forget not : in thy book record their groans  
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese that rolled  
 Mother with infant down the rocks. The means  
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
 To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow  
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway  
 The triple tyrant ; that from these may grow  
 A hundred-fold, who, having learned thy way,  
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

## XIV.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death to hide,  
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, lest he, returning, chide ;  
 " Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?"  
 I fondly ask : but Patience, to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies, " God doth not need  
 Either man's work, or his own gifts ; who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his state  
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest :  
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

## XV.

TO MR LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,  
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,  
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won  
 From the hard season gaining? Time will run  
 On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire  
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire  
 The lily and rose, that neither sewed nor spun.  
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise  
 To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice  
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?  
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

## XVI.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

CYRIACK, whose grandsire, on the royal bench  
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause,  
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,  
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;  
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench  
 In mirth that, after, no repenting draws;  
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,  
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French.  
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know  
 Towards solid good what leads the nearest way;  
 For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,  
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
 And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

## XVII.

TO THE SAME.

CYRIACK, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,  
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;  
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,



Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied  
In liberty's defence, my noble task,  
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.  
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,  
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

## XVIII.

## ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint  
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,  
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,  
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.  
Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint  
Purification in the old law did save,  
And such, as yet once more I trust to have  
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,  
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind;  
Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight  
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined  
So clear, as in no face with more delight.  
But, O! as to embrace me she inclined,  
I waked: she fled, and day brought back my night.

## PSALMS

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### PSALM I. *Done into verse, 1653.*

BLESSED is the man who hath not walked astray  
In counsel of the wicked, and i' the way  
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat  
Of scorners hath not sat. But in the great  
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,  
And in his law he studies day and night.  
He shall be as a tree which planted grows  
By watery streams, and in his season knows  
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,  
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.  
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fanned  
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand  
In judgment, or abide their trial then,  
Nor sinners in the assembly of just men ;  
For the Lord knows the upright way of the just,  
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

### PSALM II. *Done August 8, 1653.*

#### TERZETTE.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations  
Muse a vain thing, the kings of the earth upstand  
With power, and princes in their congregations  
Lay deep their plots together through each land  
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear ?  
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand  
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,  
Their twisted cords. He, who in heaven doth dwell,  
Shall laugh ; the Lord shall scoff them ; then severe,  
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell  
And fierce ire trouble them. But I, saith he,

Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)  
 On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree  
 I will declare: the Lord to me hath said,  
 Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee  
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made:  
 As thy possession I on thee bestow  
 The Heathen; and, as thy conquest to be swayed,  
 Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low  
 With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse  
 Like to a potter's vessel shivered so.  
 And now be wise at length, ye kings averse,  
 Be taught, ye judges of the earth; with fear  
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse  
 With trembling; kiss the Son, lest he appear  
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,  
 If once his wrath take fire, like fuel sere.  
 Happy all those who have in him their stay

PSALM III. *August 9, 1653.*

WHEN HE FLED FROM ABSALOM

LORD, how many are my foes!  
 How many those  
 That in arms against me rise!  
 Many are they,  
 That of my life distrustfully thus say:  
 No help for him in God there lies.  
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,  
 Thee through my story,  
 The exalter of my head I count:  
 Aloud I cried  
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon replied,  
 And heard me from his holy mount.  
 I lay and slept; I waked again;  
 For my sustain  
 Was the Lord. Of many millions  
 The populous rout  
 I fear not, though, encamping round about,  
 They pitch against me their pavilions.  
 Rise, Lord; save me, my God; for thou  
 Hast smote ere now  
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,  
 Of men abhorred  
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;  
 Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSALM IV. *August 10, 1555*

ANSWER me when I call  
 God of my righteousness ;  
 In straits and in distress,  
 Thou didst me disenthral  
 And set at large ; now spare,

Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.  
 Great ones, how long will ye  
 My glory have in scorn ?  
 How long be thus forborne  
 Still to love vanity ?  
 To love, to seek, to prize,

Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies ?  
 Yet know, the Lord hath chose,  
 Chose to himself a part,  
 The good and meek of heart  
 (For whom to choose he knows) ;  
 Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice, what time to him I cry.  
 Be awed, and do not sin ;  
 Speak to your hearts alone,  
 Upon your beds, each one,  
 And be at peace within.  
 Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.  
 Many there be that say,  
 Who yet will show us good ?  
 Talking like this world's brood ;  
 But, Lord, thus let me pray :  
 On us lift up the light,

Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright  
 Into my heart more joy  
 And gladness thou hast put,  
 Than when a year of glut  
 Their stores doth over-cloy,  
 And from their plenteous grounds

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds  
 In peace at once will I  
 Both lay me down and sleep ;  
 For thou alone dost keep  
 Me safe where'er I lie ;  
 As in a rocky cell

Thou, Lord, alone, in safety makest me dwell.

PSALM V. *August 12, 1653.*

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,  
My meditation weigh ;  
The voice of my complaining hear,  
My King and God ; for unto thee I pray.  
Jehovah, thou my early voice  
Shalt in the morning hear :  
I' the morning I to thee with choice  
Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear  
For thou art not a God that takes  
In wickedness delight ;  
Evil with thee no biding makes ;  
Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight,  
All workers of iniquity  
Thou hatest ; and them unblest  
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie ;  
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.  
But I will, in thy mercies dear,  
Thy numerous mercies, go  
Into thy house ; I, in thy fear,  
Will towards thy holy temple worship low.  
Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,  
Lead me because of those  
That do observe if I transgress ;  
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes  
For, in his faltering mouth unstable,  
No word is firm or sooth ;  
Their inside, troubles miserable ;  
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth  
God, find them guilty, let them fall  
By their own counsels quelled ;  
Push them to their rebellions all  
Still on ; for against thee they have rebelled.  
Then all who trust in thee, shall bring  
Their joy ; while thou from blame  
Defendest them : they shall ever sing  
**And** shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.  
For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found  
To bless the just man still ;  
As with a shield, thou wilt surround  
Him with thy lasting favour and good will

PSALM VI. *August 13, 1653.*

LORD, in thine anger do not reprehend me,  
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct ;  
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,  
 And very weak and faint ; heal and amend me :  
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,  
     Are troubled, yea, my soul is troubled sore,  
     And thou, O Lord, how long ? Turn, Lord ; restore  
 My soul ; O save me for thy goodness' sake :  
 For in death no remembrance is of thee ;  
     Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise ?  
     Wearied I am with sighing out my days ;  
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea ;  
 My bed I water with my tears ; mine eye  
     Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark  
     I' the midst of all mine enemies that mark.  
 Depart, all ye that work iniquity,  
 Depart from me ; for the voice of my weeping  
     The Lord hath heard ; the Lord hath heard my prayer ;  
     My supplication with acceptance fair  
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping  
 Mine enemies shall all be blank and dashed  
     With much confusion : then, grown red with shame,  
     They shall return in haste the way they came,  
 And in a moment shall be quite abashed.

PSALM VII. *August 14, 1653.*

UPON THE WORDS OF CUSH THE BENJAMITE AGAINST HIM

LORD, my God, to thee I fly ;  
 Save me and secure me under  
 Thy protection while I cry ;  
 Lest, as a lion (and no wonder)  
 He haste to tear my soul asunder,  
 Tearing, and no rescue nigh.

Lord, my God, if I have thought  
 Or done this ; if wickedness  
 Be in my hands ; if I have wrought  
 Ill to him that meant me peace ;  
 Or to him have rendered less,  
 And not freed my foe for nought ;

Let the enemy pursue my soul,  
And overtake it ; let him tread  
My life down to the earth, and roll  
In the dust my glory dead,  
In the dust ; and, there outspread,  
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,  
Rouse thyself amidst the rage  
Of my foes that urge like fire ;  
And wake for me, their fury assuage  
Judgment here thou didst engage  
And command, which I desire.

So the assemblies of each nation  
Will surround thee, seeking right ;  
Thence to thy glorious habitation  
Return on high, and in their sight  
Jehovah judgeth most upright  
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord ; be judge in this  
According to my righteousness,  
And the innocence which is  
Upon me : cause at length to cease  
Of evil men the wickedness  
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,  
Since thou art the just God that tries  
Hearts and reins. On God is cast  
My defence, and in him lies ;  
In him who, both just and wise,  
Saves the upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,  
And God is every day offended ;  
If the unjust will not forbear,  
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended  
Already, and for him intended  
The tools of death, that waits him near

(His arrows purposely made he  
For them that persecute.) Behold

He travails big with vanity ;  
 Trouble he hath conceived of old,  
 As in a womb ; and from that mould  
 Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digged a pit, and delved it deep,  
 And fell into the pit he made ;  
 His mischief, that due course doth keep,  
 Turns on his head ; and his ill trade  
 Of violence will, undelayed,  
 Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise  
 According to his justice raise,  
 And sing the name and deity  
 Of Jehovah the Most High.

PSALM VIII. *August 14, 1653.*

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great  
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth  
 So as above the heavens thy praise to set  
 Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou  
 Hast founded strength, because of all thy foes,  
 To stint the enemy, and slack the avenger's brow  
 That bends his rage thy Providence to oppose.

When I behold thy heavens, thy fingers' art,  
 The moon and stars, which thou so bright hast set  
 In the pure firmament ; then saith my heart,  
 O, what is man that thou rememberest yet,

And thinkest upon him ; or of man begot,  
 That him thou visitest, and of him art found !  
 Scarce to be less than gods, thou madest his lot,  
 With honour and with state thou hast him crowned

O'er the works of thy hand thou madest him lord,  
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet ;  
 All flocks and herds, by thy commanding word,  
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet,



Fowl of the heavens, and fish that through the wet  
 Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.  
 O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great  
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

April, 1648. J. M.

*Nine of the Psalms done into metre, wherein all but what is  
 in a different character are the very words of the text  
 translated from the original.*

PSALM LXXX.

- 1 THOU, Shepherd, that dost Israel keep,  
 Give ear *in time of need* ;  
 Who leadest like a flock of sheep  
*Thy loved Joseph's seed* ;  
 That sittest between the cherubs *bright*,  
*Between their wings outspread* ;  
 Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light*,  
*And on our foes thy dread.*
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,  
 And in Manasse's sight,  
 Awake thy strength, come, and be *scen*  
*To save us by thy might.*
- 3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*  
*To us, O God, vouchsafe* ;  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe.
- 4 Lord God of hosts, how long wilt thou,  
 How long wilt thou declare  
 Thy smoking wrath, *and angry brow*  
 Against thy people's prayer !
- 5 Thou feedest them with the bread of tears !  
 Their bread with tears they eat ;  
 And makest them largely drink the tears  
*Wherewith their cheeks are wet.*
- 6 A strife thou makest us *and a prey*  
 To every neighbour foe ;  
 Among themselves they laugh, they play,  
 And flouts at us they throw.

- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*  
O God of hosts, *vouchsafe ;*  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine.  
And then we shall be safe
- 8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,  
*Thy free love made it thine,*  
And drovest out nations *proud and haughty,*  
To plant this *lovely* vine.
- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,  
And root it deep and fast,  
That it *began to grow apace,*  
*And* filled the land *at last.*
- 10 With her *green* shade that covered *all,*  
The hills were *overspread ;*  
Her boughs as *high* as cedars tall  
*Advanced their lofty* head.
- 11 Her branches *on the western* side  
Down to the sea she sent  
And *upward* to that river *wide*  
Her other branches *went.*
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low  
And broken down her fence,  
That all may pluck her as they go,  
*With rudest* violence ?
- 13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood  
Up turns it by the roots ;  
Wild beasts there browze, and make their food  
*Her grapes and tender* shoots.
- 14 Return now, God of hosts, look down  
From heaven, thy seat *divine ;*  
Behold us, *but without a frown,*  
And visit this *thy* vine.
- 15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand  
Hath set, and planted *long,*  
And the young branch, that for thyself  
Thou hast made firm and strong.

- 16 But now it is consumed with fire.  
 And cut *with axes* down ;  
 They perish at thy dreadful ire,  
 At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the Man of thy right hand  
 Let thy *good* hand be *laid* ;  
 Upon the Son of man, whom thou  
 Strong for thyself hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee  
*To ways of sin and shame* ;  
 Quicken us thou ; then *gladly* we  
 Shall call upon thy name.
- 19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,  
 Lord God of hosts, *vouchsafe* ;  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine  
 And then we shall be safe.

## PSALM LXXXI.

- 1 To God our strength sing loud, *and clear*  
 Sing loud to God *our King* ;  
 To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*,  
 Loud acclamations ring.
- 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a *song*,  
 The timbrel hither bring ;  
 The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,  
 And harp, *with pleasant string*.
- 3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new moon  
 With trumpets' *lofty sound*,  
 The appointed time, the day whereon  
 Our solemn feast *comes round*.
- 4 This was a statute *given of old*  
 For Israel *to observe* ;  
 A law of Jacob's God, *to hold*,  
*From whence they might not swerve*.
- 5 This he a testimony ordained  
 In Joseph, *not to change*,  
 When, as he passed through Egypt land,  
 The tongue I heard was strange

- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toyl*  
I set his shoulder free:  
His hands from pots, *and miry soyl.*  
Delivered were *by me.*
- 7 When trouble did thee sore assall,  
*On me then didst thou call;*  
And I to free thee *did not fail.*  
*And led thee out of thrall.*  
I answered thee in thunder deep,  
With clouds encompassed round;  
I tried thee at the water steep  
Of Meriba *renowned.*
- 8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well;*  
I testify to thee,  
*Thou ancient stock of Israel;*  
If thou wilt list to me
- 9 Throughout the land of thy abode  
No alien god shall be,  
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god  
In honour bend thy knee
- 10 I am the Lord thy God, which brought  
Thee out of Egypt land;  
Ask large enough, and I, *besought,*  
Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not *hear.*  
*Nor hearken to my voice;*  
And Israel, *whom I loved so dear,*  
Misliked me for his choice.
- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,  
And to their wandering mind;  
Their own conceits they followed still,  
Their own devices blind.
- 13 O, that my people would *be wise,*  
*To serve me all their days!*  
And O, that Israel would *advise*  
*To walk my righteous ways!*

- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,  
*That now so proudly rise ;*  
 And turn my hand against *all those*  
*That are their enemies.*
- 15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*  
*To bow to him and bend ;*  
 But *they, his people, should remain*  
 Their time should have no end.
- 16 And he would feed them *from the shock*  
 With flour of finest wheat,  
 And satisfy them from the rock  
 With honey *for their meat.*

## PSALM LXXXII

- 1 GOD in the great assembly stands  
*Of kings and lordly states ;*  
 Among the gods on both his hands,  
 He judges and debates.
- 2 How long will ye pervert the right  
 With judgment false and wrong,  
 Favouring the wicked *by your might*  
*Who thence grow bold and strong ?*
- 3 Regard the weak and fatherless,  
 Despatch the poor man's cause ;  
 And raise the man in deep distress  
 By just and equal laws.
- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,  
 And rescue from the hands  
 Of wicked men the low estate  
 Of him *that help demands.*
- 5 They know not, nor will understand,  
 In darkness they walk on ;  
 The earth's foundations all are moved,  
 And out of order gone.
- 6 I said that ye were gods, yea all  
 The sons of God Most High ;

- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall  
As other princes *die*.
- 8 Rise, God ; judge thou the earth *in might*,  
This *wicked* earth redress ;  
For thou art he who shall by right  
The nations all possess.

## PSALM LXXXIII.

- 1 BE not thou silent *now at length*,  
O God, hold not thy peace ;  
Sit thou not still, O God of *strength*,  
*We cry, and do not cease*.
- 2 For lo, thy *furious* foes *now* swell,  
And storm outrageously ;  
And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*  
Exalt their heads full high.
- 3 Against thy people they contrive  
Their plots and counsels deep ;  
Them to ensnare they chiefly strive,  
Whom thou dost hide and keep.
- 4 Come, let us cut them off, say they ;  
Till they no nation be ;  
That Israel's name for ever may  
Be lost in memory.
- 5 For they consult with all their might,  
And all, as one in mind,  
Themselves against thee they unite,  
And in firm union bind.
- The tents of Edom, and the brood  
Of *scornful* Ishmael,  
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood  
*That in the desert dwell*.
- 7 Gebal and Ammon, *there conspire*,  
And *hateful* Amalec,  
The Philistines, and they of Tyre,  
*Whose bounds the sea doth check*.

- 8 With them *great* Ashur also bands,  
    *And doth confirm the knot :*  
*All these have lent their armed hands*  
    To aid the sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*  
    *That wasted all the coast ;*  
To Sisera ; and, as is *told,*  
    *Thou didst to Jabin's host,*  
*When, at the brook of Kishon old,*  
    *They were repulsed and slain,*
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and rolled  
    As dung upon the plain.
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,  
    So let their princes speed ;  
As Zeba and Zulmunna *bled,*  
    So let their princes *bleed.*
- 12 *For they amidst their pride have said,*  
    By right now shall we seize  
God's houses, and *will now invade*  
    Their stately palaces.
- 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,  
    *No quiet let them find ;*  
Giddy and *restless* let them *reel*  
    Like stubble from the wind.
- 14 As *when* an aged wood takes fire  
    *Which on a sudden strays,*  
The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher  
    Till all the mountains blaze ;
- 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,  
    And with thy tempest chase ;
- 16 And, till they yield thee honour due,  
    Lord, fill with shame their face.
- 17 Ashamed, and troubled, let them be,  
    Troubled, and shamed for ever ;  
Ever confounded, and so die  
    With shame, *and scape it never.*

- 18 Then shall they know, that thou, whose name  
 Jehovah is alone,  
 Art the Most High, *and thou the same,*  
 O'er all the earth art *One.*

## PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!  
 O Lord of hosts, how dear  
 The *pleasant* tabernacles are,  
 Where thou dost dwell so near!
- 2 My soul doth long and almost die  
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see;  
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,  
 O living God, for thee.
- 3 There even the sparrow, *freed from wrong,*  
 Hath found a house of rest;  
 The swallow there to lay her young  
 Hath built her *brooding* nest;  
 Even by thy altars, Lord of hosts,  
 They find their safe abode;  
 And home they fly from round the coasts  
 Toward thee, my King, my God.
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,  
 Where thee they ever praise!
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,  
 And in their hearts thy ways!
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,  
 That *dry and barren* ground;  
 As through a fruitful watery dale,  
 Where springs and showers abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength  
 With joy and *gladsome* cheer,  
 Till all before our God at length  
 In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of hosts, hear *now* my prayer,  
 O Jacob's God, give ear;
- 9 Thou, God, our shield, look on the face  
 Of thy anointed *dear.*



- 10 For one day in thy courts *to be,*  
 Is better, *and more blest,*  
 Than *in the joys of vanity*  
 A thousand days *at best.*  
 I, in the temple of my God,  
 Had rather keep a door,  
 Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*  
 With sin *for evermore.*
- 11 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,  
 Gives grace and glory *bright;*  
 No good from them shall be withheld  
 Whose ways are just and right.
- 12 Lord God of hosts, *that reignest on high,*  
 That man is *truly blest,*  
 Who *only* on thee doth rely,  
 And in thee only rest.

## PSALM LXXXV.

- 1 THY land to favour graciously  
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack,  
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity  
 Returned Jacob back.
- 2 The iniquity thou didst forgive  
*That wrought* thy people woe;  
 And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*  
 Hast hid *where none shall know.*
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed,  
 And *calmly* didst return  
 From thy fierce wrath, which we had pored  
 Far worse than fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace.  
 Turn us, and us restore;  
 Thine indignation cause to cease  
 Towards us, *and hide no more.*
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,  
 For ever angry thus?  
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend  
 From age to age on us?

- 6 Wilt thou not turn *and hear our voice?*  
And us again revive,  
That so thy people may rejoice  
By thee preserved alive?
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,  
To us thy mercy shew;  
Thy saving health to us afford.  
*And life in us renew.*
- 8 *And now*, what God the Lord will speak  
I will go *straight and hear*,  
For to his people he speaks peace,  
And to his saints *full dear*,  
To his dear saints he will speak peace  
But let them never more  
Return to folly, *but surcease*  
*To trespass as before.*
- 9 Surely, to such as do him fear  
Salvation is at hand;  
And glory shall *ere long appear*  
*To dwell within our land.*
- 10 Mercy and truth, *that long were missed*,  
Now *joyfully* are met;  
*Sweet peace* and righteousness have kissed,  
*And hand in hand are set.*
- 11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flower*  
Shall bud and blossom *then*;  
And justice from her heavenly bower  
Look down *on mortal men.*
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow  
Whatever thing is good;  
Our land shall forth in plenty throw  
Her fruits *to be our food.*
- 13 Before him righteousness shall go.  
*His royal harbinger* :  
Then will he come, and not be slow :  
His footsteps cannot err.

## PSALM LXXXVI.

- 1 *THY gracious ear, O Lord, incline,  
O hear me, I thee pray ;  
For I am poor, and almost pine  
With need, and sad decay.*
- 2 Preserve my soul ; for I have trod  
Thy ways, and love the just ;  
Have thou thy servant, O my God,  
Who *still* in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee  
I call ; [4] O make rejoice  
Thy servant's soul ; for, Lord, to thee  
I lift my soul *and voice.*
- 5 For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone  
To pardon, thou to all  
Art full of mercy, thou *alone,*  
To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,  
Give ear, and to the cry  
Of my *incessant* prayers afford  
Thy hearing graciously.
- 7 I, in the day of my distress,  
Will call on thee *for aid ;*  
For thou wilt *grant me free access.*  
*And answer what I prayed.*
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none,  
O Lord ; nor any works  
*Of all that other gods have done*  
Like to thy *glorious* works.
- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made  
Shall come, *and all shall frame*  
To bow them low before thee, Lord.  
And glorify thy name.
- For great thou art, and wonders great  
By thy strong hand are done ;

Thou, *in thy everlasting seat,*  
Remainest God alone.

- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right,*  
I in thy truth will bide ;  
To fear thy name my heart unite  
*So shall it never slide.*
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,  
*Thee honour and adore*  
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad  
Thy name for evermore.
- 13 For great thy mercy is toward me,  
And thou hast freed my soul ,  
Even from the lowest hell set free,  
*From deepest darkness foul.*
- 14 O God, the proud against me rise,  
And violent men are met  
To seek my life, and in their eyes  
No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,  
Readiest thy grace to shew,  
Slow to be angry, and *art styled*  
Most merciful, most true.
- 16 O turn to me *thy face at length,*  
And me have mercy on ;  
Unto thy servant give thy strength  
And save thy handmaid's son.
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,  
And let my foes *then see,*  
And be ashamed ; because thou, Lord,  
Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

- 1 AMONG the holy mountains *high*  
Is his foundation fast ;  
*There seated is his sanctuary,*  
*His temple there is placed.*

- 2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more  
 Than all the dwellings *fair*  
 Of Jacob's *land*, though there be *store*  
 And all within his *care*.
- 3 City of God, most glorious things  
 Of thee abroad are spoke ;
- 4 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*  
 Did our forefathers *yoke*.  
 I mention Babel to my friends,  
 Philistia *full of scorn* ;  
 And Tyre with Ethiop's *utmost ends*,  
 Lo this man there was born :
- 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*  
 Be said of Sion *last* ;  
 This and this man was born in *her* ;  
 High God shall fix her *fast*.
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll,  
 That ne'er shall be outworn,  
 When he the nations doth enrol,  
 That this man there was born.
- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance  
 With *sacred songs are there* ;  
 In thee *fresh brooks and soft streams glance*,  
 And all my fountains *clear*.

## PSALM LXXXVIII.

- 1 LORD God, that dost me save and keep,  
 All day to thee I cry ;  
 And all night long before thee *weep*,  
 Before thee *prostrate lie*.
- 2 Into thy presence let my prayer  
 With *sighs devout ascend*,  
 And to my cries, that *ceaseless are*,  
 Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For, cloyed with woes and trouble store,  
 Surcharged my soul doth lie ;

My life, at death's *uncheerful door*,  
Unto the grave draws nigh.

4 Reckoned I am with them that pass  
Down to the *dismal* pit ;  
I am a man, but weak, alas !  
And for that name unfit.

5 From life discharged and parted quite,  
Among the dead to *sleep* ;  
And like the slain in *bloody fight*,  
That in the grave lie *deep* .  
Whom thou rememberest no more,  
Dost never more regard,  
Them from thy hand delivered o'er,  
*Death's hideous house hath barred.*

6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*  
Hast set me *all forlorn*,  
Where thickest darkness *hovers round*  
In horrid deeps to *mourn*.

7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,  
Full sore doth press on me ;  
Thou breakest upon me all thy waves,  
And all thy waves break me.

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,  
And makest me odious,  
Me to them odious, *for they change*,  
And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow and affliction great,  
Mine eye grows dim and dead ;  
Lord, all the day I thee entreat,  
My hands to thee I spread.

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead ?  
Shall the deceased arise,  
And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*  
*With pale and hollow eyes* ?

11 Shall they thy loving-kindness tell,  
On whom the grave *hath hold* ?

Or they, who in perdition dwell,  
Thy faithfulness *unfold* ?

in darkness can thy mighty *hand*  
Or wondrous acts be known ?  
Thy justice in the *gloomy* land  
Of *dark* oblivion ?

13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,  
*Ere yet my life be spent* ;  
And up to thee my prayer *doth his*  
Each morn, and thee prevent.

14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,  
And hide thy face from me,  
15 That am already bruised, and shake  
With terror sent from thee ?  
Bruised and afflicted, and *so low*  
As ready to expire ;  
While I thy terrors undergo,  
Astonished with thine ire.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow ;  
Thy threatenings cut me through :  
17 All day they round about me go,  
Like waves they me pursue.

18 Lover and friend thou hast removed,  
And severed from me far :  
They *fly me now* whom I have loved,  
And as in darkness are.

#### A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

*This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at  
fifteen years old.*

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son,  
After long toil, their liberty had won ;  
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,  
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand ;  
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,  
His praise and glory was in Israel known.  
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,  
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head

Low in the earth ; Jordan's clear streams recoil,  
 As a faint host that hath received the foil.  
 The high huge-bellied mountains skip, like rams  
 Amongst their ewes ; the little hills, like lambs.  
 Why fled the ocean ? And why skipt the mountains ?  
 Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains ?  
 Shake earth ; and at the presence be aghast  
 Of Him that ever was, and aye shall last ;  
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,  
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

## PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,  
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;  
 For his mercies aye endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,  
 For of gods he is the God ;  
 For his, &c.

O, let us his praises tell,  
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell ;  
 For his, &c.

Who, with his miracles, doth make  
 Amazed heaven and earth to shake ;  
 For his, &c.

Who, by his wisdom, did create  
 The painted heavens so full of state ;  
 For his, &c.

Who did the solid earth ordain  
 To rise above the watery plain ;  
 For his, &c.

Who, by his all-commanding might,  
 Did fill the new-made world with light  
 For his, &c.

And caused the golden tressed sun  
 All the day long his course to run ;  
 For his, &c.



The horned moon to shine by night,  
Amongst her spangled sisters bright ;  
For his, &c.

He, with his thunder-clasping hand,  
Smote the first-born of Egypt land ;  
For his, &c.

And, in despite of Pharaoh fell,  
He brought from thence his Israel ;  
For his, &c

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain  
Of the Erythræan main :  
For his, &c.

The floods stood still, like walls of glass.  
While the Hebrew bands did pass ;  
For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour  
The tawny king with all his power ;  
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness ;  
For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down  
Kings of prowess and renown ;  
For his, &c.

He foiled bold Seon and his host,  
That ruled the Amorséan coast :  
For his, &c.

And large-limbed Og he did subdue  
With all his over-hardy crew ;  
For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel  
He gave their land, therein to dwell .  
For his, &c.

He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Beheld us in our misery;  
For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery  
Of the invading enemy;  
For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,  
And with full hand supplies their need;  
For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth  
His mighty majesty and worth:  
For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high  
Above the reach of mortal eye;  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

## TRANSLATIONS.

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### THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, Lib. L

WHAT slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours,  
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,  
Pyrrha? For whom bindest thou  
In wreaths thy golden hair.

Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he  
On faith, and changed gods, complain; and seas  
Rough with black winds, and storms  
Unwonted shall admire!

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,  
Who always vacant, always amiable,  
Hopes thee, of flattering gales  
Unmindful. Hapless they,

To whom thou untried seemest fair! Me, in my vowed  
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung  
My dank and dropping weeds  
To the stern god of sea.

### FROM GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH.

BRUTUS thus addresses DIANA *in the Country of Leogecia.*

GODDESS of shades, and huntress, who at will  
Walkest on the rolling spheres, and through the deep;  
On thy third reign, the Earth, look now, and tell  
What land, what seat of rest, thou biddest me seek,  
What certain seat, where I may worship thee  
For aye, with temples vowed and virgin quires.

*To whom, sleeping before the Altar, DIANA answers in a  
Vision the same Night.*

BRUTUS, far to the west, in the ocean wide,  
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,

Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old ;  
 Now void, it fits thy people : thither bend  
 Thy course ; there shalt thou find a lasting seat ;  
 There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,  
 And kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might  
 Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

## FROM DANTE.

AH Constantine, of how much ill was cause,  
 Not thy conversion, but those rich domains  
 That the first wealthy Pope received of thee

## FROM DANTE.

FOUNDED in chaste and humble poverty,  
 'Gainst them that raised thee dost thou lift thy horn ?  
 Impudent whore, where hast thou placed thy hope ?  
 In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth ?  
 Another Constantine comes not in haste.

## FROM ARIOSTO.

THEN passed he to a flowery mountain green,  
 Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously .  
 This was the gift, if you the truth will have,  
 That Constantine to good Sylvester gave.

## FROM HORACE.

WHOM do we count a good man ? Whom but he  
 Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,  
 Who judges in great suits and controversies,  
 Whose witness and opinion wins the cause ?  
 But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood,  
 Sees his foul inside through his whited skin.

## FROM EURIPIDES.

THIS is true liberty, when freeborn men,  
 Having to advise the public, may speak free ;  
 Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise :  
 Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace ;  
 What can be juster in a state than this ?

## FROM HORACE.

LAUGHING, to teach the truth,  
What hinders? As some teachers give to boys  
Junkets and knacks, that they may learn apace.

## FROM HORACE.

JOKING decides great things,  
Stronger and better oft than earnest call.

## FROM SOPHOCLES.

'Tis you that say it, not I. You do the deeds,  
And your ungodly deeds find me the words

## FROM SENECA.

THERE can be slain  
No sacrifice to God more acceptable  
Than an unjust and wicked king.

## ELEGIARUM LIBER.

### ELEGIA PRIMA.

AD CAROLUM DEODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,  
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas ;  
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ  
Virgivium pronò quâ petit amne salum.  
Multùm, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas  
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,  
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem  
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.  
Me tenet urbs reflûâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,  
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.  
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,  
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.  
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,  
Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus !  
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri  
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.  
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,  
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,  
Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,  
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.  
O utinam vates nunquam graviori tulisset  
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro ;  
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cecisset Homero,  
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro,  
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,  
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.  
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,  
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.  
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,  
Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,  
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus

Detonat inculto barbara verba foro ;  
 Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,  
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris ;  
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores  
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.  
 Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum  
 Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat,  
 Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo,  
 Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amator inest :  
 Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit  
 Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit :  
 Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor  
 Conscia funereo pectora torre movens :  
 Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,  
 Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.  
 Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,  
 Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.  
 Nos quoque lucus habet v̄cinâ consitus ulmo,  
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.  
 Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sidera flammæ  
 Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.  
 Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ,  
 Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis !  
 Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,  
 Atque faces, quotquot volvit uterque polus ;  
 Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,  
 Quæque fluit puro nectare tineta via,  
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,  
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor ;  
 Pellacesque genas, ad quos Hyacinthina sordet  
 Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor !  
 Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,  
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.  
 Cedite Achæmenia turrîtâ fronte puellæ  
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.  
 Vos etiam Danaæ fascos submittite Nymphæ,  
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romulæque nurus.  
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpeia Musa columnas  
 Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.  
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,  
 Extera sat tibi sit fœmina, posse sequi.  
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis, Londinum, structa colonis,  
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,  
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis  
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.

Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno  
 Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,  
 Quot tibi, conspicuæ formæque auróque, puellæ  
 Per mediâs radiant turba videnda vias.  
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis  
 Alma phare trigero milite cincta Venus,  
 Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,  
 Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.  
 Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,  
 Mœnia quàm subitò linquere fausta paro ;  
 Et vitare procul malefide infamia Circes  
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.  
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,  
 Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.  
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,  
 Paucaque in allernos verba coacta modos.

## ELEGIA SECUNDA.

Anno *Ætatis* 17.

## IN OBITUM PRÆCONIS ACADEMICI CANTABRIGIENSIS.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas  
 Palladium toties ore eiere gregem,  
 Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva  
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo,  
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis  
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem ;  
 O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo.  
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,  
 Dignus quem Stygius medicâ revocaret ab undis  
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea.  
 Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,  
 Et celer à Phœbo nuncius ire tuo,  
 Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aula  
 Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.  
 Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei  
 Retulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.  
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni,  
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,  
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,  
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.  
 Testibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge.  
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.  
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegiæ tristes,  
 Personet et totis nœnia mæsta scholis.



## ELEGIA TERTIA.

*Anno Ætatis 17.*

## IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS WINTONIENSIS.

MŒSTUS eram, et tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,  
 Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo,  
 Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago  
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo ;  
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres,  
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda faco ;  
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,  
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.  
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi  
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis ;  
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,  
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.  
 At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime Præsul  
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ  
 Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar,  
 Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,  
 Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,  
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,  
 Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,  
 Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosæ,  
 Nec sinis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus  
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ ?  
 Et tibi succumbit, liquido quæ plurima cœlo  
 Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur avis,  
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,  
 Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.  
 Invida, tanti tibi cum sit concessa potestas ;  
 Quid juvat humana tingere cæde manus ?  
 Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,  
 Semideamque animam sede fugasse suâ ?  
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,  
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,  
 Et Tartessiaco submercerat æquore currum  
 Phœbus, ab Eöo littore mensus iter.  
 Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,  
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos :  
 Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,  
 Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.  
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,  
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.

Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,  
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.  
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos  
 Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.  
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,  
 Ditiur Hesperio flavet arena Tago.  
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,  
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis,  
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris  
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.  
 Ipse racimeferis dum densas vitibus umbras  
 Et pellicentes miror ubique locos,  
 Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,  
 Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar ;  
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,  
 Insula divinum cinxerat alba caput.  
 Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,  
 Intremuit læto florea terra sono.  
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,  
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.  
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat  
 Hosque aliquis placido micit ab ore sonos ;  
 " Nate veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni,  
 Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca."

Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,  
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.  
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos.  
 Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

## ELEGIA QUARTA.

*Anno Ætatis 18.*

AD THOMAM JUNIUM PRÆCEPTOREM SUUM, APUD  
 MERCATORES ANGLICOS HAMBURGÆ AGENTES, PAS-  
 TORIS MUNERE FUNGENTEM.

CURRE per immensum subitò, mea litera, pontum,  
 I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros ;  
 Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,  
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.  
 Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos  
 Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,  
 Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,  
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.  
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,

Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri ;  
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras  
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.  
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas  
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,  
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,  
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.  
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore  
 Præsul Christicolæ pascere doctus oves ;  
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,  
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.  
 Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti  
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei !  
 Charior ille mihi quàm tu doctissime Graium  
 Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat ;  
 Quàmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,  
 Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.  
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræus Heros  
 Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.  
 Primus ego Aonios illo præunte recessus  
 Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi,  
 Pierosque hausit latices, Clioque favente,  
 Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.  
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,  
 Induxitque auro lanæ terga novo,  
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlora, senilem  
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes :  
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,  
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.  
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,  
 Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.  
 Invenies dulci cum oonjuge fortè sedentem,  
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,  
 Forsitan aut veterum prælargæ volumina patrum  
 Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dci,  
 Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,  
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.  
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,  
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.  
 Hæc quoque, paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos  
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui :  
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter præli Musis,  
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus,  
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem ;  
 Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.

Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit  
 Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.  
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,  
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit ?  
 Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,  
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.  
 Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti.  
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.  
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes  
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.  
 Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis  
 Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces.  
 Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,  
 Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.  
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,  
 Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor ;  
 Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum !  
 In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,  
 Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,  
 Et jam Saxonicos arma parâsse duces,  
 Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,  
 Et sata carne virùm jam cruor arva rigat ;  
 Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,  
 Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos ;  
 Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva,  
 Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,  
 Fugit, io ! terris, et jam non ultima virgo  
 Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.  
 Te tamen intereâ belli circumsonat horror,  
 Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo ;  
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,  
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.  
 Patria dura parens, et saxis sævior albis  
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,  
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,  
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,  
 Et sinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis  
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,  
 Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique  
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent :  
 Digna quidem Stygnis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,  
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame !  
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim  
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,  
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Aohabi

Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.  
 Talis et horrisono laceratus membra flagello,  
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.  
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum  
 Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.  
 At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,  
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.  
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,  
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,  
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,  
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.  
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,  
 Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi;  
 Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis  
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;  
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras  
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,  
 Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,  
 Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,  
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum.  
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,  
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,  
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virûm.  
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,  
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;  
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,  
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

## ELEGIA QUINTA.

*Anno Ætatis 20.*

## IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro  
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;  
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,  
 Jamque soluto gelu dulce virescit humus.  
 Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,  
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?  
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo  
 (Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.  
 Castalis ante oculos, befidumque cacumen oberrat,  
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocti ferunt;  
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,  
 Et furo, et sonitus me sacer intûs agit.

Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro  
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.  
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,  
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo ;  
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatam,  
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deûm ;  
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,  
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cœca meos.  
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore ?  
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer isto furor ?  
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo,  
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.  
 Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis,  
 Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus :  
 Urbe ego, tu sylvâ, simul insipiamus utrique,  
 Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.  
 Veris io ! rediere vices, celebremus honores  
 Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.  
 Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,  
 Flectit ad Aretoas aurea lora plagas.  
 Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,  
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.  
 Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cœleste Bootes  
 Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ ;  
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto  
 Excubias agitant sidera rara polo :  
 Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,  
 Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.  
 Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,  
 Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,  
 Hæc, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ,  
 Phœbe, tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.  
 Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit  
 Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas ;  
 Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur  
 Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.  
 " Desere," Phœbus ait, " thalamos Aurora seniles,  
 Quid juvat effæto procubuisse toro ?  
 Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,  
 Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet."  
 Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,  
 Et matutinos ocius urget equos.  
 Exuit invisum Tellus rediviva senectam,  
 Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos ;  
 Et cupit, et digna est, quid enim formosius illâ.

Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,  
 Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto  
 Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis!  
 Ecce! coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,  
 Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;  
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos.  
 Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.  
 Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos  
 Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.  
 Aspice, Phœbe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,  
 Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.  
 Cinnamêâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,  
 Blanditiasque tibi ferre videnter aves.  
 Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores  
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros;  
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus  
 Præbet, et hinc titulos adjavat ipsa tuos.  
 Quòd si te pretium, si ti fulgentia tangunt  
 Munera (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)  
 Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,  
 Et super injectis montibus abdit opes.  
 Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo  
 In verspertinas præcipitaris aquas,  
 "Cur te," inquit, "cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno  
 Hesperii recipit cærula Mater aquis?  
 Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ,  
 Dia quid imundo perluis ora salo?  
 Frigora, Phœbe, meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,  
 Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comus.  
 Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,  
 Huc ades, et gremio lumino pone meo.  
 Quaque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurrans  
 Aura, per humentes corpora fusa rosas.  
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,  
 Nec Phætonteo fumidus axis equo;  
 Cum tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientius uteris igni,  
 Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo."  
 Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;  
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.  
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,  
 Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.  
 Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,  
 Triste micant ferro tella corusca novo.  
 Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,  
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.

Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,  
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.  
 Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,  
 Littus, io Hymen, et cava saxa sonant  
 Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,  
 Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.  
 Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris  
 Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus :  
 Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum,  
 Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum,  
 Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,  
 Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.  
 Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,  
 Delphinisque leves ad vada summa vocat.  
 Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,  
 Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.  
 Nunc etiam Satyri cum sera crepuscula surgunt,  
 Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,  
 Sylvanusque tuâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,  
 Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.  
 Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,  
 Per juga, per scelos expatiantur agros.  
 Per sata luxuriant fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,  
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres ;  
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,  
 Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nympha pedes,  
 Jamque latet, latitansque cupit male tecta videri,  
 Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.  
 Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere sylvas,  
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.  
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,  
 Nec vos arborea dii precorite domo.  
 Te referant miseris te, Jupiter, aurea terris  
 Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis ?  
 Tu saltem lentè rapidos age, Phœbe, jugales  
 Quâ potes, et sensim tempora veris eant ;  
 Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes.  
 Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo.



## ELEGIA SEXTA.

*Ad Carolum Deodatum ruri commorantem,*

QUI CUM IDIBUS DECEMB. SCRIPSISSET, ET SUA CARMINA  
EXCUSARI POSTULASSET SI SOLITO MINUS ESSENT BONA,  
QUOD INTER LAUTITIAS QUIBUS ERAT AB AMICIS ACCEP-  
TUS, HAUD SATIS FELICEM OPERAM MUSIS DARE SE POSSE  
AFFIRMABAT, HOC HABUIT RESPONSUM.

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,  
Qua tu distento forté carere potes.

At tau quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,  
Nec sanit optatas posse sequi tenebras?

Carmine scire velis quàm te redamemque colamque,  
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.

Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur aretis,  
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.

Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim.

Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,  
Deliciasque refers, hyberni guadia ruris,  
Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!

Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?

Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.

Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,  
Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.

Sæpius Aoniis calamavit collibus Eue  
Mysta Thyoneo turba novena choro.

Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:  
Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat.

Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum,  
Cantavit brevibus Tèia Musa modis?

Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,  
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;

Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,  
Et volat Ilco pulvere fuscus eques.

Quadrismoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho  
Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.

Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu  
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.

Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,  
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.

Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum  
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.

Sillicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te

Numine composito, tres perperisse Deos.  
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro  
   Insonet argutâ molliter icta manu ;  
 Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,  
   Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.  
 Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,  
   Et revocent, quantum carpula pellit iners.  
 Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum  
   Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,  
 Perecipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,  
   Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,  
 Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem  
   Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.  
 Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est,  
   Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos ;  
 Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,  
   Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.  
 Talibus inde licent convivium larga poetis,  
   Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero.  
 At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jovo cœlum,  
   Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,  
 Et nunc sancta canit superum consula Jeorum.  
   Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,  
 Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri  
   Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos ;  
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,  
   Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.  
 Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juvenus,  
   Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.  
 Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, et lustralibus undis  
   Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.  
 Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem  
   Lumina Tiresian, Ogygimque Linon,  
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque  
   Orpheon, edomitis sola per antra feris ;  
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi poter Homerus  
   Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,  
 Et per monstrificam Persicæ Phœbados aulam,  
   Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,  
 Perque tuas, rex imc, domos, ubi sanguine nigro  
   Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.  
 Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,  
   Spirat et occultum pectus, et ore Jovem.  
 At tu siquid agam scitabere (si modò saltem  
   Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)

Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,  
 Faustaque sacratis sæcula pacta libris,  
 Vagatumque Dei, et stabulentem paupere tecto  
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit,  
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,  
 Et subitò elisos ad sua fana Deos.  
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,  
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.  
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis.  
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris.

## ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

Anno *Ætatis* 19.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges, Amathusia, nôram  
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.  
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,  
 Atque tuum spreui maxime numen Amor.  
 Tu puer imbelles, dixi, transfige colutnbas,  
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.  
 Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos.  
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.  
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?  
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.  
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras  
 Promptior) et duplici jam ferus igne calet.  
 Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ  
 Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem:  
 At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,  
 Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.  
 Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,  
 Prodidit astantem moto pharetra Deum;  
 Proditit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,  
 Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.  
 Talis in eterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo  
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;  
 Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas  
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.  
 Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,  
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.  
 Et miser exemplo sapuisse tutiûs, inquit,  
 Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.  
 Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,  
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.

Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum  
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit et illi mihi;  
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur  
 Certiùs et graviùs tela nocere mea.  
 Me neguit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,  
 Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques:  
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille  
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.  
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,  
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.  
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,  
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.  
 Cætera quæ dubitas melius mea tela docebunt?  
 Et tua non leviter corda patenda mihi.  
 Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ  
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem  
 Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,  
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.  
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,  
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.  
 Et modò quâ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,  
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.  
 Turba frequens, faciêque simillima turba dearum  
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.  
 Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,  
 Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?  
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,  
 Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis, agor.  
 Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,  
 Neve oculos potuit continuisse meos.  
 Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam,  
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.  
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,  
 Sic regina Deùm conspicienda fuit.  
 Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,  
 Solus et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.  
 Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,  
 Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.  
 Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,  
 Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis:  
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,  
 Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inermis ferit.  
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,  
 Uror amans intùs flammaque totus eram.  
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,

Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.  
 Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,  
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.  
 Findor, et hæc remanent: sequitur pars altera votum,  
 Raptaque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat.  
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,  
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.  
 Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum  
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiarus equis.  
 Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? amores  
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.  
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos  
 Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui;  
 Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,  
 Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.  
 Crede mihi, nullus sic infeliciter arsit,  
 Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.  
 Parce precor, teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,  
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.  
 Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus  
 Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens;  
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,  
 Solus et in superis tu mihi summis eris.  
 Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores,  
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:  
 Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea sinqua futura est,  
 Cuspis amavuros figat ut una duos.

HÆC ego, mente olim lævâ, studioque supino,  
 Nequitia posui vana trophæa meæ.  
 Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,  
 Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit,  
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos  
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.  
 Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,  
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.  
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,  
 Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.

## EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER.

### IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos  
Ausus es infandum, perfide Fauxe, nefas,  
Fallor? an et mītis voluisti ex parte videri,  
Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?  
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,  
Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.  
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcīs,  
Liquit Iōrdanios turbine raptus agros.

### IN EANDEM.

SICCINE tentasti cœlo donasse Iacobum  
Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?  
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,  
Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis.  
Ille quidam sine te consortia serus adivit  
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.  
Sic potius fœdus in cœlum pelle cucullos,  
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,  
Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arts,  
Crede mihi, cœli vix bene scandet iter

### IN EANDEM.

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,  
Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.  
Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,  
Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.  
“Et nec insultus” ait “temnes mea sacra, Britanne,  
Supplicium spreta religione dabis.  
Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,  
Non nisi per flammis triste patebit iter.”

O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,  
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!  
 Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni  
 Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

## IN EANDEM.

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,  
 Et Styge damnarat Tænarioque sinu,  
 Hunc, vice mutata, jam tollere gestit ad astra,  
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

## IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.

IAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,  
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;  
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,  
 Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

## AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM.

Angelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)  
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.  
 Quid mirum? Leonora, tibi si gloria major?  
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.  
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli  
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;  
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda  
 Sensim immortalis assuescere posse sono.  
 Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,  
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

## AD EANDEM.

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,  
 Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.  
 Ah miser ille tuo quantò felicius ævo  
 Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!  
 Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem  
 Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ:  
 Quamvis Diræo torsisset lumina Pentheo  
 Sævior, aut totus desipisset iners

Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus  
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ ;  
 Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde, quietem  
 Flexanimo cantu restituïsse sibi.

## AD EANDEM.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,  
 Claraque Parthenopes fane Achelôïados,  
 Littoreamque tua defunctum Naiada ripa  
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo ?  
 Illa quidem vivitque, et amœnâ Tibridis undâ  
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.  
 Illic Romulidûm studiis ornata secundis,  
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

## APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis  
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino ;  
 Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus  
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.  
 Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,  
 Mota solo assueto, protenûs aret iners.  
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,  
 Damnâvit celeres in sua damna manus ;  
 Atque ait, heu quantò satius fuit illa Coloni  
 (Parvi licet) grato dona tulisse animo !  
 Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem  
 Nunc periere mihi et fœtus et ipse parens.

AD CHRISTINAM SUECORUM REGINAM.  
 NOMINE CROMWELLI.

BELLIPOTENS Virgo, Septem Regina Trionum,  
 Christina, Arctoï lucida stella poli !  
 Cernis, quas merui dura sub casside rugas,  
 Utque senex armis impiger ora tero ;  
 Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor.  
 Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.  
 Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra ;  
 Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces.



## SYLVARUM LIBER.

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IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII, MEDICI.

*Anno Ætatis 17.*

PARERE fati discite legibus,  
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices.

Qui pendulum telluris orbem  
Iäpete collitis nepotes.

Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro  
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ  
Tentantur incassum, dolique ;  
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.

Si destinatam pellere dextera  
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules,  
Nessi venenatus cruore,  
Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.

Nec fraude turpi Pallidis invidæ  
Vidisset occisum Iliion Hectora, aut  
Quem larva Pelidis peremit  
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.

Sic triste fatum verba Hecatæia  
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens  
Vixisset infamis, potentique  
Ægiali soror usa virgâ.

Numenque trinum fallere si queant  
Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina  
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon  
Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.

Læsisset et nec te Philyreie,  
Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine,  
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum  
Cæse puer genitricis alvo.

Tuque O ulumno major Appolline,  
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum  
Froncosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,  
Et mediis Helicon in undis,

Jam præfulsses Palladio gregi  
 Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria :  
     Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis  
     Horribiles barathri recessus.  
 At fila rupit Persephone tua  
 Irata cum te viderit, artibus  
     Succoque pollenti, tot atris  
     Faucibus eripuisse mortis.  
 Colende Præses, membra precor tua  
 Molli quiescant cespit, et ex tuo  
     Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,  
     Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.  
 Sit mite de te Judicium-Æaci,  
 Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,  
     Interque felices perennis  
     Elysio spatiere campo.

### IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS.

*Anno Ætatis 17.*

JAM pius extrema veniens Iacobus ab areto,  
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna  
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus  
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis :  
 Pacificusque novo felix divesque, sedebat  
 In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis :  
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,  
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,  
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,  
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,  
 Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros ;  
 Hic tempestates medio ciet aère diras,  
 Illac unanimes odium struit inter amicos,  
 Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes ;  
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,  
 Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,  
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister  
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus ;  
 Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes  
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris  
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam  
 Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris.  
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes  
 Cinotus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.

Jamque fluentisonis albertia rupibus arva  
 Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,  
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,  
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,  
 Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,  
 Ante expugnatae crudelia sæcula Trojæ.

At simul hanc opibusque et festâ pace beatam  
 Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,  
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri  
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit  
 Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur ;  
 Qualia Trinacria truxa ab Jove clausus in Ætna  
 Efflat tabifico monstruosus ab ore Tiphœus.  
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo  
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspidis  
 Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo  
 Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,  
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.  
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,  
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.  
 Hactenus ; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis ;  
 Quâ volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,  
 Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,  
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines : a parte sinistra  
 Nimbifer Apenninus erat, priscique Sabini,  
 Dextra beneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non  
 Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem ;  
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.  
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,  
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,  
 Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum  
 Evehitur, præeunt submisso poplite reges,  
 Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum ;  
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,  
 Cimneriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.  
 Tempora dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis  
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum  
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.  
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,  
 Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,  
 Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,  
 Et procul ipse cava responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,  
 Nox senis amplexus Ercebi taciturna reliquit,

Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,  
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætémque ferocem,  
 Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen  
 Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.  
 Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres  
 Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter  
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)  
 At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,  
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,  
 Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus  
 Astitit; assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,  
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo  
 Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus  
 Vertice de raso, et ne quicquam desit ad artes,  
 Cannabeo lumbos constrictit fune salaces,  
 Tarda fenestris figens vestigia calceis.  
 Talis, ut fama est, vasta Franciscus eremo  
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,  
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis  
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.

Subdolan at tali Serpens velatus amictu  
 Solvit in has fallax ora execratia voces;  
 Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?  
 Immemor, O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!  
 Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam, diademaque triplex  
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,  
 Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:  
 Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adcrat,  
 Cui reserata patet convexi janua cæli,  
 Turgentes animos, et fastus frange procaces,  
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit.  
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;  
 Et memor Hesperiaë disjectam ulciscere classẽm,  
 Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,  
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probosæ,  
 Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.  
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,  
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires;  
 Tyrrhenum implebit numeroso milite pontum,  
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:  
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,  
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,  
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.  
 Neo tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte laccessos.  
 Irritus ille labor; tu callidus utere fraude:

Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est ;  
 Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris  
 Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,  
 Grandævosque patres trabeâ, canisque verendos ;  
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,  
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne  
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.  
 Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fœos  
 Propositi, factique, mone : quisquâmnè tuorum  
 Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ ?  
 Perculsoque metu subito, casûque stupentes  
 Invadat vel Gullus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.  
 Sæcula sio illic tandem Mariana redibunt,  
 Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.  
 Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas  
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.  
 Dixit, et adscitos ponens malefidus amictus  
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas .  
 Vesti inauratas redeunti lumine terras ;  
 Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati  
 Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis :  
 Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,  
 Nocturnos visus, et somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,  
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,  
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotaque bilinguis,  
 Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.  
 Hic inter cæmenta jacet præruptaque saxa,  
 Ossa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadavera ferre ;  
 Hic dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,  
 Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,  
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,  
 Et Timor, exsanguisquo locum circumvolat Horror ,  
 Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes  
 Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.  
 Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri  
 Et Phónos, et prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum,  
 Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris,  
 Diffugiunt sotes, et retrò lumina vortunt ;  
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles  
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.

Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor  
 Gens exosa mihi ; prudens natura negavit  
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo :

Pluc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,  
 Tartareoque leves diffidentur pulvere in auras  
 Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago:  
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ,  
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.  
 Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos  
 Despiciit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,  
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,  
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Aside terra  
 Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;  
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ  
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris  
 Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.  
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,  
 Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros:  
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;  
 Qualiter instrepitant circum multralia bombis  
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,  
 Dum canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen.  
 Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,  
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,  
 Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat  
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.  
 Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencæ  
 Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,  
 Lumina non unquam tacito nuntantia somno.  
 Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.  
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe  
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli:  
 Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis  
 Culibet effundit temeraria; veraque mendax  
 Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.

Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes  
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,  
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit  
 Carmine tam longo; servati scilicet Angli  
 Officiis, vaga diva, tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.  
 Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,  
 Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terræque tremento  
 Fama siles? an te latet impia Papistarum  
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos.  
 Et nova sceptigero æedes meditata Iacobo?  
 Nec plura, il<sup>l</sup> statim sensit mandata Tonantis,

Et satis ante fugax stridentis induit alas,  
 Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis ;  
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.  
 Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,  
 Atque parum est cursu celerus prævertere nubes  
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit :  
 Et primo Angliacas, solito de more, per urbes  
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,  
 Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat  
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,  
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis  
 Insidiis loca structa silet ? stupuere relatis,  
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ  
 Effoetique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ  
 Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverit omnem.

Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto  
 Æthereus pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis  
 Papticolum ; capit pœnas raptantur ad acres ;  
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores ;  
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant ;  
 Turba choros juvenilis agit : Quintoque Novembris  
 Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

#### IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.

*Anno Ætatis 17.*

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,  
 Et sicca nondum lumina  
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,  
 Quem nuper effudi pius,  
 Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo  
 Wintoniensis Præsulis,  
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh ! semper mali  
 Cladisque vera nuntia)  
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,  
 Populosque Neptuno satos,  
 Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus  
 Te generis humani decus,  
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ  
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.  
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus  
 Ebullebat fervidâ,  
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam :  
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida  
 Conceptit alto diriora pectore ,

Graiusque vates parcius  
 Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolens,  
 Sponsamque Neobolen suam.  
 At ecce diras ipse dum fundo gravez,  
 Et imprecor neci necem,  
 Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos  
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :  
 Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream  
 Bilemque, et irritas minas,  
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,  
 Subitoque ad iras percita ?  
 Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,  
 Mors atra Noctis filia,  
 Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,  
 Vastove nata sub Chao :  
 Ast illa cælo missa stellato, Dei  
 Messes ubique colligit ;  
 Animasque mole carneâ reconditas  
 In lucem et auras evocat ;  
 Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem  
 Themidos Jovisque filiæ ;  
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris  
 At justa raptat impios  
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,  
 Sedesque subterraneas,  
 Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito  
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,  
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites  
 Ad astra sublimis feror :  
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex  
 Auriga currus ignei.  
 Non me Bootis terrure lucidi  
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut  
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,  
 Non ensis Orion tuus.  
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,  
 Longéque sub pedibus deam  
 Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos  
 Frænis dracones aureis.  
 Erraticorum, syderum per ordines,  
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,  
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam ;  
 Donec nitentes ad fores  
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et  
 Stratam smaragdis atrium.



Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat  
 Oriundus humano patre,  
 Amœnitates illius loci? mihi  
 Sat est in eternum frui.

#### NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.

HEU quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit  
 Avi mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis  
 Edipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!  
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum  
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni  
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo  
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugie  
 Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater  
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?  
 Et se fassa senem malè ertis passibus ibit  
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas  
 Annorumque æterna fames, squallorque situsque  
 Sidera vexabunt? an et insatiabile Tempus  
 Esuriet Coelum, rapietque in viscera patrem?  
 Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces  
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto  
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?  
 Ergo crit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo  
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu  
 Stridat uterque polus, superaque ut Olympius aula  
 Decidat, horribilisque relectâ Gorgone Pallas;  
 Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon  
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli?  
 Tu quoque Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati  
 Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruina  
 Pronus, et extincta fumabit lampade Nereus,  
 Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.  
 Tunc etiam-aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi  
 Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro  
 Terre bunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,  
 In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaque bella.

At Pater omnipotens, fundatis fortius astris,  
 Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit  
 Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo  
 Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.  
 Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurne;  
 Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cœlos.

Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et accl ut olim  
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.  
 Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat,  
 Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras  
 Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ  
 Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum,  
 Surgit odoratis pariter formosis ab Indis,  
 Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo  
 Mane vocans, et serus agens in pascua cœli;  
 Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.  
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,  
 Cœruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.  
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore  
 Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes.  
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,  
 Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos  
 Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat  
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori  
 Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ  
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem  
 Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.  
 Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæli vigor ille vetusti  
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,  
 Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorem,  
 Phœbe tuusque et Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim  
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum  
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum  
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum;  
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè  
 Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli;  
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM  
 ARISTOTELES INTELEXIT.

DICITE, sacrorum præsidēs nemorum dea  
 Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis  
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul  
 Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,  
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,  
 Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm.  
 Quis ille primus ejus ex imagine  
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,  
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo.

Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei f  
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ  
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;  
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,  
 Tamen seorsûs extat ad morem unius,  
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;  
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes  
 Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,  
 Citimumve terris incolit Lunæ globum:  
 Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens,  
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:  
 Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga  
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,  
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,  
 Atlante major portitore syderum.  
 Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,  
 Dirçæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;  
 Non hunc silenti nocte Pléïones nepos  
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;  
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet  
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavas Nini,  
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.  
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine  
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)  
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.  
 At tu perenne ruris Academi decus  
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)  
 Jam jam, poetas urbis exules tuæ  
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus;  
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

## AD PATREM.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes  
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora  
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;  
 Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis  
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.  
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen  
 Exiguum meditatatur opus: nec novimus ipsi  
 Aptius à nobis quæ possint munera donis  
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint  
 Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis  
 Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.  
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,

Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ  
 Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,  
 Quas mihi semoto somni perperere sub antro,  
 Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.  
 Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,  
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cœli,  
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,  
 Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flammæ.  
 Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen  
 Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,  
 Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.  
 Carmini sepositi retegunt arcana futuri  
 Phœbades, et tremulæ pallantes ora Sibyllæ ;  
 Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,  
 Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum ;  
 Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris  
 Consulit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.  
 Nos etiam patrium tunc eum repetemus Olympum,  
 Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi ;  
 Ibis auratis per cœli templa coronis,  
 Dulcia suaviloque sociantes carmina plectro,  
 Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.  
 Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbis,  
 Nunc quoque sidereis intercinat ipse choreis  
 Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen ;  
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,  
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion ;  
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.  
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,  
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago  
 Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.  
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,  
 Æsculeâ intonsos redimitis ab arbore crines,  
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,  
 Et chaos, et positi latè fundamina mundi,  
 Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,  
 Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.  
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit  
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis ?  
 Silvestres decet iste chorus, non Orphea cantus,  
 Qui tenuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit aures,  
 Carmine, non citharâ ; simulachraque functa canende  
 Compulit in lachrymas ; habet has à carmine laudes.  
 Nec tu perge precor, sacras contemnere Musas,  
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus

Manere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,  
 Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram  
 Doctus, Arionii meriti sis nominis hæres.  
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam  
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti,  
 Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur ?  
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,  
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,  
 Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puerque, tenemus.

Tu tamen ut similes teneras odisse Camœnas,  
 Non odisse reor ; neque enim, pater, ire jubebas  
 Quâ via lata patet, quâ prœior area luci,  
 Certaquo contendi fulget spes aurea nummi :  
 Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis  
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures ;  
 Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem  
 Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis  
 Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,  
 Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.  
 Officium chara taceo commune parentis,  
 Me poscunt majora : tuo, pater optime, sumptu  
 Cùm mihi Romulæ patuit facundia linguæ,  
 Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant  
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,  
 Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores ;  
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam  
 Fundit, Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus.  
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.  
 Denique quicquid habet cœlum, sublectaque cœlo  
 Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluis aer,  
 Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,  
 Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit :  
 Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,  
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,  
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas  
 Austriaci gazas, Periânaque regna præoptas.  
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse  
 Jupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cœlo ?  
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent  
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato  
 Atque Hyperionis currus, et fræna dici,  
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.  
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ  
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo ;

Janque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,  
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.  
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,  
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,  
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus ;  
 In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,  
 Nec vestri sum juris ego ; securaque tutus  
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merent  
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,  
 Sic memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato  
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,  
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,  
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,  
 Nec spisso rapiant oblivia nigra sub Orco,  
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis  
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

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AD SALSILLUM, POETAM ROMANUM  
 ÆGROTANTEM.

SCAZONTES.

O MUSA gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,  
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,  
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,  
 Quàm cùm decentes flava Dæiope suras  
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum ;  
 Adesdum et hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo  
 Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,  
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis  
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,  
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum  
 Polique tractum, pessimus ubi ventorum,  
 Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,  
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra,  
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,  
 Visum superbâ cognitâs urbes famâ  
 Virosque, doctæque indolem juventutis.  
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,  
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum ;  
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,

Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat ;  
 Nec id pepercit impia quod tu Romano  
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.  
 O dulce divûm munus, O salus Hebes  
 Germana ! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror,  
 Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan  
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.  
 Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso  
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,  
 Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,  
 Lavamen ægro fert certatim vati.  
 Sic ille, charis redditus rursûm Musis,  
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.  
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos  
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,  
 Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans.  
 Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis, hinc delinitus  
 Spei favebit annuæ colonorum :  
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges  
 Nimium sinistro laxus irruens loro :  
 Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,  
 Adusque curvi falsa regna Portumni.

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MANSUS.

Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Vllensis, vir Ingenii laude, tum literarum studii,  
 nec non et bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati  
 Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus ; erat enim Tassi amicissimus ; ab quo  
 etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus *Gerusa-*  
*lemme Conquistata*, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, o Corteci  
 Risplende il Manso—

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summa benevolentia prosecutus est, multa que  
 ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe  
 discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderat, hoc carmen misit.

HÆC quoque, Manse, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi  
 Pierides, tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi,  
 Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,  
 Post Galli cineres, et Mccænatis Hetrusci.  
 Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,  
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.  
 Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso  
 Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis ;  
 Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum  
 Tradidit ; ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum

Dum canit Assyrios divûm prolixus amores ;  
 Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas,  
 Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates  
 Ossa, tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit :  
 Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici ;  
 Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.  
 Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant  
 Officia in tumulto ; cupis integros rapere Orco,  
 Quâ potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges :  
 Amorum genus, et varia sub sorte peractam  
 Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ ;  
 Æmulus illius, Mycalen qui natus ad altam,  
 Retulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.  
 Ergo ego te, Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi,  
 Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum,  
 Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.  
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabare Musam,  
 Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto  
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.  
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos  
 Credimus obscuras noctes sensisse per umbras,  
 Quâ Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis  
 Oceani Glaucos perfundit gurgite crines :  
 Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.

Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo  
 Quâ plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione  
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.  
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo  
 Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,  
 Halantemque crocum (perhibit nisi vana vetustas)  
 Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.  
 (Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum  
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)  
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu  
 Delo in herbosa Graiæ de more puellæ,  
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corinœida Loxo,  
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaerge,  
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.

Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem  
 Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,  
 Claraque perpetui sucerescet fama Marini ;  
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies, plausumque virorvm,  
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.  
 Dicitur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates  
 Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musæ :



At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit  
 Rura Pheretiadae, caelo fugitivus Apollo ;  
 Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes ;  
 Tantùm ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,  
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,  
 Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta,  
 Peneium prope rivum : ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ,  
 Ad citharæ strepitum, blanda prece victus amici,  
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.

Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo  
 Saxa stetero loco ; nutat Trachinia rupes,  
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas ;  
 Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,  
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynceas.

Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet  
 Nascentem, et miti lustrarat lumine Phœbus,  
 Atlantisque nepos ; neque enim, nisi charus ab ortus  
 Diis superis, poterit magno favisse poetæ.

Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus  
 Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos ;  
 Nondum deciduos sevans tibi frontis honores,  
 Ingeniumque vicens, et adultum mentis acumen.  
 O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,  
 Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene nôrit,  
 Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,  
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem ;  
 Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ  
 Magnanimos Heroas, et (O modo spiritus adsit)  
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonem sub Marte phalanges  
 Tandem ubi non tacitæ permeus tempora vitæ,  
 Annorumque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,  
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,  
 Astanti sat erit si dicam, sim tibi curæ ;  
 Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,  
 Curaret parvet componi molliter urna :  
 Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,  
 Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri  
 Fronde cemas, at ego securo pace quiescam.  
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,  
 Ipse ego cælicolùm semotus in æthera divùm,  
 Quó labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,  
 Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo,  
 Quantum fata sinunt : et tota mente serenùm  
 Ridens, purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,  
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

## EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

## ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis et Damon ejusdem vicinæ pastores, eadem studia sequuti, a pueritia amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causa profectus peregre de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona hic intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetrurix Luca paterno genere ortundus, cætera Anglus ingenio doctrina, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,  
 Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)  
 Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen :  
 Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,  
 Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,  
 Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus ;  
 Dum sibi pæruptum queritur Damona, neque altam  
 Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.  
 Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,  
 Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,  
 Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,  
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis ; pastorem scilicet illum  
 Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.  
 Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ  
 Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,  
 Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,  
 Cœpit et immensum sic oxonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hei mihi ! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cælo,  
 Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon !  
 Siccine nos linqvis, tua sic sine nomine virtus  
 Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris ?  
 At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,  
 Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,  
 Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omni silentium.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupus antè videbit,  
 Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,  
 Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit  
 Inter pastores : Illi tibi vota secundo  
 Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes  
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit :  
 Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piùmque,  
 Palladiâsque artes, sociùmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon,  
 At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus  
 Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas  
 Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,  
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?  
 Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,  
 Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis  
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit  
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem  
 Ducibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni  
 Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus auster  
 Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,  
 Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,  
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,  
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus;  
 Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,  
 Cæcropsiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,  
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ;  
 Hic serum expecto; supra caput imber et Eurus  
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Heu, quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis  
 Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!  
 Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,  
 Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ  
 Mœrent, inque suum convetunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphisibœus ad crnos,  
 Ad salices Ægon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas.  
 "Hic gelidi fontes, hinc illita gramina musco,  
 Hinc Zephiri, hinc placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;"  
 Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat,  
 (Et callebat avium linguas, et sidera Mopsus)  
 Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?  
 Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,  
 Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,  
 Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Mirantur nymphæ, et quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?  
 Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ  
 Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,  
 Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem  
 Jure petit, bis ille miser qui serus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, et filia Baucidis Ægle  
 Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,  
 Venit Idumanii Chlorus vicina fluenti;  
 Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,  
 Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hei mihi, quam similes ludunt per prata juveneci,  
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!  
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum  
 De grege, si densi veniunt ad pabula thoos,  
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;  
 Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus  
 Agmina Phœcarum numerat, velisque volucrum  
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum  
 Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,  
 Quem si sors letho objecit, sua milvus adunco  
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,  
 Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.  
 Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fati  
 Gens homines, aliena animis, et pectore discors:  
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum;  
 Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,  
 Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ  
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras  
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpenque nivosam!  
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,  
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,  
 Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit;)  
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,  
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes  
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes!  
 Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,  
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,  
 Et dixisse "Vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra."

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,

Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus,  
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuscus tu quoque Damon  
 Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.  
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni  
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,  
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere inyrtos,  
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam,  
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum  
 Displicui, nam sunt et apud me munera vestra  
 Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ;  
 Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos  
 Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo  
 Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni,  
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,  
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos.  
 Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat.  
 Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,  
 Vimina nunc textit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!  
 Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura  
 Arrigui voto levis, et præsentia finxi,  
 Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid fortere tardat,  
 Imus? et argutâ paulum recubamus in umbra,  
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugora Caseibelauni?  
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina succos,  
 Helleborumque, humilésque crocos, foliumque hyacinthi.  
 Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentum,  
 Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentum,  
 Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.  
 Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat  
 Fistula, ab undecima jam lux est altera nocte,  
 Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis,  
 Dissiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra  
 Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim  
 Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos cedite silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes  
 Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,  
 Brennūmque Arvigarumque duces, priscūmque Belinum,  
 Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;  
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernem,  
 Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorkois arma,  
 Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,  
 Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula pinu  
 Multum oblita mihi; aut patriis mutata Camœnis

Brittonicum strides, quid enim ? omnia non licet uni,  
 Non sperâsse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla  
 Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum  
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)  
 Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni,  
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemos omne Treantæ.  
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis  
 Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,  
 Hæc, et plura simul ; tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,  
 Mansus Chalcidicæ non nltima gloria ripæ,  
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,  
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento :  
 In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,  
 Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ,  
 Has inter Phoenix divina avis, unica terris,  
 Cæruleùm fulgens diversicoloribus alls,  
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis ;  
 Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus :  
 Quis putet ? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pharetræ  
 Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo ;  
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobili vulgi  
 Hinc ferit, at circùm flammantia lumina torquens  
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tella per orbis  
 Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus.  
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,  
 Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret  
 Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus ?  
 Nec te Lethæo fas quæsisisse sub orco,  
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrâ,  
 Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,  
 Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede repulit arcum ;  
 Heroùmque animas inter, divósque perennes,  
 Æthereos haurit latices et guadia potat  
 Ore sacro. Quin tu, cœli post jura recepta,  
 Dexter ades, placidúsque fave quicumque vocaris,  
 Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis  
 Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti  
 Cœlicolæ nôrint, sylvisque vocabere Damon :  
 Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juvenus  
 Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,  
 En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores ;  
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,

Lætâque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,  
 Æternum perages immortales hymenæos ;  
 Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,  
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia Thyrsæo.

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ  
 BIBLIOTHECARIUM.

Jan. 23, 1846.

libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis  
 nostris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.

*Strophe 1.*

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber  
 Fronde licet geminâ,  
 Munditiéque nitens non operosâ,  
 Quam manus attulit  
 Juvenilis olim,  
 Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ ;  
 Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,  
 Nunc Britannica per vireta lit  
 Insons populi, barbitóque devius  
 Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio  
 Longinquum intonuit melos  
 Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede :

*Antistrophe.*

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus  
 Subduxit reliquis dolo ?  
 Cum tu missus ab urbe,  
 Docto jugiter obsecrante amico  
 Illustre tendebas iter  
 Thamesis ad incunabula  
 Cærulei patris,  
 Fontes ubi limpidi  
 Aonidum, thyasusque sacer,  
 Orbi notus per immensos  
 Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,  
 Celeberque futurus in ævum ?

*Strophe 2.*

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo,  
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,

(Si satis noqas luimus priores,  
 Mollique luxu degener otium)  
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,  
 Almaque revocet studia sanctus,  
 Et relegatas sine sede Musas  
 Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm \*  
 Immundasque volucres  
 Unguibus imminentes  
 Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,  
 Phinéamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegasto,

*Antistrophe.*

Quin tu, libelle, nuncii licet malâ  
 Fide, vel oscitantîâ,  
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,  
 Seu quis te teneat specus,  
 Seu qua te latebra, forsân unde vili  
 Callo terêris institoris insulsi,  
 Lætare felix en iterum tibi  
 Spes nova fulget posse profundam  
 Fugere Lethen, vehique superam  
 In Jovis aulam remige pennâ :

*Strophe 3.*

Nam te Roûsius sui  
 Optat peculi, numeróque justo  
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,  
 Rogataque venias ille, cujus inclyta  
 Sunt data virum monumenta curæ :  
 Teque adytis etiam sacris  
 Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet  
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,  
 Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,  
 Quàm cui præfuit Iôn  
 Clarus Erechtheides  
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis  
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,  
 Ion Acteâ genitus Creusâ.

*Antistrophe.*

Ergo tu visere lucos  
 Musarum ibis amœnos,  
 Diamque Pecebi rursus ibis in domum.  
 Oxoniâ quam valle colit,  
 Delo posthabitâ,



Bifidóque Parnassi jugo :  
 Ibis honestus,  
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem  
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.  
 Illic legeris inter alta nomina  
 Authorum, Graeæ simul et Latinæ  
 Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

*Epodos.*

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,  
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,  
 Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo  
 Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas,  
 Quas bonus Hermes  
 Et tutela dabit solers Roüsi,  
 Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè  
 Turba legentum parva facesset ;  
 At ultimi nepotes,  
 Et cordatior ætas  
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan  
 Adhibebit, integro sinu.  
 Tum, livore sepulto,  
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,  
 Roüsio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, unâ de-  
 mum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero,  
 nec certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ita tamen secumimus,  
 commodè legendi potiùs, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rati-  
 onem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortasse dici mon-  
 strophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κατὰ σχίσιν*, partim  
*ἀπολελυμένα*. Phalœncia quæ sunt Spondæum tertio loco bis  
 admittunt, quod idem in secundo lobo Catullus ad libitum fecit.

PSALM CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παιδῆς, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φύλ' Ἰακώβου  
 Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνο.  
 Δὴ τότε μούνν' ἔην ὅσιον γένος υἱῆς Ἰουδα.  
 Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.  
 Εἶδε, καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐρῶησε θάλασσα  
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὃδ' ἄρ' ἐσφυφελίχθη  
 Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροεῖδια πηγῆν.

Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρβμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,  
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγῶντες ἕτραφερῶ ἔν ἀλωῇ.  
 Βαιοτέραι δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,  
 Οἷα παρὰ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες·  
 Τίπτει σύγ', αἰνὰ θάλασσα, πέλωρ φῦγαδ' ἐρρώησαι·  
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθης  
 Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν;  
 Τίπτ' ὄρεα σκαρβμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε.  
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγῶντες ἕτραφερῶ ἔν ἀλωῇ;  
 Βαιοτέραι τί δ' ἄρ' ὑμμῆς ἀνασκίρτησατ' ἐρίπναι,  
 Οἷα παρὰ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;  
 Σείεο γαῖα τρέουσα θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα  
 Βαῖα θεὸν τρέιους' ὑπατον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαο,  
 Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμοῦς χίε μορμύροντας,  
 Κρήνηντ' ἀεναὸν πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυοίσεως.

Philosophus ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum et insontem  
 inter reos forte captum in seius damnaverat, *ἐπὶ τῷ θανάτῳ*  
*πορευόμενος*, hæc subito misit.

ὦ ἄνα, εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν  
 Δεινὸν ὄλωσ' δράσαντα, σφάταπον ἴσθι κέρηνον  
 Ῥηιδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὐθι νοήσεις,  
 Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἐπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυλὸν ἔδυρῃ  
 Τοῖον δ' ἐκ πόλιος περιάνυμον ἄλλακ' ὀλέσσαι

#### In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem

Ἄμαβεϊ γεγράφθαι χεῖρὶ τὴνδὲ μὲν εἰκόνα  
 Φαίης τάχ' ἂν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυῆς βλέπων.  
 Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγνότες φίλοι  
 Γελάτε φαύλου δυσμίμημα ζωγράφου.

## ITALIAN SONNETS.

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### I.

DONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora  
L' herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil vareo,  
Bene è colui d' ogni valore scareo  
Qual tuo spirito gentil non inamora,  
Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora  
De sui atti soavi giamai pareo,  
E i don', che son d' amor saette ed arco,  
La onde l' alta tua virtù s' infiora.  
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti  
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,  
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi  
L' entranta, chi dite si truova indegno ;  
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti  
Che 'l disio amoroso al cuor s' invecchi.

### II

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera  
L' avezza giovinetta pastorella  
Va bagnando l' herbetta strana e bella  
Che mal si spande a disusata spera  
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,  
Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella  
Desta il fior novo di strania favella,  
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera  
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso  
E 'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.  
Amor lo volse, ed io a l' altrui peso  
Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.  
Deh ! foss' il mio cuor lento e 'l duro *senza*  
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

## CANZONE.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi  
 ' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,  
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana  
 Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osi ?  
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,  
 E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi ;  
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi  
 Altri lidi t' aspettan, et altre onde  
 Nelle cui verdi sponde  
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma  
 L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi  
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma ?  
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi  
 Dice mia Donna, e 'l suo dir, é il mio cuore  
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

## III.

DIODATI, e te 'l dirò con meraviglia,  
 Quel ritroso io ch' amor spreggiar soléa  
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea  
 Già caddi, ov' huom dabben talhor s' impiglia.  
 Ne trecce d' oro, ne guancia vermiglia  
 M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea  
 Pellegrina bellezza che 'l cuor bea,  
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia  
 Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,  
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d' una,  
 E 'l cantar che di mezzo l' hemispero  
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,  
 E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco  
 Che l' incerar gli orecchi mi fa poco.

## IV.

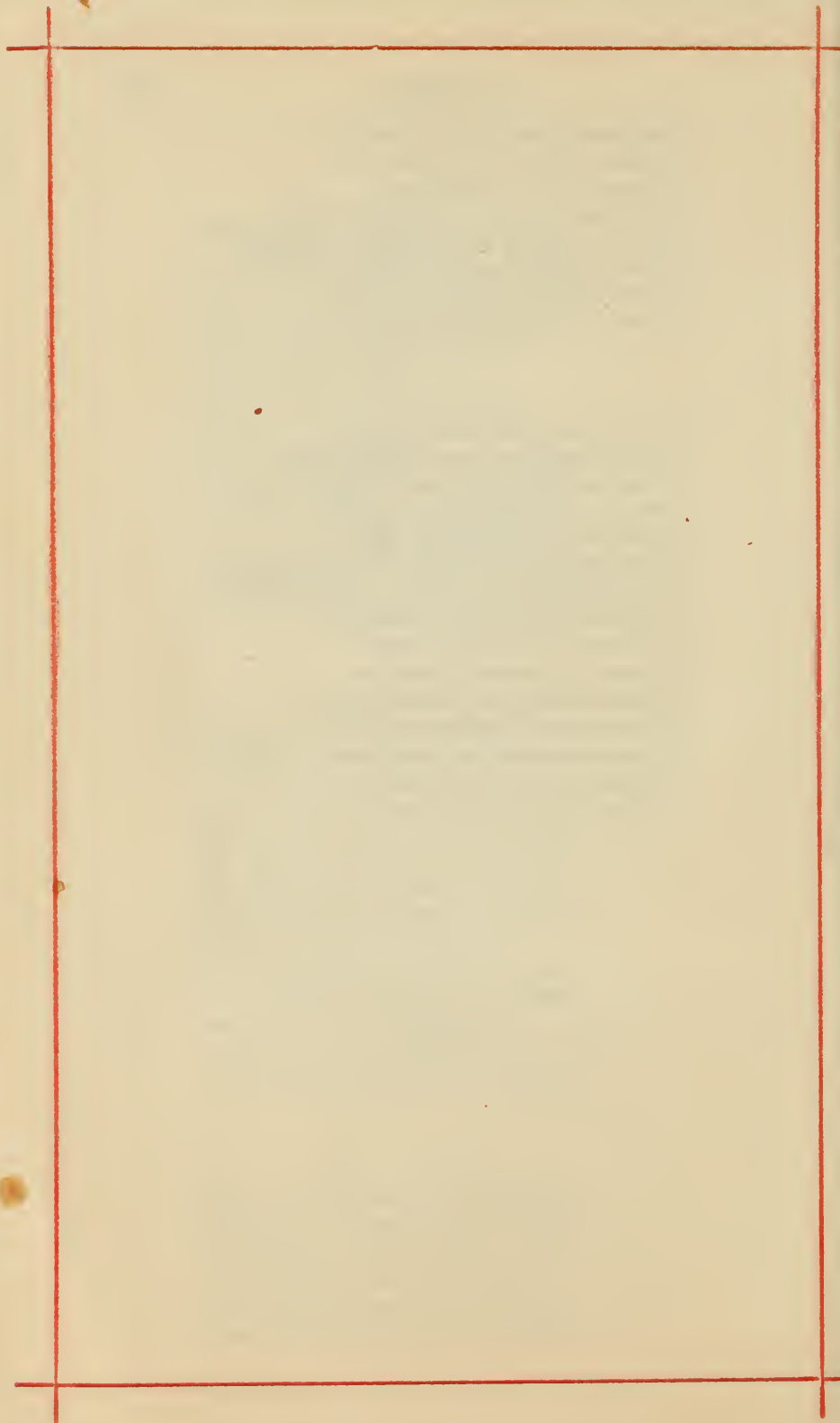
PER certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia  
 Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole  
 Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole  
 Per l' arene di Libia chi s' invia,  
 Mentre un caldo vapor (no senti pria)  
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,

Che forse amanti nelle lor parole  
Chiaman sospir, io non so che si sia :  
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela  
Scosso mi il petto, e poi n' uscendo poco  
Quivi d' attorno o s' agghiaccia, o s' ingiela :  
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar leco  
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose  
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

## V.

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante  
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,  
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l' humil dono  
Faro divoto ; io certo a prove tante  
L' hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,  
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono ;  
Quanto rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono  
S' arma di se, e d' intero diamante,  
Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,  
Di timori, e speranze al popol use  
Quanto d'ingegno, e d' alo valor vago  
E di cetta sonora, e delle muse :  
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro  
Ove amor mise l' insanabil ago.

THE END.



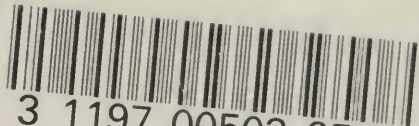












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